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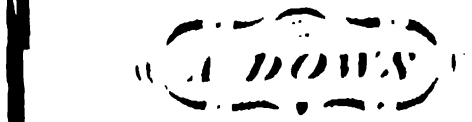
A DOWS

THE

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

Isaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq;

VOL. I.

Homer.

LONDON:

Printed for H. Lintot, D. Midwinter, J. and P. Knapton, W. Innys, T. Longman, A. Ward, E. Bell, D. Browne, J. Brotherton, J. Oswald, F. Willoughby, J. and R. Tonson, and J. Hinton MDCCXLIII.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
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TO

Mr. *MAYNWARING.*

SIR,

THE State of Converſation and Buſineſs in this Town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both Kinds; in order to open Mens Eyes againſt ſuch Abuſes, it appeared no unprofitable Undertaking to publiſh a Paper which ſhould obſerve upon the Manners of the Pleaſurable, as well as the Buſy Part of Mankind. To make this generally read, it ſeemed the moſt proper Method to form it by Way of a Letter of Intelligence, conſiſting of ſuch Parts as might gratify the Curioſity of Perſons of all Conditions, and of each Sex. But a Work of this Nature requiring Time to grow into the Notice of the World, it happen'd very luckily, that a little before I had reſolved upon this Deſign, a Gentleman had written Predictions, and two or three other Pieces in my Name, which had rendered it famous through all Parts of *Europe*; and by an inimitable Spirit and Humour, raiſed it to as high a Pitch of Reputation as it could poſſibly arrive at.

BY this good Fortune the Name of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* gained an Audience of all who had any Taſte of Wit, and the Addition of the ordinary Occurrences of common Journals of News brought

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in a Multitude of other Readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the Opinion of the Town, that those Lucubrations were written by the same Hand with the first Works which were published under my Name; but before I lost the Participation of that Author's Fame, I had already found the Advantage of his Authority, to which I owe the sudden Acceptance which my Labours met with in the World.

THE general Purpose of this Paper, is to expose the false Arts of Life, to pull off the Disguises of Cunning, Vanity and Affectation, and to recommend a general Simplicity in our Dress, our Discourse, and our Behaviour. No Man has a better Judgment for the Discovery, or a nobler Spirit for the Contempt of all Imposture, than your self; which Qualities render you the most proper Patron for the Author of these Essays. In the general, the Design, however executed, has met with so great Success, and there is hardly a Noble now eminent among us for Power, Wit, Beauty, Valour or Wisdom, which is not subscribed, for the Encouragement of these Volumes. This is indeed an Honour, for which it is impossible to express a suitable Gratitude; and there is nothing could be an Addition to the Pleasure I take in it, but the Reflection that it gives me the most conspicuous Occasion I can ever have, of subscribing my self,

SIR,

Your most Obliged, most Obedient,

and most Humble Servant,

Isaac Bickerstaff.

THE

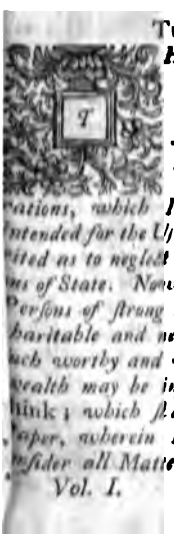
TATLER:

BY

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq;*

VOL. I.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.



Tueſday, April 12, 1709.

HO' the other Papers, which are publiſhed for the Uſe of the good People of England, *have certainly very wholeſome Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kinds, they do not ſeem to come up to the main Deſign of ſuch Narrations, which I humbly preſume, ſhould be principally intended for the Uſe of politic Perſons, who are ſo publick ſpirited as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Tranſactions of State. Now theſe Gentlemen, for the moſt part, being Perſons of ſtrong Zeal, and weak Intellects, it is both a charitable and neceſſary Work to offer ſomething whereby ſuch worthy and well affected Members of the Commonwealth may be inſtructed, after their Reading,* what to think; *which ſhall be the End and Purpoſe of this my Paper, wherein I ſhall from Time to Time report and conſider all Matters of what Kind ſoever that ſhall occur*

to me, and publiſh ſuch my Advices and Reflections e
Tueſday, Thurſday *and* Saturday, *in the Week, for Convenience of the Poſt. I reſolve alſo to have ſome* *which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in nour of whom I have invented the Title of this Paper. therefore earneſtly deſire all Perſons without Diſtinction take it in for the preſent* Gratis, *and hereafter at the I of one Penny, forbidding all Hawkers to take more f at their Peril. And I deſire all Perſons to conſ that I am at a very great Charge for proper Mate for this Work, as well as that before I reſolved upon i had ſettled a Correſpondence in all Parts of the kn and knowing World. And forasmuch as this Glo not trodden upon by meer Drudges of Buſineſs only, but Men of Spirit and Genius are juſtly to be eſteemed as derable Agents in it, we ſhall not, upon a Dearth of N preſent you with much Foreign Edicts, or dull Preclam ons, but ſhall divide our Relation of the Paſſages w occur in Action or Diſcourſe throughout this Town, as as elſewhere, under ſuch Dates of Places as may pre you for the Matter you are to expect, in the follo Manner:*

ALL Accounts of Gallantry, Pleaſure *and* Enter ment, *ſhall be under the Article of* White's Choco Houſe; Poetry, *under that of* Will's Coffee Ho Learning, *under the Title of* Grecian; Foreign *and* meſtick News, *you will have from* St. James's C Houſe; *and what elſe I have to offer on any other Su ſhall be dated from my own Apartment.*

I once more deſire my Reader to conſider, that cannot keep an ingenious Man to go daily to Will's *Two pence each Day meerly for his Charges; to* W *under Six-pence; nor to the* Grecian, *without allo him ſome plain* Spaniſh, *to be as able as others a Learned Table; and that a good Obſerver cannot Speak even* Kidney *at* St. James's *without clean Linnen; a theſe Conſiderations will, I hope, make all Perſons w to comply with my humble Requeſt (when my* Gratis *is exhauſted) of a Penny a-piece; eſpecially ſince the ſure of ſome proper Amuſement, and that it is impo for me to want means to entertain them, having, b the Force of my own Parts, the Power of Divina*

and that I can, by caſting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to paſs.

But this laſt Faculty I ſhall uſe very ſparingly, and ſpeak but of few Things till they are paſſed, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.

White's Chocolate Houſe, April 7.

THE deplorable Condition of a very pretty Gentleman, who walks here at the Hours when Men of Quality firſt appear, is what is very much lamented. His Hiſtory is, That on the 9th of *September*, 1705. being in his one and twentieth Year, he was waſhing his Teeth at a Tavern Window in *Pall Mall*, when a fine Equipage paſſed by, and in it a young Lady who look'd up at him: away goes the Coach, and the young Gentleman pulled off his Night Cap, and inſtead of rubbing his Gums, as he ought to do, out of the Window till about four o'clock, ſits him down and ſpoke not a Word till twelve at Night; after which he began to enquire if any body knew the Lady - -- The Company aſked, What Lady? But he ſaid no more, till they broke up at ſix in the Morning. All the inſuing Winter he went from Church to Church every Sunday, and from Play-houſe to Play houſe every Night in the Week, but could never find the Original of the Picture which dwelt in his Boſom. In a word, his Attention to any Thing but his Paſſion, was utterly gone. He has loſt all the Money he ever play'd for, and been confuted in every Argument he has entered upon ſince the Moment he firſt ſaw her. He is of a noble Family, has naturally a very good Air, and is of a frank honeſt Temper: But this Paſſion has ſo extremely mauled him, that his Features are ſet and unmoulded, and his whole Viſage is deaden'd, by a long Abſence of Thought. He never appears in any Alacrity, but when toſſed by Wine; at which Time he is ſure to come hither and throw away a great deal of Wit on Fellows, who have no Senſe further than juſt to obſerve, That our poor Lover has moſt Underſtanding when he is drunk, and is leaſt in his Senſes when he is ſober.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 8.

ON *Thurſday* laſt was acted, for the Benefit of Mr. *Betterton*, the celebrated Comedy call'd *Love for Love*. Thoſe excellent Players Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and Mr. *Dogget*, though not at preſent concerned in the Houſe, acted on that Occaſion. There has not been known ſo great a Concourſe of Perſons of Diſtinction as at that Time; the Stage it ſelf was cover'd with Gentlemen and Ladies, and when the Curtain was drawn, it diſcovered even there a very ſplendid Audience. This unuſual Encouragement, which was given to a Play for the Advantage of ſo great an Actor, gives an undeniable Inſtance, that the true Reliſh for manly Entertainments and rational Pleaſures is not wholly loſt. All the Parts were acted to Perfection: The Actors were careful of their Carriage, and no one was Guilty of the Affectation to inſert Witticiſms of his own, but a due Reſpect was had to the Audience, for encouraging this accomplithed Player. It is not now doubted but Plays will revive, and take their uſual Place in the Opinion of Perſons of Wit and Merit, notwithſtanding their late Apoſtacy in favour of Dreſs and Sound. This Place is very much altered ſince Mr. *Dryden* frequented it; where you uſed to ſee *Songs*, *Epigrams* and *Satires*, in the Hands of every Man you meet, you have now only a Pack of Cards; and inſtead of the Cavils about the Turn of the Expreſſion, the Elegance of the Stile, and the like, the Learned now diſpute only about the Truth of the Game. But however the Company is alter'd; all have ſhewn a great Reſpect for Mr. *Betterton*: And the very Gaming Part of this Houſe have been ſo much touched with a Senſe of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs, (which alter with themſelves every Moment) that in this Gentlemen they pitied *Mark Anthony* of *Rome*, *Hamlet* of *Denmark*, *Mithridates* of *Pontus*, *Hercules* of *Greece*, and *Henry* the Eighth of *England*. It is well known, he has been in the Condition of each of thoſe Illuſtrious Perſonages for ſeveral Hours together, and behaved himſelf in thoſe high

Stations,

Stations, in all the Changes of the Scene, with ſuitable Dignity. For theſe Reaſons we intend to repeat this Favour to him on a proper Occaſion, leſt he who can inſtruct us ſo well in perſonating feigned Sorrows, ſhould be loſt to us by ſuffering under real ones. The Town is at preſent in very great Expectation of ſeeing a Comedy now in Rehearſal, which is the 25th Production of my honoured Friend Mr. *Thomas D'Urfey*'s who, beſides his great Abilities in the Dramatick, has a peculiar Talent in the Lyrick Way of Writing, and that with a Manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the Tranſlations of the modern *Italian* Opera's.

St. James's Coffee houſe, April 11.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 16th ſay, That Major-General *Cadogan* was gone to *Bruſſels*, with Orders to diſperſe proper Inſtructions for aſſembling the whole Force of the Allies in *Flanders*, in the Beginning of the next Month. The late Offers concerning Peace were made in the Stile of Perſons who think themſelves upon equal Terms: But the Allies have ſo juſt a Senſe of their preſent Advantages, that they will not admit of a Treaty, except *France* offers what is more ſuitable to her preſent Condition. At the ſame Time we make Preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater Force than that which we are carrying into the Field. Thus this Point ſeems now to be argued Sword in Hand. This was what a Great General alluded to, when being aſked the Names of thoſe who were to be Plenipotentiaries for the enſuing Peace, he anſwered with a ſerious Air, *There are about an hundred Thouſand of us*. Mr. *Kidney*, who has the Ear of the greateſt Politicians that come hither, tells me, There is a Mail come in to-day with Letters, dated *Hague, April* 19. *N. S.* which ſay, a Deſign of bringing Part of our Troops into the Field at the latter End of this Month, is now altered to a Reſolution of marching towards the Camp *about* the 20th of the next. There *happened t'other Day*, in the Road of Schevelling, an

Engagement between a Privateer of *Zeeland* and one of *Dunkirk*. The *Dunkirker*, carrying 44 Pieces of Cannon, was taken and brought into the *Texel*. It is said, the Courier of Monsieur *Renelle* is returned to him from the Court of *France*. Monsieur *Vendôme* being re-instated in the Favour of the Dutchess of *Burgundy*, is to command in *Flanders*.

Mr. *Kinney* added, that there were Letters of the 18th from *Ghent*, which give an Account, That the Enemy had formed a Design to surprise two Battalions of the Allies which lay at *Alost*: But those Battalions received Advice of their March, and retired to *Dendermond*; Lieutenant General *Wood* appeared on this Occasion at the Head of 500 Foot and 1000 Horse; upon which the Enemy withdrew, without making any farther Attempt.

From my own Apartment.

I am sorry I am oblig'd to trouble the Publick with so much Discourse upon a Matter which I at the very first mentioned as a Trifle, *viz.* the Death of Mr. *Partridge*, under whose Name there is an Almanack come out for the Year 1709. In one Page of which it is asserted by the said *John Partridge*, That he is still living, and not only so, but that he was also living some Time before, and even at the Instant when I writ of his Death. I have in another Place, and in a Paper by it self, sufficiently convinced this Man that he is dead, and if he has any Shame, I don't doubt but that by this Time he owns it to all his Acquaintance: For though the Legs and Arms and whole Body of that Man may still appear and perform their animal Functions; yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his Art is gone, the Man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned, that this little Matter should make so much Noise; but since I am ingaged, I take my self obliged in Honour to go on in my Lucubrations, and by the Help of these Arts of which I am Master, as well as my Skill in Astrological Speculations, I shall, as I see Occasion, proceed to confute other dead Men, who pretend to be in Being, that they are actually *deceased*. I therefore give all Men fair Warning to amend

amend their Manners, for I shall from Time to Time print Bills of Mortality; and I beg the Pardon of all such who shall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the Number of the Deceased.

N° 2. *Thursday*, April 14, 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, April 13.

THE TATLER has lain all this Evening on the Table the following Poem. The Subject of it being Matter very useful for Families, I thought it deserved to be considered, and made more publick. The Turn the Poet gives it is very happy; but the Foundation is from a real Accident which happened among my Acquaintance. A young Gentleman of a great Estate fell desperately in Love with a great Beauty, of very high Quality, but as ill natur'd as long Flattery and an habitual Self will could make her. However, my young Spark ventures upon her like a Man of Quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever saluted her. 'Till it was a Crime to kiss any Woman else Beauty is a Thing which palls with Possession; and the Charms of this Lady soon wanted the Support of Good Humour and Complacency of Manners. Upon this my Spark flies to the Bottle for Relief from his Satiety. She disdains him for being tired with that for which all Men envied him; and he never came home, but it was ——— Was there no Sot that would stay longer? Would any Man living but you? Did I leave all the World for this Village? To which he ——— Madam, Split me, you are very impertinent! In a word this Match was Wedlock in its most terrible Appearances. She, at last weary of Railing to no Purpose, applies to a good Uncle, who gives her a Bottle of Water. The Virtue of this powerful Liquor (said he) is such, that if the Woman you *marry proves a Scold*, (which, it seems, my dear Niece,

is your Misfortune; as it was your good Mother's before you) let her hold six Spoonfuls in her Mouth for a full half hour after you come home——— But I find I am not in Humour for telling a Tale, and nothing in Nature is so ingrateful as Story telling against the Grain, therefore take it as the Author has given it you.

The MEDICIN.

A Tale ——————for the Ladies.

MISS *Molly*, a fam'd Toast, was fair and young,
Had Wealth and Charms but then she had a Tongue!
From Morn to Night th' eternal Larum rung,
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.

SIR *John* was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the usual Time, then wed the Dame;
Possess'd he thought of every Joy of Life;
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.
Excess of Fondness did in Time decline,
Madam lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd Wine.
From whence some petty Discords would arise,
As, *You're a Fool* —— and, *You are mighty wise!*

THO' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began ---- for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then after a faint Kiss, —— cry, B'y, Dear *Moll:*
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Rose*.
And, what Sir *John*, you'll get your usual Dose!
Go, stink of Smoak and Guzzle nasty Wine;
Sure, never virtuous Love was us'd like mine!

OFT as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,
At a fresh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By four the Knight would get his Business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durst venture home.

MY

MY Lady with her Tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard
'Tis a fine Hour! In a sweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *Jehu*, is ev'ry Day the Trade
Here I sit moping all the live long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
'Till Morn sends flagg'ring home a drunken Beast,
Resolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Rest
[Spouse,

HEY! Hoop'd! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous
What, can't you find one Bed about the House?
Will that perpetual Clack lie never still?
That Rival to the Sotiness of a Mill!
Some Couch and distant Room must be my Choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise

LONG this uncomfortable Life they led,
With snarling Meals, and each a sep'rate Bed
To an old Uncle off she would complain,
Beg his Advice, and scarce from Tears refrain
Old *Wiseweed* smoak'd the Matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cause

A wondrous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestick Jars, and Matrimonial Stile,
The best Elixt t' appease Man and Wife;
Strange are th' Effects, the Qualities divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine
If in his sullen Airs Sir *Jehu* should come,
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth — then Mum
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
Still in your Mouth the healing Cordial hold;
One Mouth this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Bride
But dearest Niece keep this grand Secret close,
Or ev'ry pratling Huffy 'ill beg a Dose

A Water Bottle's brought for her Relief
Not *Nants* could sooner ease the Lady's Grief

Her buſy Thoughts are on the Trial bent,
And, Female like, impatient for the Event!

'TIS bonny Knight reels Home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour and Domeſtick War:
Entring, he cries, Hey! Where's our Thunder fled?
No Hurricane! *Betty*'s your Lady dead?
Madam, aſide, an ample Mouthful takes,
Court'ſies, looks kind, but not a Word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why, How now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a Bow.
Then claſping her about---Why, let me die!
Theſe Night cloaths, *Moll*, become thee mightily!
With that, he ſigh'd, her Hand began to preſs.
And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, *Molly*, - - for I'm much inclin'd:
Her Lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the Mind.
Thus the fond Pair to bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight, content.

FOR many Days theſe fond Endearments paſs'd,
The reconciling Bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone,---Then Midnight Storms aroſe,
And Looks and Words the Union diſcompoſe.
Her Coach is order'd, and poſt haſte ſhe flies,
To beg her Uncle for ſome freſh Supplies,
Tranſported does the ſtrange Effects relate,
Her Knight's Converſion, and her happy State!

WHY, Niece, ſays he,---I prithee apprehend
The Water's Water Be thy ſelf thy Friend;
Such Beauty would the coldeſt Huſband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be ſilent and complying,---You'll ſoon find,
Sir *John* without a Med'cin, will be kind.

St. James's

St. James's Coffee-house, April 13.

LETTERS from *Venice* say, The Disappointment of their Expectation to see his *Danish* Majesty, has very much disquieted the Court of *Rome*. Our last Advices from *Germany* inform us, that the Minister of *Hanover* has urged the Council at *Ratisbonne* to exert themselves in Behalf of the Common Cause, and taken the Liberty to say, That the Dignity, the Virtue, the Prudence of his Electoral Highness, his Malice, were called to the Head of their Affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper Means to make those Excellencies useful for the Honour and Safety of the Empire. They write from *Berlin* of the 13th, *O. S.* That the true Design of General *Fleming*'s Visit to that Court was, to insinuate that it will be for the mutual Interest of the King of *Prussia* and King *Augustus* to enter into a new Alliance; but that the Ministers of *Prussia* are not inclined to his Sentiments. We hear from *Vienna*, That his Imperial Majesty has expressed great Satisfaction in their High Mightinesses having communicated to him the Whole that has passed in the Affairs of a Peace. Though there have been Practices used by the Agents of *France* in all the Courts of *Europe*, to break the good Understanding of the Allies, they have had no other Effect, but to make all the Members concerned in the Alliance, more doubtful of their Safety from the great Offers of the Enemy. The Emperor is rouzed by this Alarm, and the Frontiers of all the *French* Dominions are in Danger of being insulted the ensuing Campaign. Advices from all Parts confirm, That it is impossible for *France* to find a Way to obtain so much Credit, as to gain any one Potentate of the Allies, or conceive any Hope for Safety from other Prospects.

From my own Apartment, April 13.

I find it of very great Use, now I am setting up for a Writer of News, that I am an Adept in Astrological Speculations; by which Means I avoid speaking of Things which may offend great Persons. But at the same

ſame time I muſt not proſtitute the Liberal Sciences ſo far, as not to utter the Truth in Caſes which do not immediately concern the Good of my native Country. I muſt therefore contradict what has been ſo aſſuredly reported by the News-Writers of *England*, That *France* is in the moſt deplorable Condition, and that their People die in great Multitudes. I will therefore let the World know, that my Correſpondent, by the Way of *Bruſſels*, informs me upon his Honour, That the Gentlemen who writes the *Gazette* of *Paris*, and ought to know as well as any Man, has told him, That ever ſince the King has been paſt his 63d Year, or Grand Climacterick, there has not died one Man of the *French* Nation, who was younger than his Majeſty, except a very few, who were taken ſuddenly near the Village of *Hocſtet* in *Germany*; and ſome more, who were ſtraitned for Lodging at a Place called *Ramelies*, and died on the Road to *Ghent* and *Bruges*. There are alſo other Things given out by the Allies, which are Shifts below a conquering Nation to make Uſe of. Among others it is ſaid, There is a general Murmuring among the People of *France*, tho' at the ſame time all my Letters agree, that there is ſo good an Underſtanding among them, that there is not one Morſel carried out of any market in the Kingdom, but what is deliver'd upon Credit.

N° 3. *Saturday*, April 16. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 14.

THIS Evening the Comedy call'd, *The Country Wife*, was acted in *Drury-Lane*, for the Benefit of Mrs. *Bignell*. The Part which gives Name to the Play was performed by herſelf. Through the whole Action ſhe made a very pretty Figure, and exactly entered into the Nature of the Part. Her Huſband, in the *Drama*, is repreſented to be one of thoſe Debauchees who run through the Vices of the Town,

own, and believe when they think fit they can marry
l settle at their Ease. His own Knowledge of the
quity of the Age makes him chuse a Wife wholly
orant of it, and place his Security in her Want of
ll how to abuse him. The Poet, on many Occasi-
, where the Propriety of the Character will admit of
insinuates, That there is no Defence against Vice,
the Contempt of it. And has, in the natural
as of an untainted Innocent, shown the gradual Steps
Ruin and Destruction, which Persons of Condition
into, without the Help of a good Education how
form their Conduct. The Torment of a jealous
comb, which arises from his own false Maxims,
the Aggravation of his Pain, by the very Words
which he sees her Innocence, makes a very pleasant
instructive Satire. The Character of *Horner*, and
Design of it is a good Representation of the Age
which that Comedy was written; at which time
s and Wenching were the Business of Life, and the
lant Manner of pursuing Women was the best Re-
mendation at Court. To which only it is to be
uted, That a Gentleman of Mr. *Wycherley's* Cha-
r and Sense, condescends to represent the Insults
to the Honour of the Bed, without just Reproof;
to have drawn a Man of Probity with Regard to
Considerations, had been a Monster, and a Poet
at that Time discovered his Want of knowing the
ners of the Court he lived in, by a virtuous Cha-
r in his fine Gentleman, as he would show his Ig-
nce, by drawing a vicious one to please the present
ence. Mrs. *Bignell* did her Part very happily,
had a certain Grace in her Rusticity, which gave
Hopes of seeing her a very skilful Player, and in
Parts, supply our Loss of Mrs. *Verbruggen*. I
ut be of the same Opinion with my Friends and
w Labourers, the *Reformers of Manners*, in their
lty towards Plays, but must allow, that a good Play
before a well bred Audience, must raise very pro-
Incitements to good Behaviour, and be the most
and most prevailing Method of giving young Peo-
Turn of Sense and Breeding. But as I have set
r a *Weekly Historian*, I resolve to be a faithful
one;

one; and therefore take this publick Occaſion to admoniſh a young Nobleman, who came fluſter'd into the Box laſt Night, and let him know how much all his Friends were out of Countenance for him. The Women ſate in Terror of hearing ſomething that ſhould ſhock their Modeſty, and all the Gentlemen in as much Pain out of Compaſſion to the Ladies, and perhaps Reſentment for the Indignity which was offered in coming into their Preſence in ſo diſreſpectful a Manner. Wine made him ſay nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon Condition he never will hazard his offending more in this kind. As I juſt now hinted, I own my ſelf of the Society for *Reformation of Manners*. We have lower Inſtruments than thoſe of the Family of *Bickerſtaff*, for puniſhing great Crimes, and expoſing the Abandoned. Therefore, as I deſign to have Notices from all publick Aſſemblies, I ſhall take upon me only Indecorums, Impropriеties and Negligencies, in ſuch as ſhould give us better Examples. After this Declaration, if a fine Lady thinks fit to gigle at Church, or a great Beau come in drunk to a Play, either ſhall be ſure to hear of it in my enſuing Paper: For meerly as a well-bred Man, I cannot bear theſe Enormities.

AFTER the Play we naturally ſtroll to this Coffee-houſe, in hopes of meeting ſome new Poem, or other Entertainment, among the Men of Wit and Pleaſure, where there is a Dearth at preſent. But it is wonderful there ſhould be ſo few Writers, when the Art is become meerly Mechanick, and Men may make themſelves great that Way, by as certain and infallible Rules as you may be a Joiner or a Maſon. There happens a good Inſtance of this in what the Hawker has juſt now offered to Sale, to wit, *Inſtructions to* Vanderbank: *A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets: A Poem, occaſioned by the Glorious Succeſs of her Majeſty's Arms, under the Command of the Duke of* Marlborough *the laſt Year in* Flanders. Here you are to underſtand, that the Author finding the Poets would not take his Advice, he troubles himſelf no more about them; but has met with one *Vanderbank*, who works in Arras, and makes very good Tapeſtry Hangings: Therefore, in order to celebrate the

he Hero of the Age, he claps me together all that can be said of a Man that makes Hangings:

Then, Artist, who dost Nature's Face express
In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dress;
Dost figur'd Arras animated leave,
Spin a bright Story, or a Passion weave,
By mingling Threads; canst mingle Shade and Light,
Delineate Triumphs, or describe a Fight?

WELL, What shall this Workman do? Why? To shew how great an Hero the Poet intends, he provides him a very good Horse:

Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain,
Arch his high Neck, and graceful spread his Mane.

NOW as to the Intrepidity, the calm Courage, the constant Application of the Hero, it is not necessary to take that upon your self, you may, in the Lump, bid him you imploy, raise him as high as he can, and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying Orders.

Let Fame and Victory in inferior Sky
Hover with balanc'd Wings, and smiling fly
Above his Head, &c.

A whole Poem of this kind may be ready against an ensuing Campain, as well as a Space left in the Canvas of a Piece of Tapestry for the principal Figure, while the Under Parts are working. So that in effect the Adviser copies after the Man he pretends to direct. This Method should, methinks, incourage young Beginners, For the Invention is so fitted to all Capacities, that by the help of it a Man may make a Receipt for a Poem. A young Man may observe that the Jig of the Thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said of his Way you imploy to set forth your Worthy. *Waller* and *Denham* had worn out the Expedient of *Advice to a Painter*: This Author has transferred the Work, and sent his *Advice to the Poets*, that is to say, to the *Owners of Verse*, as he calls them. Well, that Thought is

worn,

worn out alſo, therefore he directs his Genius to the Loom, and will have a new Set of Hangings in Honour of the laſt Year in *Flanders*. I muſt own to you, I approve extremely this Invention, and it might be improved for the Benefit of Manufactury: As, ſuppoſe an ingenious Gentlemen ſhould write a Poem of Advice to a Callico-Printer; do you think there is a Girl in *England* that would wear any Thing but *The taking of* Liſle, or, *The Battle of* Oudenarde: They would certainly be all the Faſhion, till the Heroes abroad had cut out ſome more Patterns. I ſhould fancy ſmall Skirmiſhes might do for Under-Peticoats, provided they had a Siege for the Upper. If our Adviſer were well imitated, many induſtrious People might be put to work. Little Mr. *Dactile*, now in the Room, who formerly writ a Song and an half, is a Week gone in a very pretty Work, upon this Hint: He is writing an Epigram to a young Virgin who knits very well: ('tis a thouſand Pities he is a *Jacobite*) But this Epigram is by Way of Advice to this Damſel to knit all the Actions of the *Pretender* and the Duke of *Burgundy* laſt Campaign, in the Clock of a Stocking. It were endleſs to enumerate the many Hands and Trades that may be imployed by Poets, of ſo uſeful a Turn as this Adviſer's. I ſhall think of it; and in this Time of Taxes, ſhall conſult a great Critick employed in the Cuſtom-houſe, in order to propoſe what Tax may be proper to put upon Knives, Seals, Rings, Hangings wrought Beds, Gowns and Peticoats, where any of theſe Commodities bear Motto's that are work'd upon Poetical Grounds.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 15.

LETTERS from *Turin* of the 3d Inſtant, *N. S.* inform us, That his Royal Highneſs employs all his Addreſs in alarming the Enemy, and perplexing their Speculations concerning his real Deſigns the enſuing Campaign. Contracts are entered into with the Merchants of *Milan*, for a great number of Mules to tranſport his Proviſions and Ammunition. His Royal Highneſs has ordered the Train of Artillery to be conveyed to *Suſa* before the 26th of next Month. In the mean time, all Accounts agree, that the Enemy are very back-

ward in their Preparations, and almost incapable
efending themselves against an Invasion, by reason
ie general Murmers of their own People; which,
find, are no way to be quieted, but by giving them
es of a speedy Peace. When these Letters were
tched, the Marshal de *Thesse* was arrived at *Genoa*,
e he has taken much Pains to keep the Correspon
of the Merchants of *France* in Hopes, that Mea
will be found out to support the Credit and Com
e between that State and *Lyons*: But the late De
tion of the Agents of Monsieur *Bernard*, that they
t discharge the Demands made upon them, has
dispirited all those who are engaged in the Remit
s of *France*.

From my own Apartment, April 15.

T is a very natural Passion in all good Members of
Commonwealth, to take what care they can of their
lies. Therefore I hope the Reader will forgive me
I desire he would go to the Play, called the *Stra-*
, this Evening, which is to be acted for the Bene-
my near Kinsman Mr. *John Bickerstaff*. I protest
n, the Gentleman has not spoke to me to desire this
ir; but I have a Respect for him, as well in Regard
nsanguinity, as that he is an intimate Friend of that
s and heroick Actor, Mr. *George Powel*, who for
played *Alexander the Great* in all Places, though he
ly grown so reserved, as to act it only on the Stage.

Tuesday, April 18, 1709.

's usual with Persons who mount the Stage for the
ure or Information of the Crowd about them, to
solemn Professions of their being wholly disinterested
Pains they take for the publick Good. At the same
those very Men, who make Harangues in Plush
ts, and extol their own Abilities and generous In-
ons, tear their Lungs in vending a Drug, and
from

know no Act of Bounty, except it be, that they lower a Demand of a Crown to ſix, nay, to one Penny. We have a Contempt for ſuch paultry Barterers, and have therefore all along informed the Publick, that we intend to give them our Advices for our own Sakes, and are labouring to make our Lucubrations come to ſome Price in Money, for our more convenient Support in the Service of the Publick. It is certain that many other Schemes have been propoſed to me; as a Friend offered to ſhow me in a Treatiſe he had writ, which he called, The whole Art of Life, *or,* The Introduction to Great Men, illuſtrated in a Pack of Cards. *But being a Novice at all Manner of Play, I declined the Offer. Another adviſed me, for want of Money, to ſet up my Coach and practiſe Phyſick; but having been bred a Scholar, I feared I ſhould not ſucceed that way neither, therefore reſolved to go on in my preſent Project. But you are to underſtand, that I ſhall not pretend to raiſe a Credit to this Work upon the Weight of my political News only, but, as my* Latin *Sentence in the Title-Page informs you, ſhall take any Thing that offers for the Subject of my Diſcourſe. Thus new Perſons as well as new Things, are to come under my Conſideration; as when a* Toaſt *or a* Wit *is firſt pronounced ſuch, you ſhall have the freſheſt Advice of their Preferment from me, with a Deſcription of the* Beauty's *Manners, and the* Wit's *Stile; as alſo in whoſe Places they are advanced. For this Town is never good-natured enough to raiſe one without depreſſing another. But it is my Deſign to avoid ſaying any Thing of any Perſon, which ought juſtly to diſpleaſe; but ſhall endeavour, by the Variety of the Matter and Stile, to give Entertainment for Men of Pleaſure, without Offence to thoſe of Buſineſs.*

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 18.

ALL Hearts at preſent pant for two Ladies only, who have for ſome time ingroſſed the Dominion of the Town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their Excellencies. The Beauty of *Clariſſa* is ſoft, that of *Chloe* piercing. When you look at *Clariſſa*, you ſee the moſt exact Harmony of Feature, Complexion and Shape; you find in *Chloe* nothing

ing extraordinary in any one of those Particulars, the whole Woman irresistible. *Clarissa* looks lan-hing; *Chloe* killing. *Clarissa* never fails of gain Admiration; *Chloe* of moving Desire. The Gazers *Clarissa* are at first unconcerned, as if they were ob-ing a Fine Picture. They who behold *Chloe*, at the Glance discover Transport, as if they met with their est Friend. These different Perfections are suitably esented by the last great Painter *Italy* has sent us, *Jerusalem*. *Clarissa* is by that skilful Hand placed a manner that looks artless, and innocent of the ments she gives; *Chloe* drawn with a Liveliness that ws she is conscious, but not affected, of her Perfec-s. *Clarissa* is a Shepherdess, *Chloe* a Country Girl. nust own, the Design of *Chloe*'s Picture shows, to great Mastery in the Painter; for nothing could better imagined than the Dress he has given her a Straw Hat and a Ribbon, to represent that sort Beauty which enters the Heart with a certain Fami-ty, and cheats it into a Belief, that it has received over as well as an Object of Love. The Force of r different Beauties is seen also in the Effects it tes on their Lovers. The Admirers of *Chloe* are nally gay and well pleas'd: Those of *Clarissa* me-holy and thoughtful. And as this Passion always nges the natural Man into a quite different Creature n what he was before, the Love of *Chloe* makes tcombs; that of *Clarissa*, Madmen. There were each kind just now in this Room. Here was one whistles, laughs, sings, and cuts capers, for Love *Chloe*. Another has just now writ three Lines to *rissa*, then taken a Turn in the Garden, then came k again, then tore his Fragment, then called for e Chocolate, then went away without it.

CHLOE has so many Admirers in the House at lent, that there is two much Noise to proceed in Narration. So that the Progress of the Loves of *rissa* and *Chloe*, together with the Bottles that are nk each Night for the one, and the many Sighs ch are uttered, and Songs written on the other, must our Subject on future Occasions.

Will's

Will's Coffee houſe, April 18.

LETTERS from the *Hay market* inform us, That on *Saturday* Night laſt the Opera of *Pyrrhus* and *Demetrius* was perform'd with great Applauſe. This Intelligence is not very acceptable to us Friends of the Theatre; for the Stage being an Entertainment of the Reaſon and all our Faculties, this Way of being pleas'd with the Subſidence of them for three Hours together, and being given up to the ſhallow Satisfaction of the Eyes and Ears only, ſeems to ariſe rather from the Degeneracy of our Underſtanding than an Improvement of our Diverſions. That the Underſtanding has no Part in the Pleaſure is evident, from what theſe Letters very poſitively aſſert, to wit, That a great Part of the Performance was done in *Italian*: And a great Critick fell into Fits in the Gallery, at ſeeing, not only Time and Place, but Languages and Nations confuſed in the moſt incorrigible manner. His Spleen is ſo extremely moved on this Occaſion, that he is going to publiſh a Treatiſe againſt Opera's, which he thinks have already inclined us to Thoughts of Peace, and if tolerated, muſt infallibly diſpirit us from carrying on the War. He has communicated his Scheme to the whole Room, and declared in what manner Things of this Kind were firſt introduced. He has upon this Occaſion conſidered the Nature of Sounds in general, and made a very elaborate Digreſſion upon the *London* Cries, wherein he has ſhown from Reaſon and Philoſophy, why Oyſters are cried, Card Matches ſung, and Turneps and all other Vegetables neither cried, ſung, nor ſaid, but ſold, with an Accent and Tone neither natural to Man or Beaſt. This Piece ſeems to be taken from the Model of that excellent Diſcourſe of Mrs. *Manly* the School-Miſtreſs, concerning Samplers. Advices from the upper End of *Piccadilly* ſay, that *May-Fair* is utterly aboliſhed; and we hear Mr. *Pinkethman*, has removed his ingenious Company of Strollers to *Greenwich*. But other Letters from *Deptford* ſay, the Company is only making thither, and not yet ſettled; but that ſeveral Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes, which are to deſcend in Machines, landed at the *King's Head* Stairs laſt Saturday.

Saturday. *Venus* and *Cupid* went on foot from thence to *Greenwich*; *Mars* got drunk in the Town, and broke his Landlord's Head, for which he ſat in the Stocks the whole Evening; but Mr *Pinkethman* giving Security that he ſhould do nothing this enſuing Summer, he was ſet at Liberty. The moſt melancholy Part of all was, that *Diana* was taken in the Act of Fornication with a Boatmen, and committed by Juſtice *Wrathful*, which has, it ſeems, put a Stop to the Diverſions of the Theatre of *Black Heath*. But there goes down another *Diana* and a *Patient Griſſel* next Tide from *Billingſgate*.

St. James's Coffee houſe, April 18.

THEY write from *Saxony* of the 13th Inſtant, *N. S.* That the Grand General of the Crown of *Poland* was ſo far from entring into a Treaty with King *Staniſlaus*, that he had written circular Letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatines to join againſt him; declaring that this was the moſt favourable Conjuncture for aſſerting their Liberty.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 23d Inſtant *N. S.* ſay, they have Advices from *Vienna*, which import, that his Electoral Highneſs of *Hanover* had ſignified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himſelf at the Head of the Troops of the Empire, except more effectual Meaſures were taken for acting vigorouſly againſt the Enemy the enſuing Campaign. Upon this Repreſentation the Emperor has given Orders to ſeveral Regiments to march towards the *Rhine*, and diſpatch'd Expreſſes to the reſpective Princes of the Empire to deſire an Augmentation of their Forces.

THESE Letters add, That an Expreſs arrived at the *Hague* on the 20th Inſtant, with Advice, that the Enemy having made a Detachment from *Tournay*, of 1500 Horſe, each Trooper carrying a Foot Soldier behind him, in order to ſurprize the Garriſon of *Aloſt*; the Allies, upon Notice of their March, ſent out a ſtrong Body of Troops from *Ghent*, which engaged the Enemy at *Aloſt*, and took 200 of them Priſoners.

Priſoners, obliging the reſt to retire without making any farther Attempt. On the 22d in the Morning, a Fleet of Merchant-Ships coming from *Scotland*, were attacked by ſix *French* Privateers at the Entrance of the *Meuſe*. We have yet no certain Advice of the Event: But Letters from *Rotterdam* ſay, that a *Dutch* Man of War of forty Guns, which was Convoy to the ſaid Fleet, was taken, as were alſo eighteen of the Merchants. The *Saxon* Troops in the Service of the States, have compleated the Augmentation of their reſpective Companies. Thoſe of *Wirtemburg* and *Pruſſia* are expected on the Frontiers within a few days; and the Auxiliaries from *Saxony*, as alſo a Battalion of *Holſtein*, and another of *Wolfenbuttle*, are advancing thither with all Expedition. On the 21ſt Inſtant, the Deputies of the States had a Conference near *Woerden* with the Preſident *Rouille*, but the Matter which was therein debated is not made publick. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* continue at the *Hague*.

From my own Apartment. April 18.

I have lately been very ſtudious for Intelligence, and have juſt now, by my Aſtrological Flying Poſt, received a Packet from *Felicia* an Iſland in *America*, with an Account that gives me great Satisfaction, and lets me underſtannd that the Iſland was never in greater Proſperity, or the Adminiſtration in ſo good Hands, ſince the Death of their late Glorious King. Theſe Letters import, that the chief Miniſter has entered into a firm League with the ableſt and beſt Men of the Nation, to carry on the Cauſe of Liberty, to the Encouragement of Religion, Virtue and Honour. Thoſe Perſons at the Helm are ſo uſeful, and in themſelves of ſuch Weight, that their ſtrict Alliance muſt needs tend to the univerſal Proſperity of the People. *Camillo*, it ſeems, preſides over the Deliberations of State; and is ſo highly valued by all Men for his ſingular Probity, Courage, Affability, and Love of Mankind, that his being placed in that Station has diſſipated the Fears of that People, who of all the World are the moſt jealous of their Liberty and Happineſs. The next Member

of their Society is *Horatio*, who makes all the publick Dispatches. This Minister is Master of all the Languages in Use to great Perfection. He is held in the highest Veneration imaginable for a severe Honesty, and Love of his Country: He lives in a Court unsullied with any of its Artifices, the Refuge of the Oppressed, and Terror of Oppressors. *Martio* has joined himself to this Council; a Man of most undaunted Resolution and great Knowledge in Maritime Affairs; famous for destroying the Navy of the *Franks*, and singularly happy in one Particular. That he never preferred a Man who has not proved remarkably serviceable to his Country. *Philander* is mentioned with particular Distinction; a Nobleman who has the most refined Taste of the true Pleasures and Elegance of Life, joined to an indefatigable Industry in Business: A Man eloquent in Assemblies, agreeable in Conversation, and dextrous in all Manner of publick Negotiations. These Letters add, That *Verono*, who is also of this Council, has lately set Sail to his Government of *Patricia*, with design to confirm the Affections of the People in the Interests of his Queen. This Minister is Master of great Abilities, and is as industrious and restless for the Preservation of the Liberties of the People, as the greatest Enemy can be to subvert them. The Influence of these Personages, who are Men of such distinguished Parts and Virtues, makes the People enjoy the utmost Tranquillity in the midst of a War, and gives them undoubted Hopes of a secure Peace from their Vigilance and Integrity.

N° 5. *Thursday*, April 21. 1709.

White's Chocolate House, April 20.

WHO names that lost Thing, Love, without a Tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?
To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action, Love, the Passion is forgot.

THIS

THIS was long ago a witty Author's Lamentation, but the Evil ſtill continues; and if a Man of any Delicacy were to attend the Diſcourſes of the Young Fellows of this Age, he would believe there were none but Proſtitutes to make the Objects of Paſſion. So true it is what the Author of the above Verſes ſaid, a little before his Death, of the Modern Pretenders to Gallantry. "They ſet up for Wits in this Age, by "ſaying, when they are ſober, what they of the laſt "ſpoke only when they were drunk." But *Cupid* is not only blind at preſent, but dead drunk; he has loſt all his Faculties. Elſe how ſhould *Celia* be ſo long a Maid, with that agreeable Behaviour? *Corinna* with that ſprightly Wit? *Leſbia*, with that Heavenly Voice? And *Sachariſſa*, with all theſe Excellencies in one Perſon, frequent the Park, the Play, and murder the poor Tits that drag her to publick Places, and not a Man turn pale at her Appearance? But ſuch is the fallen State of Love, that if it were not for honeſt *Cynthio*, who is true to the Cauſe, we ſhould hardly have a Patteren left of the ancient Worthies that Way. And indeed he has but very little Encouragement to perſevere; but he has a Devotion, rather than Love, for his Miſtreſs, and ſays,

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the reſt to her and Fate;
Some kind Planet from above
May, perhaps, her Paſſion move,
Lovers on their Stars muſt wait.

BUT the Stars I am ſo intimately acquainted with, that I can aſſure him that he will never have her. For would you believe it? Tho' *Cynthio* has Wit, Good Senſe, Fortune, and his very Being depends upon her, the Tyrannyant for whom he ſighs is in love with a Fellow, who ſtares in the Gelats all the Time he is with her, and lets her plainly ſee, ſhe may poſſibly be his Rival, but never his Miſtreſs. Yet *Cynthio*, the ſame unhappy Man whom I mentioned in my laſt Narrative, pleaſes himſelf with a vain Imagination, that with the Language of his Eyes, now he has found who ſhe is,

he ſhall conquer her, though her Eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the Sex. It is certainly a Miſtake in the Antients to draw the little Gentleman, *Love*, as a blind Boy; for his real Character is a little Thief that ſquints. For aſk Mrs. *Meddle*, who is a Confident, or Spy, upon all the Paſſions in Town, and ſhe will tell you that the whole is a Game of croſs Purpoſes. The Lover is generally purſuing one who is in purſuit of another, and running from one that deſires to meet him. Nay, the Nature of this Paſſion is ſo juſtly repreſented in a ſquinting little Thief, (who is always in a double Action) that do but obſerve *Clariſſa* next time you ſee her, and you will find, when her Eyes have made their ſoft Tour round the Company, ſhe makes no ſtay on him they ſay ſhe is to marry, but reſts two Seconds of a Minute on *Wildair*, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any Woman elſe. However, *Cynthio* had a Bow from her t'other day, upon which he is very much come to himſelf; and I heard him ſend his Man of an Errand yeſterday, without any manner of Heſitation; a Quarter of an Hour after which, he reckoned Twenty, remember'd he was to ſup with a Friend, and went exactly to his Appointment. I ſent to know how he did this Morning, and I find that he hath not forgot that he ſpoke to me yeſterday.

Will's Coffee houſe, April 29.

THIS Week being ſacred to Holy Things, and no publick Diverſions allowed, there has been taken notice of, even here, a little Treatiſe, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion: Dedicated to the Counteſs of* Berkeley. The Title was ſo uncommon, and promiſed ſo peculiar a way of Thinking, that every Man here has read it, and as many as have done ſo, have approved it. It is written with the Spirit of one who has ſeen the World enough to undervalue it with good Breeding. The Author muſt certainly be a Man of Wiſdom, as well as Piety, and have ſpent much Time in the Exerciſe of both. The real Cauſes of the Decay of the Intereſt of Religion, are ſet forth in a clear and

lively manner, without unſeaſonable Paſſions; and the whole Air of the Book, as to the Language, the Sentiments, and the Reaſonings, ſhows it was written by one whoſe Virtue ſits eaſy about him, and to whom Vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was ſaid by one of this Company, alluding to that Knowledge of the World the Author ſeems to have, the Man writes much like a Gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good Mien.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 20.

LETTERS from *Italy* ſay, That the Marquis *de Prie*, upon the Receipt of an Expreſs from the Court of *Vienna*, went immediately to the Palace of Cardinal *Paulucci*, Miniſter of State to his Holineſs, and demanded, in the Name of his Imperial Majeſty, that King *Charles* ſhould forthwith be acknowledged King of *Spain*, by a ſolemn Act of the Congregation of Cardinals appointed for that purpoſe: He declared at the ſame time, That if the leaſt Heſitation were made in this moſt important Article of the late Treaty, he ſhould not only be obliged to leave *Rome* himſelf, but alſo tranſmit his Maſter's Orders to the Imperial Troops to face about, and return into the Eccleſiaſtical Dominions. When the Cardinal reported this Meſſage to the Pope, his Holineſs was ſtruck with ſo ſenſible an Affliction, that he burſt into Tears: His Sorrow was aggravated by Letters which immediately after arrived from the Court of *Madrid*, wherein his Nuncio acquainted him, That upon the News of his Accommodation with the Emperor, he had received a Meſſage to forbear coming to Court; and the People were ſo highly provoked, that they could hardly be reſtrained from inſulting his Palace. Theſe Letters add, That the King of *Denmark* was gone from *Florence* to *Piſa*, and from *Piſa* to *Leghorn*, where the Governor paid his Majeſty all imaginable Honours. The King deſigned to go from thence to *Lucca*, where a magnificent Tournament was prepared for his Diverſion. An *Engliſh* Man of War, which came from *Port Mahon* to *Leghorn* in ſix Days, brought Advice, That the Fleet commanded by Admiral

miral *Whitaker* was ſafely arrived at *Barcelona* with the Troops and Ammunition which he had taken in at *Naples*.

GENERAL *Boneval*, Governor of *Commachio*, had ſummoned the Magiſtrates of all the Towns near that Place to appear before him, and take an Oath of Fidelity to his Imperial Majeſty, commanding alſo the Gentry to pay him homage, on pain of Death and Confiſcation of Goods. Advices from *Switzerland* inform us, That the Bankers of *Geneva* were utterly ruined by the Failure of Mr. *Bernard*. They add, That the Deputies of the *Swiſs* Cantons were returned from *Soleure*, where they were aſſembled at the inſtance of the *French* Ambaſſador, but were very much diſſatisfied with the Reception they had from that Miniſter. 'Tis true, he omitted no Civilities or Expreſſions of Friendſhip from his Maſter, but he took no notice of their Penſions and Arrears: what further provoked their Indignation was, That inſtead of twenty-five Piſtoles, formerly allowed to each Member for their Charge in coming to the Diet, he had preſented them with ſix only. They write from *Dreſden*, That King *Auguſtus* was ſtill buſy in recruiting his Cavalry, and that the *Daniſh* Troops that lately ſerved in *Hungary*, had orders to be in *Saxony* by the middle of *May*; and that his Majeſty of *Denmark* was expected at *Dreſden* in the Beginning of that Month. King *Auguſtus* makes great Preparations for his Reception, and has appointed ſixty Coaches, each drawn by ſix Horſes, for that purpoſe: The Interview of theſe Princes affords great Matter for Speculation. Letters from *Paris* of the 22d of this Month, ſay, That Mareſchal *Harcourt* and the Duke of *Berwick* were preparing to go into *Alſace* and *Dauphiné*, but that their Troops were in want of all manner of Neceſſaries. The Court of *France* had received Advices from *Madrid*, That on the 7th of this Month the States of *Spain* had with much Magnificence acknowledged the Prince of *Aſturias* Preſumptive Heir to the Crown. This was performed at *Buen Retiro*; the Deputies took the Oath on that occaſion from the hands of Cardinal *Portocarrero*. Theſe Advices add, That it was ſignified to the Pope's Nuncio, by Order of

Council, to depart from that Court in twenty-four Hours, and that a Guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to *Bayonne*.

LETTERS from the *Hague*, of the 26th Inſtant, inform us, That Prince *Eugene* was to ſet out the next Day for *Bruſſels*, to put all things in a readineſs for opening the Campaign. They add, That the Grand Penſioner having reported to the Duke of *Marlborough* what paſſed in the laſt Conference with Mr. *Rouille*, his Grace had taken a Reſolution immediately to return to *Great Britain*, to communicate to her Majeſty all that has been tranſacted in that important Affair.

From my own Apartment, April 20.

THE Nature of my Miſcellaneous Work is ſuch, that I ſhall always take the liberty to tell for News ſuch things (let them have happened never ſo much before the time of Writing) as have eſcaped publick Notice, or have been miſrepreſented to the World: provided that I am ſtill within Rules, and treſpaſs not as a Tatler any farther than in an Incorrectneſs of Stile, and writing in an Air of common Speech. Thus, if any thing that is ſaid, even of old *Anchiſes* or *Æneas*, be ſet by me in a different Light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inſpire the Love and Admiration of worthy Actions, you will, gentle Reader, I hope, accept of it for Intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a Narrative, the Matter of which I know to be true: It is not only doing Juſtice to the deceaſed Merit of ſuch Perſons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but alſo an Inſtance of the Greatneſs of Spirit in the loweſt of her Majeſty's Subjects. Take it as follows:

AT the Siege of *Namur* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by Captain *Pincent*, in Colonel *Frederick Hamilton*'s Regiment, one *Unnion* a Corporal, and one *Valentine* a private Centinel: There happened between theſe two Men a Diſpute about a Matter of Love, which, upon ſome Aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable Hatred. *Unnion being the* Officer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities

even to strike his Rival, and profess the Spite and Revenge which moved him to it. The Centinel bore it without Reflection: but frequently said, He would die to be revenged of that Tyrant. They had spent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining: when in the midst of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Castle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell: the *French* pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his Enemy, Ah, *Valentine!* Can you leave me here? *Valentine* immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick Fire of the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him through all that Danger as far as the Abbey of *Lerins*, where a Cannon Ball took off his Head: His Body fell under his Enemy whom he was carrying off. *Valentine* immediately forgot his Wound, took up, tearing his Hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding Carcass, crying, Ah, *Valentine!* Was it for me who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee. He was not by any means to be forced from the Body, but was removed with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity. When he was brought to a Tent, his Wounds were dressed by force; but the next Day still calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorse and Delirit.

'T' may be a Question among Men of Noble Sentiments, whether of these unfortunate Persons had the greater Soul; he that was so generous as to venture his Life for his Enemy, or he who could not survive the Man that died, in laying upon him such an Obligation?

WHEN we see Spirits like these in a People, to what Heights may we not suppose their Glory may rise? But (as it is excellently observed by *Sallust*) it is not only to the general Bent of a Nation that great Revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary Genius's that lead them. On which occasion he proceeds to say, That the *Roman* Greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior Valour; for in that the Carthaginians excelled

excelled; nor in their Valour, for in that the *French* were preferable, but to particular Men, who were born for the good of their Country, and formed for great Attempts. This he says to introduce the Characters of *Cæsar* and *Cato*. It would be entering into too weighty a Discourse for this Place, if I attempted to shew, that our Nation has produced as great and able Men for publick Affairs, as any other. But I believe the Reader curious me, and fixes his Imagination upon the Duke of *Marlborough*. It is, methinks, a pleasing Reflection to consider the Dispensations of Providence in the Fortune of this Illustrious Man, who, in the space of forty Years, has passed through all the Gradations of Human Life, till he has ascended to the Character of a Prince, and become the Scourge of a Tyrant, who sate in one of the greatest Thrones in *Europe*, before the Man who was to have the greatest Part in his Downfal, had made one Step into the World. But such Elevations are the natural Consequences of an exact Prudence, a calm Courage, a well governed Temper, a patient Ambition, and an affable Behaviour. These Arts, as they are the Steps to his Greatness, so they are the Pillars of it now it is raised. To this her Glorious Son, *Great Britain* is indebted for the happy Conduct of her Arms, in whom she can boast, she has produced a Man formed by Nature to lead a Nation of Heroes.

N° 6. *Saturday*, April 22.

Will's Coffee House, April 22.

I AM just come from visiting *Sappho*, a fine Lady, who writes Verses, sings, dances, and can lay and do whatever she pleases, without the Imputation of any thing that can injure her Character; for she is so well known to have no Fashion but her own; or Folly, but Affectation; that now, upon any occasion, they only cry, *'Tis her Way*, and, *That's so like her*, without further Reflection. As I came

came into the Room, she cries, Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaff*, I am utterly undone, I have broke that pretty *Italian* Fan I showed you when you were here last, wherein were so admirably drawn our first Parents in *Paradise*, asleep in each other's Arms. But there is such an Affinity between Painting and Poetry, that I have been improving the Images which were raised by that Picture, by reading the same Representation in two of our greatest Poets. Look you, here are the Passages in *Milton* and in *Dryden*. All *Milton*'s Thoughts are wonderfully just and natural, in this inimitable Description which *Adam* makes of himself in the Eighth Book of *Paradise Lost*. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following Lines, where he tells us his Thoughts when he was falling asleep a little after his Creation:

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From whence I first drew Air, and first beheld
This happy Light; when Answer none return'd,
On a green shady Bank, profuse of Flowers,
Pensive I sate me down, there gentle Sleep
First found me, and with soft Oppression seiz'd
My drowsed Sense, untroubled, tho' I thought
I then was passing to my former State
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.

BUT now I can't forgive this odious Thing, this *Dryden*, who in his *State of Innocence*, has given my Great Grandmother *Eve* the same Apprehension of Annihilation on a very different Occasion; as *Adam* pronounces it of himself, when he was seized with a pleasing kind of Stupor and Deadness, *Eve* fancies herself falling away, and dissolving in the Hurry of a Rapture. However, the Verses are very good, and I don't know but it may be natural what she says, I'll read them:

When your kind Eyes look'd languishing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did soft Embraces join;
A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then Wishes and a Warmth unknown before;

What follow'd was all Extaſy and Trance,
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance;
And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumults loſt,
I thought my Breath and my New Being loſt.

SHE went on, and ſaid a thouſand good things at random, but ſo ſtrangely mix'd, that you would be apt to ſay, All her Wit is meer good Luck, and not the Effect of Reaſon and Judgment. When I made my eſcape hither, I found a Gentleman playing the Critick on two other great Poets, even *Virgil* and *Homer*. He was obſerving, that *Virgil* is more judicious than the other in the Epithet's he gives his Hero. *Homer*'s uſual Epithet, ſaid he, is Πόδας ὠκὺς or Ποδάρκης, and his Indiſcretion has been often rallied by the Criticks, for mentioning the Nimbleneſs of Foot in *Achilles*, though he deſcribes him ſtanding, ſitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other Circumſtance, however foreign or repugnant to Speed and Activity. *Virgil*'s common Epithet to *Æneas* is *Pius*, or *Pater*. I have therefore conſidered, ſaid he, what Paſſage there is in any of his Hero's Actions, where either of theſe Appellations would have been moſt improper, to ſee if I could catch him at the ſame Fault with *Homer*: And this, I think, is his Meeting with *Dido* in the Cave, where *Pius Æneas* would have been abſurd, and *Pater Æneas* a Burleſque: The Poet has therefore wiſely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus*.

Speluncam Dido Dux & Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt ——— ———

Which he has repeated twice, in *Juno*'s Speech and his own Narration: For he very well knew, a looſe Action might be conſiſtent enough with the uſual Manners of a Soldier, though it became neither the Chaſtity of a pious Man, nor the Gravity of the Father of a People.

Grecian

Grecian Coffee house, April 22

WHILE other Parts of the Town are amused with the present Actions, we generally spend the Evening at this Table in Inquiries into Antiquity, and think any thing News, which gives us new Knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleasant Entertainment to ourselves, in putting the Actions of *Homer's Iliad* into an exact Journal.

THE Poem is introduced by *Chryses*, King of *Chrysa*, and Priest of *Apollo*, who comes to redemand his Daughter, who was carried off at the taking of that City, and given to *Agamemnon* for his Part of the Booty. The Redital he received enrages *Apollo*, who for nine Days showered down Darts upon them, which occasioned the Pestilence.

THE tenth Day *Achilles* assembled the Council, and encourages *Calchas* to speak for the Interquiet of *Chrysa* to appease *Apollo*. *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* storm at one another, notwithstanding which *Agamemnon* will not release his Prisoner, unless he has *Hebe* in her Stead. After long Contestations, wherein *Agamemnon* gives a glorious Character of *Achilles's* Valour, he determines to restore *Chrysis* to her Father, and sends two Heralds to fetch away *Hebe* from *Achilles*, who abandons himself to Sorrow and Despair. His Mother *Thetis* came to comfort him under his Affliction, and promises to represent his lamentful Lamentations to *Jupiter*. But he could not attend it; for the Evening before, he had appointed to divert himself for two Days beyond the Seas with the harmless *Aethiopians*.

THE 12th Day after *Chrysis's* Arrival to the Camp, that *Thetis* went very early to demand an Audience of *Jupiter*. The Means he used to satisfy her were, to persuade the *Greeks* to attack the *Trojans*; that so they might perceive the Consequence of commanding *Achilles*, and the Miseries they suffer, if he does not lead them. The next Night he orders *Agamemnon*, in a Dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the Hopes of obtaining a Victory, and also taking

taking the City, without ſharing the Honour with *Achilles*.

ON the 22d in the Morning he aſſembles the Council, and having made a Feint of raiſing the Siege and retiring, he declares to them his Dream; and, together with *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes*, reſolves on an Engagement.

THIS was the 23d Day, which is full of Incidents, and which continues from almoſt the Beginning of the ſecond Canto to the eighth. The Armies being then drawn up in View of one another, *Hector* brings it about, that *Menelaus* and *Paris*, the two Perſons concerned in the Quarrel, ſhould decide it by a ſingle Combat, which tending to the Advantage of *Menelaus*, was interrupted by a Cowardice infuſed by *Minerva*: Then both Armies engage, where the *Trojans* have the diſadvantage; but being afterwards animated by *Apollo*, they repulſe the Enemy, yet they are once again forced to give ground; but their Affairs were retrieved by *Hector*, who has a ſingle Combat with *Ajax*. The Gods threw themſelves into the Battel; *Juno* and *Minerva* took the *Grecians* part, and *Apollo* and *Mars* the *Trojans*: But *Mars* and *Venus* are both wounded by *Diomedes*.

THE Truce for burying the Slain ended the 23d Day, after which the *Greeks* threw up a great Intrenchment to ſecure their Navy from danger. Councils are held on both ſides. On the Morning of the 24th Day the Battle is renewed, but in a very diſadvantageous manner to the *Greeks*, who were beaten back to their Retrenchments. *Agamemnon* being in deſpair at this ill Succeſs, propoſes to the Council to quit the Enterprize, and retire from *Troy*. But by the Advice of *Neſtor*, he is perſuaded to regain *Achilles*, by returning *Briſeis*, and ſending him conſiderable Preſents. Hereupon *Ulyſſes* and *Ajax* are ſent to that Hero, who continues inflexible in his Anger. *Ulyſſes*, at his return, joins himſelf with *Diomedes*, and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the Enemy: They enter into their very Camp, where finding the Centinels aſleep, they made a great Slaughter. *Rheſus*, who was juſt then arrived with Recruits from *Thrace* for the *Trojans*, was killed in that Action. Here ends the 10th Canto.

Canto. The Sequel of this Journal will be inserted in the next Article from this Place.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 22.

WE hear from *Italy*, That notwithstanding the Pope has received a Letter from the Duke of *Anjou*, demanding of him to explain himself upon the Affair of acknowledging King *Charles*, his Holiness has not yet thought fit to send any Answer to that Prince. The Court of *Rome* appears very much mortified, that they are not to see his Majesty of *Denmark* in that City, having perhaps given themselves vain Hopes from a Visit made by a Protestant Prince to that See. The Pope has dispatched a Gentleman to compliment his Majesty, and sent the King a Present of all the Curiosities and Antiquities of *Rome*, represented in seventeen Volumes very richly bound, which were taken out of the *Vatican* Library. Letters from *Genoa* of the 14th Instant say, A *Felucca* was arrived there in five Days from *Marseilles*, with an Account, That the People of that City had made an Insurrection, by reason of the Scarcity of Provisions; and that the Intendant had ordered some Companies of Marines, and the Men belonging to the Gallies, to stand to their Arms to protect him from Violence; but that he began to be in as much Apprehension of his Guards, as those from whom they were to defend him. When that Vessel came away, the Soldiers murmured publickly for want of Pay; and it was generally believed, they would pillage the Magazines, as the Garrisons of *Grenoble*, and other Towns of *France* had already done. A Vessel which lately came into *Leghorn*, brought Advice, That the *British* Squadron was arrived at *Port Mahon*, where they were taking in more Troops, in order to attempt the Relief of *Alicant*, which still made a very vigorous Defence. It is said, Admiral *Byng* will be at the head of that Expedition. The King of *Denmark* was gone from *Leghorn* towards *Lucca*.

THEY write from *Vienna*, That in case the Allies should enter into a *Treaty* of Peace with France, Count

Zinzendorf

Zinzendorf will be appointed First Plenipotentiary, the Count *de Gers* the Second, and Monsieur *Van Keefbroeck* a Third. Major General *Palmes*, Envoy Extraordinary from her *Britannick* Majesty, has been very urgent with that Court, to make their utmost Efforts against *France* the ensuing Campaign, in order to oblige it to such a Peace, as may establish the Tranquillity of *Europe* for the future.

WE are also informed, That the Pope uses all imaginable Shifts to elude the Treaty concluded with the Emperor, and that he demanded the immediate Restitution of *Comacchio*; insisting also, That his Imperial Majesty should ask pardon, and desire Absolution for what has formerly passed, before he would solemnly acknowledge King *Charles*. But this was utterly refused.

THEY hear at *Vienna*, by Letters from *Constantinople*, dated the 22d of *February* last, That on the 12th of that Month the Grand Seignior took occasion, at the Celebration of the Festivals of the *Mussulmen*, to let all the Christian Slaves which were in the Galleys at liberty.

ADVICES from *Switzerland* import, That the Preachers of the County of *Turkenburg* continue to create new Jealousies of the Protestants, and some Disturbances lately happened there on that account. The Protestants and Papists in the Town of *Hamman* go to Divine Service one after another in the same Church, as is usual in many other Parts of *Switzerland*; but on *Sunday* the 10th Instant, the Popish Curate, having ended his Service, attempted to hinder the Protestants from entring into the Church, according to Custom; but the Protestants luckily attacked him and his Party, and broke in to it by force.

LAST Night between seven and eight, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at Court.

From my own Apartment, April 22.

THE present great Captains of the Age, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*, having been the Subject of the Discourse of the last Company I was in, it has

has naturally led me into a Consideration of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, the two greatest Names that ever appeared before this Country. In order to enter into their Characters, there needs no more but examining their Behaviour in parallel Circumstances. It must be allowed, That they had an equal Greatness of Soul; but *Cæsar*'s was more corrected and allayed by a Mixture of Prudence and Circumspection. This is best conspicuously in one Particular in their Histories, wherein they seem to have shown exactly the Difference of their Tempers. When *Alexander*, after a long Course of Victories, would still have led his Soldiers farther from home, they unanimously refused to follow him. We meet with the like Behaviour in *Cæsar*'s Army in the midst of his March against *Ariovistus*. Let us therefore observe the Conduct of our two Generals in so nice an Affair: And here we find *Alexander* at the Head of his Army, upbraiding them with their Cowardice, and Meanness of Spirit; and in the end telling them plainly, He would go forward himself, though not a Man followed him. This showed indeed an active Bravery; but how would the Commander have come off, if the Speech had not succeeded, and the Soldiers had taken him at his Word? The Project seems of a piece with Mr. *Hopp*'s in the *Rehearsal*, who, to gain a Clap in his Prologue, comes out with a terrible Pallow in a Fur-Cap following him, and tells his Audience, If they would not like his Play, he would lie down and have his Head struck off. If this gain'd a Clap, all was well, but if not, there was nothing left but for the Executioner to do his Office. But *Cæsar* would not leave the Success of his Speech to such uncertain Events; He shows his Men the Unreasonableness of their Fears in an obliging Manner, and concludes, That if none else would march along with him, he would go himself with the Tenth Legion, for he was assured of their Fidelity and Valour, though all the rest forsook him; not but that in all Probability they were as much against the March as the rest. The Result of all was very natural. The Tenth Legion, fired with Praises of their General, lead Thanks to him for the full Opinion he entertains of them; and the rest, ashamed to be out-

out done, assure him, That they are as ready to follow where he pleases to lead them, as any other Part of the Army.

N° 7. *Tuesday*, April 26. 1706.

IT is so just an Observation, That Mocking is Catching, *that I am become an unhappy Instance of it, and am (in the same Manner that I have represented Mr.* Partridge) *my self a dying Man, in comparison of the Vigor with which I first set out in the World. Had it been otherwise, you may be sure I would not have pretended to have given for News, as I did last* Saturday, *a Diary of the Siege of* Troy. *But Man is a Creature very inconsistent with himself. The greatest Heroes are sometimes fearful; the spriteliest Wits at some Hours dull; and the greatest Politicians on some Occasions whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the Matter; for I find, by a Calculation of my own Nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable Wit longer than two Minutes after twelve o' Clock at Night, between the 18th and 19th of the next Month. For which space of Time you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will transmit to me the Occurrences you meet with relating to your Amours, or any other Subject within the Rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any Gentleman or Lady sends to* Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq. at Mr.* Morphew's *near* Stationers Hall, *by the Penny Post, the Grief or Joy of their Soul, what they think fit of the Matter shall be related in Colours as much to their Advantage, as those in which* Gervase *has drawn the agreeable* Chloe. *But since, without such Assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a Month's Wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound Health and Senses, to make my Will and Testament; which I do in Manner and Form following:*

Imprimis,

Imprimis, *I give to the Stock Jobbers about the Exchange of* London, *as a Security for the Trusts daily reposed in them, all my real Estate; which I do hereby vest in the said Body of worthy Citizens for ever.*

Item, *Forasmuch as it is very hard to keep Land in repair without ready Cash, I do, out of my personal Estate, bestow the Bear skin, which I have frequently lent to several Societies about this Town, to supply their Necessities; I say, I give also the said Bear skin, as an immediate Fund to the said Citizens for ever.*

Item, *I do hereby appoint a certain Number of the said Citizens to take all the Custom-house or Customary Oaths, concerning all Goods imported by the whole City; strictly directing, That some select Members, and not the whole Number of a Body Corporate, should be perjured.*

Item, *I forbid all N[illegible]s and Persons of Quality, to watch Bargains near and about the Exchange, to the Diminution and Wrong of the said Stock Jobbers.*

THUS far, in as brief and intelligible a Manner as any Will can appear, till it is explained by the Learned, I have disposed of my real and personal Estate: But as I am an Adept, I have by Birth an equal Right to give also an indefeasible Title to my Endowments and Qualifications, which I do in the following manner:

Item, *I give my Chastity to all Virgins who have withstood their Market.*

Item, *I give my Courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed Friends, all Sneakers in Assemblies, and Men who shew Valour in common Conversation.*

Item, *I give my Wit (as rich Men give to the Rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the Legacy, I give it to* Bentivolio, *to defend his Works, from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.*

Item, *I bestow my Learning upon the Honorary Members of the Royal Society.*

Now for the Disposal of this Body.

AS these Eyes must one day cease to gaze on Teraminta, *and this Heart shall one day pant no more for her Indignation: That is to say, since this Body must be Earth, I shall commit it to the Dust in a Manner suitable to my Character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute,*

Whether

Whether there is any ſuch real Perſon as Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *or not? I ſhall excuſe all Perſons who appear what they really are, from coming to my Funeral. But all thoſe who are, in their Way of Life,* Perſonæ, *as the* Latins *have it, Perſons aſſum'd, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that Solemnity.*

THE Body ſhall be carried by ſix Watchmen, who are never ſeen in the Day.

Item, *THE Pall ſhall be held up by the ſix moſt known Pretenders to Honeſty, Wealth, and Power, who are not poſſeſſed of any of them. The two firſt, a Half-Lawyer, a compleat Juſtice. The two next, a Chymiſt, a Projector. The third Couple, a Treaſury-Solicitor, and a ſmall Courtier.*

TO make my Funeral (what that Solemnity, when done to common Men, really is in itſelf) a very Farce; and ſince all Mourners are meer Actors on theſe Occaſions, I ſhall deſire thoſe who are profeſſedly ſuch, to attend me. I humbly therefore beſeech Mrs. Barry *to act once more, and be my Widow. When ſhe ſwoons away at the Church-Porch, I appoint the merry Sir* John Falſtaff, *and the gay Sir* Harry Wildair, *to ſupport her. I deſire Mr.* Pinkethman *to follow in the Habit of a Cardinal, and Mr.* Bullock *in that of a Privy Counſellor. To make up the reſt of the Appearance, I deſire all the Ladies from the Balconies to weep with Mrs.* Barry, *as they hope to be Wives and Widows themſelves. I invite all, who have nothing elſe to do, to accept of Gloves and Scarves.*

THUS, with the Great Charles V. *of* Spain, *I reſign the Glories of this tranſitory World: Yet, at the ſame time, to ſhow you my Indifference, and that my Deſires are not too much fixed upon any Thing, I own to you, I am as willing to ſtay as go: Therefore leave it in the Choice of my gentle Readers, whether I ſhall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.*

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 25.

EAſter Day being a Time when you cannot well meet with any but humble Adventures; and there being ſuch a Thing as low Gallantry, as well as a low

low Comedy, Colonel *Ramble* and my ſelf went early this Morning into the Fields, which were ſtrewed with Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, but indeed of a different Turn from the Simplicity of thoſe of *Arcadia*. Every Hedge was conſcious of more than what the Repreſentations of enamoured Swains admit of. While we were ſurveying the Croud around us, we ſaw at a diſtance a Company coming towards *Pancras* Church; but tho' there was not much Diſorder, we thought we ſaw the Figure of a Man ſtuck through with a Sword, and at every ſtep ready to fall, if a Woman by his Side had not ſupported him; the reſt followed two and two. When we came nearer this Appearance, who ſhould it be but Monſieur *Guardeloop*, mine and *Ramble*'s *French* Taylor, attended by others, leading one of Madam *Depingle*'s Maids to the Church, in order to their Eſpouſals. It was his Sword tucked ſo high above his Waiſt, and the Circumflex which Perſons of his Profeſſion take in their Walking, that made him appear at a diſtance wounded and falling. But the Morning being rainy, methought the March to this Wedding was but too lively a Picture of Wedlock it ſelf. They ſeemed both to have a Month's Mind to make the beſt of their way ſingle; yet both tugged Arm in Arm; and when they were in a dirty Way, he was but deeper in the Mire, by endeavouring to pull out his Companion, and yet without helping her. The Bridegroom's Feathers in his Hat all drooped, one of his Shoes had loſt an Heel. In ſhort, he was in his whole Perſon and Dreſs ſo extreamly ſouſed, that there did not appear one Inch or ſingle Thread about him unmarried. Pardon me, that the melancholy Object ſtill dwells upon me ſo far as to reduce me to Punning. However, we attended to the Chapel, where we ſtayed to hear the irrevocable Words pronounced upon our old Servant, and made the beſt of our way to Town. I took a Reſolution to forbear all married Perſons, or any in Danger of being ſuch, for four and twenty Hours at leaſt; therefore dreſſed, and went to viſit *Flortmell*, the vaineſt Thing in Town, where I knew would drop in Colonel *Picket*, juſt come from the Camp, her profeſſed Admirer. He is of that Order of

Men

Man who has much Honour and Merit, but withal a Coxcomb; the other of that Set of Females, who has Innocence and Wit, but the Air of Coquets. It is eaſy to believe, Theſe muſt be Admirers of each other. She ſays, The Colonel rides the beſt of any Man in *England*; The Colonel ſays, She talks the beſt of any Woman. At the ſame time, he underſtands Wit juſt as ſhe does Horſemanſhip. You are to know, theſe extraordinary Perſons ſee each other daily; and they themſelves, as well as the Town, think it will be a Match: But it can never happen that they can come to the point; for inſtead of addreſſing to each other, they ſpend their whole time in Reports of themſelves: He is ſatisfied if he can convince her he is a fine Gentleman, and a Man of Conſequence; and ſhe, in appearing to him an accomplihed Lady and a Wit, without further Deſign. Thus he tells her of his Manner of poſting his Men at ſuch a Paſs, with the Numbers he commanded on the Detachment: She tells him, how ſhe was dreſſed on ſuch a Day at Court, and what Offers were made her the Week following. She ſeems to hear the Repetition of his Mens Names with Admiration, and waits only to anſwer him with as falſe a Muſter of Lovers. They call to each other not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are ſo like, that they are to be ever diſtant, and the parallel Lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 25.

THIS Evening the Comedy called *Epſom Wells* was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Bullock*, who, though he is a Perſon of much Wit and Ingenuity, has a particular Talent of looking like a Fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the Part of *Biſket* in this Play. I cannot indeed ſufficiently admire his Way of bearing a Beating, as he does in this Drama, and that with ſuch a Natural Air and Propriety of Folly, that one cannot help wiſhing the Whip in one's own Hand; ſo richly does he ſeem to deſerve his Chaſtiſement. Skilful Actors think it a very peculiar Happineſs to play in a Scene with ſuch as top their Parts. Therefore I cannot but

(as

ſay, when the Judgment of any good Author directs him to write a Beating for Mr *Bullock* from Mr. *William Pinkethman*, or for Mr. *William Pinkethman* from Mr. *Bullock*, thoſe excellent Players ſeem to be in their moſt ſhining Circumſtances, and pleaſe me more, but with a different ſort of Delight, than that which I receive from thoſe grave Scenes of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, or *Anthony* and *Ventidius*. The whole Comedy is very juſt, and the low Part of Human Life repreſented with much Humour and Wit.

St. James's Coffee houſe, April 25.

WE are adviſed from *Vienna*, by Letters of the 20th Inſtant, That the Emperor hath lately added twenty new Members to his Council of State, but they have not yet taken their Places at the Board. General *Thaun* is returned from *Baden*, his Health being ſo well re eſtabliſhed by the Baths of that Place, that he deſigns to ſet out next Week for *Turin*, to his Command of the Imperial Troops in the Service of the Duke of *Savoy*. His Imperial Majeſty has advanced his Brother, Count *Henry Thaun*, to be a Brigadier, and a Counſellor of the Aulick Council of War. Theſe Letters import, That King *Staniſlaus* and the *Swediſh* General *Crafſtin* are directing their March to the *Nieper*, to join the King of *Sweden*'s Army in *Ukrania*: That the States of *Auſtria* have furniſhed Marſhal *Heiſter* with a conſiderable Sum of Money, to enable him to puſh on the War vigorouſly in *Hungary*, where all Things as yet are in perfect Tranquillity: And that General *Thungen* has been very importunate for a ſpeedy Reinforcement of the Forces on the *Upper Rhine*, repreſenting at the ſame time what Miſeries the Inhabitants muſt neceſſarily undergo, if the Deſigns of *France* on thoſe Parts be not ſpeedily and effectually prevented.

LETTERS from *Rome*, dated the 14th Inſtant, ſay, That on the preceding Sunday, his Holineſs was carried in an open Chair from *St. Peter*'s to *St. Mary*'s, attended by the Sacred College, in Cavalcade; and after Maſs diſtributed ſeveral Dowries for the Marriage of poor and diſtreſſed *Virgins*. The Proceedings of that

Court

Court are very dilatory concerning the Recogni
King *Charles*, notwithſtanding the preſſing Inſtan
the Marquis *de Prie*, who has declared, That
Affair be not wholly concluded by the 15th Inſta
will retire from that Court, and order the Im
Troops to return into the Eccleſiaſtical State. C
other hand, the Duke of *Anjou*'s Miniſter has,
Name of his Maſter, demanded of his Holineſs
plain himſelf on that Affair; which it is ſaid, w
finally determined in a Conſiſtory to be held on M
next; the Duke *d'Uzeda* deſigning to delay his D
ture till he ſees the Iſſue. Theſe Letters alſo
That the Court was mightily alarmed at the
which they received by an Expreſs from *Ferrara*
General *Bonneval*, who commands in *Comacchio*
ſent circular Letters to the Inhabitants of *St. A*
Longastrino, *Fiſh*, and other adjacent Parts, enj
them to come and ſwear Fealty to the Emperor
receive new Inveſtitures of their Fiefs from his M
Letters from other Parts of *Italy* ſay, That the K
Denmark continues at *Lucca*; that four *Engliſh* and
Men of War were ſeen off of *Oneglia*, bound for
in order to tranſport the Troops deſigned for *Barc*
and that her Majeſty's Ship the *Colcheſter* arrived a
born the 4th Inſtant, from *Port-Mahon*, with A
That Major-General *Stanhope* deſigned to depart
thence the 11th Inſtant with 6 or 7000 Men, to a
the Relief of the Caſtle of *Alicant*.

OUR laſt Advices from *Berlin*, bearing Da
27th Inſtant, import, That the King was gone
num, and the Queen to *Mecklenburgh*; but that
Majeſties deſigned to return the next Week to *Ot*
burgh, where a great Chaſe of wild Beaſts was pre
for their Diverſion, and from thence they inte
proceed together to *Potſdam*; That the Prince
was ſet out for *Brabant*, but intended to make
ſhort Stay at *Hanover*. Theſe Letters alſo infor
That they are adviſed from *Oberyn*, that the K.
Sweden being on his March towards *Holſtein*, me
neral *Renne* with a Detachment of *Muſcovites*,
placing ſome Regiments in Ambuſcade, attacke
Swedes in their Rear, and putting them to flight,

Men, the King himſelf having his Horſe ſhot un-lm.

E hear from *Copenhagen*, That the Ice being broke, ound is again open for the Ships; and that they l his Majeſty would return ſooner than they at firſt ted.

ETTERS from the *Hague*, dated *May* 4. *N. S.* That an Expreſs arrived there on the 1ſt, from e *Eugene* to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*. States are adviſed, That the Auxiliaries of *Saxony* arrived on the Frontiers of the United Provinces; ſo, That the two Regiments of *Wolfenbuttel*, and Troops from *Wirtemberg*, which are to ſerve in ers, are in full march thither. Letters from ers ſay, That the great Convoy of Ammunition Proviſions which ſet out from *Ghent* for *Liſle*, was arrived at *Courtray*. We hear from *Paris*, That ing has ordered the Militia on the Coaſts of *Nor-* and *Bretagne* to be in readineſs to march; and he Court was in apprehenſion of a Deſcent, to ani-the People to riſe in the midſt of their preſent Hard-

HEY write from *Spain*, That the Pope's Nuncio *Madrid* the 10th of *April*, in order to go to me; that the Marquis *de Ray* was at *Badajos* to ve the Motions of the *Portugueze*; and that the t *d' Eſtain*, with a Body of 5000 Men, was on his h to attack *Gironne*. The Duke of *Anjou* has ſed the Biſhop of *Lerida*, as being a Favourer of nterest of King *Charles*; and has ſummoned a Con-ion at *Madrid*, compoſed of the Archbiſhops, Bi-, and States of that Kingdom, wherein he hopes will come to a Reſolution to ſend for no more Bulls me.

N° 8. *Thurſday*, April 28. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 26.

THE Play of the *London Cuckolds* was acted Evening before a ſuitable Audience, who extreamly well diverted with that heap of Vice and ſurdity. The Indignation which *Eugenio*, who Gentleman of a juſt Taſte, has upon Occaſion of Human Nature fall to ſo low in their Delights, made I thought, expatiate upon the Mention of this Play agreeably. Of all Men living, ſaid he, I pity Pl (who muſt be Men of good Underſtanding, to be c of being ſuch) that they are obliged to repeat a ſume proper Geſtures for repreſenting Things of their Reaſon muſt be aſhamed, and which they mu dain their Audience for approving. The Amen of theſe low Gratifications is only to be made by of Condition, by encouraging the Preſentation noble Characters drawn by *Shakſpear* and others, whence it is impoſſible to return without ſtrong I ſions of Honour and Humanity. On theſe Occ Diſtreſs is laid before us with all its Cauſes and C quences, and our Reſentment placed according Merit of the Perſons afflicted. Were Drama's Nature more acceptable to the Taſte of the Town, who have Genius would bend their Studies to ex them. How forcible an Effect this would have Minds, one needs no more than to obſerve how th we are touched by meer Pictures. Who can ſ *Rose*'s Picture of the Battle of *Pora*, without en into the Character of that fierce gallant Man, and accordingly ſpurred to an Emulation of his Cou and Courage? When he is falling with his W the Features are at the ſame time very terrible languiſhing; and there is ſuch a ſtern Lamenta ſuſed through all his Look, as is apt to move a ki

Horror, as well as Pity, in the Beholder. This, I ſay, is an Effect wrought by meer Lights and Shades; conſider alſo a Repreſentation made by Words only, as in an Account given by a good Writer: *Catiline* in *Salluſt* makes juſt ſuch a Figure as *Porus* by *Le Brun*. It is ſaid of him, *Catilina vero longe a ſuis inter hoſtium cadavera repertus eſt; paululum etiam ſpirans, ferocitatemque animi quam vivus habuerat in vultu retinens.* 'Catiline was found killed far from his own Men 'among the dead Bodies of the Enemy: He ſeemed ſtill 'to breathe, and ſtill retained in his Face the ſame 'Fierceneſs he had when he was living.' You have in that one Sentence a lively Impreſſion of his whole Life and Actions. What I would inſinuate from all this, is, That if the Painter and the Hiſtorian can do thus much in Colours and Language, what may not be performed by an excellent Poet, when the Character he draws is preſented by the Perſon, the Manner, the Look, and the Motion, of an accompliſhed Player? If a Thing painted or related can irreſiſtibly enter our Hearts, what may not be brought to paſs by ſeeing generous Things performed before our Eyes? *Eugenio* ended his Diſcourſe, by recommending the apt Uſe of a Theatre, as the moſt agreeable and eaſy Method of making a polite and moral Century, which would end in rendring the reſt of the People regular in their Behaviour, and ambitious of laudable Undertakings.

St. James's Coffee houſe, April 27.

LETTERS from *Naples* of the 9th Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That Cardinal *Grimani* had ordered the Regiment commanded by General *Pate* to march towards *Final*, in order to embark for *Catalonia*, whither alſo 1000 Horſe are to be tranſported from *Sardinia*, beſides the Troops which come from the *Milaneſe*. An *Engliſh* Man of War has taken two Prizes, one a Veſſel of *Malta*, the other of *Genoa*, both laden with Goods of the Enemy. They write from *Hamburgh* of the 13th, That his Majeſty of *Denmark* had received a Courier from the *Hague*, with an Account of ſome Matters relating to the

the Treaty of a Peace; upon which he declared, t
thought it neceſſary to haſten to his own Dominion

LETTERS from *Switzerland* inform us, 'Th
Effects of the great Scarcity of Corn in *France* were
Geneva; the Magiſtrates of which City had app
Deputies to treat with the Cantons of *Bern* and Z
for Leave to buy up ſuch Quantities of Grain
their Territories as ſhould be thought neceſſary.
Proteſtants of *Tockenburgh* are ſtill in Arms abo
Convent of St. *John*, and have declared, 'That the
not lay them down, till they ſhall have ſufficient Se
from the *Roman* Catholicks, of living unmoleſted i
Exerciſe of their Religion. In the mean time, th
puties of *Bern* and *Tockenburgh* have frequent Confe
at *Zurich*, with the Regency of that Canton, to fi
Methods for the quieting theſe Diſorders.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 3d of
advile, 'That the Preſident *Rouille*, after his laſt
ference with the Deputies of the States, had
to *Rodegrave*, five Miles diſtant from *Worden*, an
pected the Return of a Courier from *France* on the
with new Inſtructions. It is ſaid, if his Anſwer
the *French* Court ſhall not prove ſatisfactory, h
be deſired to withdraw out of theſe Parts. In the
time it is alſo reported, 'That his Equipage, as an
Baſſador on this great Occaſion, is actually on the M
towards him. They write from *Flanders*, 'Tha
great Convoy of Proviſions, which ſet out from C
is ſafely arrived at *Liſle*. 'Thoſe Advices add, 'Th
Enemy had aſſembled near *Tournay*, a conſiderable
of Troops drawn out of the neighbouring Gar
Their High Mightineſſes have ſent Orders to thei
niſters at *Hamburgh* and *Dantzick*, to engage the
giſtrates of thoſe Cities to forbid the Sale of Corn t
French, and to ſignify to them that the *Dutch* Merc
will buy up as much of that Commodity as they
ſpare; the *Hamburghers* have accordingly contr
with the *Dutch*, and refuſed any Commerce with
French on that Occaſion.

From my own Apartment.

AFTER the Laſſitude of a Day ſpent in the ſtrolling Manner, which is uſual with Men of Pleaſure in this Town, and with a Head full of a Million of Impertinences, which had danced round it for ten Hours together, I came to my Lodging, and haſtened to bed. My *Valet de Chambre* knows my Univerſity-Trick of reading there; and he being a good Scholar for a Gentleman, ran over the Names of *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, and others, to know which I would have. Bring *Virgil*, ſaid I, and if I fall aſleep, take care of the Candle. I read the Sixth Book over with the moſt exquiſite Delight, and had gone half through it a ſecond time, when the pleaſant Ideas of *Elyſian* Fields, decorated Worthies walking in them, ſincere Lovers enjoying their Languiſhment without Pain, Compaſſion for the unhappy Spirits who had miſpent their ſhort Day light, and were exiled from the Seats of Bliſs for ever; I ſay, I was deep again in my Reading, when this Mixture of Images had taken place of all others in my Imagination before, and lulled me into a Dream, from which I am juſt awake, to my great Diſadvantage. The happy Manſions of *Elyſium*, by degrees, ſeemed to be waſted from me, and the very Traces of my late waking Thoughts began to fade away, when I was call by a ſudden Whirlwind upon an Iſland, encompaſſed with a roaring and troubled Sea, which ſhaked its very Centre, and rocked its Inhabitants as in a Cradle. The Iſlanders lay on their Faces without offering to look up, or hope for Preſervation. all her Harbours were crouded with Mariners, and tall Veſſels of War lay in Danger of being driven to pieces on her Shores. Bleſs me! ſaid I, why have I lived in ſuch a Manner, that the Convulſion of Nature ſhould be ſo terrible to me, when I feel in my ſelf that the better Part of me is to ſurvive it? Oh! may that be in Happineſs. A ſudden Shriek, in which the whole People on their Faces joined, interrupted my Soliloquy, and turned my Eyes and Attention to the Object which had given us that ſudden Start, in the midſt of ſo inconſolable and ſpeechleſs Affliction. Immediately the

Winds grew calm, the Waves ſubſided, and the People ſtood up, turning their Faces upon a magnificent Pile in the midſt of the Iſland. There we beheld an Hero of a comely and erect Aſpect, but pale and languid, ſitting under a Canopy of State. By the Faces and dumb Sorrow of thoſe who attended, we thought him in the Article of Death. At a diſtance ſate a Lady, whoſe Life ſeemed to hang upon the ſame Thread with his: She kept her Eyes fixed upon him, and ſeemed to ſmother ten thouſand thouſand nameleſs Things, which urged her Tenderneſs to claſp him in her Arms: But her Greatneſs of Spirit overcame thoſe Sentiments, and gave her Power to forbear diſturbing his laſt Moment; which immediately approached. The Hero looked up with an Air of Negligence, and Satiety of Being, rather than of Pain to leave it; and leaning back his Head expired.

WHEN the Heroine, who ſat at a diſtance, ſaw his laſt Inſtant come, ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet, and kneeling, preſſed his Hand to her Lips, in which Poſture ſhe continued under the Agony of an unutterable Sorrow, till conducted from our Sight by her Attendants. That commanding Awe, which accompanies the Grief of great Minds, reſtrained the Multitude while in her Preſence; but as ſoon as ſhe retired, they gave way to their Diſtraction, and all the Iſlanders called upon their deceaſed Hero. To him, methought, they cried out, as to a Guardian Being, and I gathered from their broken Accents, That it was he who had the Empire over the Ocean and its Powers, by which he had long protected the Iſland from Shipwreck and Invaſion. They now give a looſe to their Moan, and think themſelves expoſed without Hopes of human or divine Aſſiſtance. While the People ran wild, and expreſſed all the different Forms of Lamentation, methought a ſable Cloud overſhadowed the whole Land, and covered its Inhabitants with Darkneſs: No Glimpſe of Light appeared, except one Ray from Heaven upon the Place in which the Heroine now ſecluded herſelf from the World, with her Eyes fixed on thoſe Abodes to which her Conſort was aſcended. Methought a long Period of Time had paſſed away in Mourning and in Darkneſs, when a Twilight began by *degrees* to enlighten the Hemiſphere; and looking round

me, I ſaw a Boat rowed towards the Shore, in which ſate a Perſonage adorned with warlike Trophies, bearing on his left Arm a Shield, on which was engraven the Image of *Victory*, and in his right Hand a Branch of Olive. His Viſage was at once ſo winning and ſo awful, that the Shield and the Olive ſeemed equally ſuitable to his Genius,

WHEN this illuſtrious * Perſon touched on the Shore, he was received by the Acclamations of the People, and followed to the Palace of the Heroine. No Pleaſure in the Glory of her Arms, or the Acclamations of her applauding Subjects, were ever capable to ſuſpend her Sorrow for one Moment, till ſhe ſaw the Olive-Branch in the Hand of that auſpicious Meſſenger. At that Sight, as Heaven beſtows its Bleſſings on the Wants and Importunities of Mortals, out of its native Bounty, and not to increaſe its own Power or Honour, in Compaſſion to the World, the Celeſtial Mourner was then firſt ſeen to turn her Regard to Things below; and taking the Branch out of the Warrior's Hand, looked at it with much Satisfaction, and ſpoke of the Bleſſings of Peace, with a Voice and Accent, ſuch as that in which Guardian Spirits whiſper to dying Penitents Aſſurances of Happineſs. The Air was huſhed, the Multitude attentive, and all Nature in a Pauſe, while ſhe was ſpeaking. But as ſoon as the Meſſenger of Peace had made ſome low Reply, in which, methought I heard the Word *Iberia*, the Heroine aſſuming a more ſevere Air, but ſuch as ſpoke Reſolution, without Rage, returned him the Olive, and again veiled her Face. Loud Cries and claſhing of Arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming Viſion, and drove me back to theſe Manſions of Care and Sorrow.

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* *About this time the D. of* M. *returned from* Holland, *with the Preliminaries of a Peace.*

N° 9. *Saturday*, April 30. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 28.

THIS Evening we were entertained with *The Old Batchelor*, a Comedy of deſerved Reputation. In the Character which gives Name to the Play, there is excellently repreſented the Reluctance of a battered Debauchee to come into the Trammels of Order and Decency: He neither languiſhes nor burns, but frets for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour are drawn with much Spirit and Wit, and the Drama introduced by the Dialogue of the firſt Scene with uncommon, yet natural Converſation. The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unſeaſonable Fondneſs of Age and Impotence. But inſtead of ſuch agreeable Works as theſe, the Town has this half Age been tormented with Inſects, called *Eaſy Writers*, whoſe Abilities Mr. *Wycherly* one Day deſcribed excellently well in one Word: *That*, ſaid he, *among theſe Fellows is called* Eaſy Writing, *which any one may eaſily write.* Such Jantie Scribblers are ſo juſtly laughed at for their Sonnets on *Phillis* and *Chloris*, and fantaſtical Deſcriptions in them, that an ingenious Kinſman of mine, of the Family of the *Staffs*, Mr. *Humphrey Wagſtaff* by Name, has, to avoid their Strain, run into a Way perfectly new, and deſcribed Things exactly as they happen: He never forms Fields, or Nymphs, or Groves where they are not, but makes the Incidents juſt as they really appear. For an Example of it; I ſtole out of his Manuſcript the following Lines: They are a Deſcription of the Morning, but of the Morning in Town; nay, of the Morning at this End of the Town, where my Kinſman at preſent lodges.

Now hardly here and there an Hackney-Coach
Appearing, ſhow'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.
Now Betty from her Maſter's Bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own.

The Slipshod 'Prentice from his Master's Door,
Had par'd the Street, and sprinkled round the Floor,
Now Moll *had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Air,*
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with brawny Stumps began to trace
The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Small Coal-Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney Sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's Gates began to meet;
And Brick-dust Moll *had scream'd through half a Street,*
The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
Duely let out a' Nights to steal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands;
And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

ALL that I apprehend is, that dear *Numps* will be angry I have publiſhed theſe Lines; not that he has any reaſon to be aſhamed of them, but for fear of thoſe Rogues, the Bane to all excellent Performances, the *Imitators*. Therefore, before hand, I bar all Deſcriptions of the Evening; as, a Medley of Verſes ſignifying, Grey-peas are now cried warm: That Wenches now begin to amble round the Paſſages of the Play-houſe: Or of Noon; as, That fine Ladies and great Beaus are juſt yawning out of their Beds and Windows in *Pall Mall*, and ſo forth. I forewarn alſo all Perſons from encouraging any Draughts after my Couſin; and foretel any Man who ſhall go about to imitate him, that he will be very inſipid. The Family Stock is embarked in this Deſign, and we will not admit of Counterfeits: Dr. *Anderſon* and his Heirs enjoy his Pills; Sir *William Read* has the Cure of Eyes, and Monſieur *Raſſelli* can only cure the Gout. We pretend to none of theſe Things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any miſtaken Man he is not what he believes he is; to diſtinguiſh Merit, and expoſe falſe Pretences to it, is a Liberty our Family has by Law in them, from an Intermarriage with a Daughter of Mr. *Saggin*, the famous Droll of the laſt Century. This Right I deſign to make uſe of; but I will not encroach upon the above mentioned Adepts, or any other. At the ſame time I ſhall take all the Privileges I may, as an *Engliſh-man*, and will lay hold of the

late Act of Naturalization to introduce what I shall think fit from *France*. The Use of that Law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite World with new Characters, as well as the Kingdom it self with new Subjects. Therefore an Author of that Nation, called *Le Bruyere*, I shall make bold with on such Occasions. The last Person I read of in that Writer was Lord *Timon*. *Timon*, says my Author, is the most generous of all Men; but is so hurried away with that strong Impulse of bestowing, that he confers Benefits without Distinction, and is munificent without laying Obligations. For all the Unworthy, who receive from him, have so little Sense of this noble Infirmity, that they look upon themselves rather as Partners in a Spoil, than Partakers of a Bounty. The other Day, coming into *Paris*, I met *Timon* going out on Horseback, attended only by one Servant. It struck me with a sudden Damp, to see a Man of so excellent a Disposition, and that understood making a Figure so very well, so much shortned in his Retinue. But passing by his House, I saw his great Coach break to pieces before his Door, and, by a strange Enchantment, immediately turned into many different Vehicles. The first was a very pretty Chariot, into which step'd his Lordship's Secretary. The second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the fat Steward. In an Instant followed a Chaise, which was entered by the Butler. The rest of the Body and Wheels were forthwith changed into Go carts, and ran away with by the Nurses and Brats of the rest of the Family. What makes these Misfortunes in the Affairs of *Timon* the more astonishing, is, That he has a better Understanding than those who cheat him; so that a Man knows not which more to wonder at, the Indifference of the Master, or the Impudence of the Servant.

White's Chocolate house, April 29.

IT is Matter of much Speculation among the Beaus and Oglers, what it is that can have made so sudden a Change, as has been of late observed, in the whole Behaviour of *Pastorella*, who never sate still a Moment till she was eighteen, which she has now exceeded by

by two Months. Her Aunt, who has the Care of her, has not been always so rigid as she is at this present Date; but has so good a Sense of the Frailty of Woman, and Faithlessness of Man, that she resolved on all manner of Methods to keep *Pastorella*, if possible, in Safety, against herself and all her Admirers. At the same time the good Lady knew by long Experience, that a gay Inclination, confined too rashly, would but run to the greater Excesses for that Restraint. Therefore intended to watch her, and take some Opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own Interests, without the Anguish of an Admonition. You are to know then, That Mrs. with all her flirting and ogling, had also naturally a strong Curiosity in her, and was the greatest Eaves-Dropper breathing. *Paritotes* (for so her prudent Aunt is called) observed this Humour, and retires one Day to her Closet, into which she knew *Pastorella* would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly, and the young Lady saw her good Governante, on her Knees, and, after a mental Behaviour, break into these Words, *As for the dear Child committed to my Care, let her Sobriety of Carriage, and Decency of Behaviour, be such as may make that noble Lord who is taken with her Beauty, turn his Designs to such as are honourable.* Here *Pastorella* heard her Niece nestle closer to the Key hole. She then goes on; *Make her the joyful Mother of a numerous and wealthy Offspring; and let her Carriage be such, as may make that noble Youth expect the Blessings of an happy Marriage, from the Simplicity of her Life, in this loose and contentious Age.* Mrs. having heard enough, sneaks off for fear of Discovery, and immediately at her Glass alters the Sitting of her Head; then pulls up her Tucker, and forms herself into the exact Manner of *Lindamira*: In a word, becomes a sincere Convert to every Thing that is commendable in a fine young Lady; and two or three such Matches, as her Aunt feigned in her Devotions, are at this Day in her Choice. This is the History and original Cause of *Pastorella*'s Conversion from Coquetry. The Prudence in the Management of this young Lady's Temper, and good Judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I leave remem-

ber a greater Inſtance of Forbearance of the uſual peeviſh Way with which the Aged treat the Young, than this, except that of our famous *Noy*, whoſe Good-nature went ſo far, as to make him put off his Admonitions to his Son, even till after his Death; and did not give him his Thoughts of him, till he came to read that memorable Paſſage in his Will: *All the reſt of my Eſtate*, ſays he, *I leave to my Son* Edward *(who is Executor to this my Will) to be ſquander'd as he ſhall think fit: I leave it him for that purpoſe, and hope no better from him.* A generous Diſdain, and Reflection upon how little he deſerved from ſo excellent a Father, reformed the young Man, and made *Edward* from an errant Rake become a fine Gentleman.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 29.

LETTERS from *Portugal* of the 18th Inſtant, dated from *Eſtremos* ſay, That on the 6th the Earl of *Galway* arrived at that Place, and had the Satisfaction to ſee the Quarters well furniſhed with all Manner of Proviſions, and a Quantity of Bread ſufficient for ſubſiſting the Troops for ſixty Days, beſides Biſket for twenty-five Days. The Enemy give it out, That they ſhall bring into the Field fourteen Regiments of Horſe, and twenty-four Battalions. The Troops in the Service of *Portugal* will make up 14000 Foot, and 4000 Horſe. On the Day theſe Letters were diſpatched, the Earl of *Galway* received Advice, that the Marquis *de Bay* was preparing for ſome Enterprize, by gathering his Troops together on the Frontiers. Whereupon his Excellency reſolved to go that ſame Night to *Villa Vicoſa*, to aſſemble the Troops in that Neighbourhood, in order to diſappoint his Deſigns.

YESTERDAY in the Evening Captain *Foxon*, Aid-de-Camp to Major-General *Cadogan*, arrived here Expreſs from the Duke of *Marlborough*. And this Day a Mail is come in with Letters dated from *Bruſſels* of the 6th of *May*, *N. S.* which adviſe, That the Enemy had drawn together a Body, conſiſting of 20000 Men, with a Deſign, as was ſuppoſed, to intercept the great Convoy on the March towards *Liſle*, which was ſafely arrived at

Mauin

Menin and *Courtray*, in its Way to that Place, the *French* having retired without making any Attempt.

WE hear from the *Hague*, That a Perſon of the firſt Quality is arrived in the *Low Countries* from *France*, in order to be a Plenipotentiary in an enſuing Treaty of Peace.

LETTERS from *France* acknowledge, That Monſieur *Bernard* has made no higher Offers of Satisfaction to his Creditors than of 15 *l. per Cent.*

THESE Advices add, That the Mareſchal *Boufflers*, Monſieur *Torcy*, (who diſtinguiſhed himſelf formerly, by adviſing the Court of *France* to adhere to the Treaty of Partition) and Monſieur *d'Harcourt*, (who negotiated with Cardinal *Portocarrero* for the Succeſſion of the Crown of *Spain* in the Houſe of *Bourbon*) are all three joined in a Commiſſion for a Treaty of Peace. The Mareſchal is come to *Ghent*. The other two are arrived at the *Hague*.

IT is confidently reported here, That the Right Honourable the Lord *Townſhend* is to go with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* into *Holland*.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

N° 10. *Tueſday*, May 3. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

MY Brother *Iſaac* having a ſudden Occaſion to go out of Town, ordered me to take upon me the Diſpatch of the next Advices from Home, with Liberty to ſpeak in my own Way; not doubting the Allowances which would be given to a Writer of my Sex. You may be ſure I undertook it with much Satisfaction: And I confeſs, I am not a little pleaſed with the Opportunity of running over all the Papers in his Cloſet, which he has left open for my Uſe on this Occaſion. The firſt that I lay my Hands on, is, A Treatiſe concern-

ing *The Empire of Beauty*, and the Effects it has had in all Nations of the World, upon the publick and private Actions of Men; with an Appendix, which he calls, *The Batchelor's Scheme for governing his Wife*. The firſt Thing he makes this Gentleman propoſe, is, That ſhe ſhall be no Woman; for ſhe is to have an Averſion to Balls, to Opera's, to Viſits: She is to think his Company ſufficient to fill up all the Hours of Life with great Satisfaction: She is never to believe any other Man wiſe, learned or valiant; or at leaſt, but in a ſecond degree. In the next place he intends ſhe ſhall be a Cuckold; but expects, that he himſelf muſt live in perfect Security from that Terror. He dwells a great while on Inſtructions for her diſcreet Behaviour, in caſe of his Falſhood. I have not Patience with theſe unreaſonable Expectations, therefore turn back to the Treatiſe itſelf. Here indeed my Brother deduces all the Revolutions among Men from the Paſſion of Love; and in his Preface anſwers that uſual Obſervation againſt us, *That there is no Quarrel without a Woman in it*; with a Gallant Aſſertion, *That there is nothing elſe worth Quarrelling for*. My Brother is of a Complexion truly amorous; all his Thoughts and Actions carry in them a Tincture of that obliging Inclination; and this Turn has opened his Eyes to ſee, we are not the inconſiderable Creatures which unlucky Pretenders to our Favour would inſinuate. He obſerves, That no Man begins to make any tolerable Figure, till he ſets out with the Hopes of pleaſing ſome one of us. No ſooner he takes that in hand, but he pleaſes every-one elſe by the bye. It has an immediate Effect upon his Behaviour. There is Colonel *Ranter*, who never ſpoke without an Oath, till he ſaw the Lady *Betty Modiſh*; now, never gives his Man an Order, but it is, Pray, *Tom*, do it. The Drawers where he drinks live in perfect Happineſs. He aſked *Will* at the *George* t'other Day, How he did? Where he uſed to ſay, *Damn it, it is ſo*; he now believes *there is ſome Miſtake: He muſt confeſs, he is of another Opinion; but however he won't inſiſt*.

EVERY Temper, except downright inſipid, is to be animated and ſoftned by the [illegible] of Beauty: But

But of this untractable Sort is a lifeleſs handſome Fellow that viſits us, whom I have dreſſed at this Twelvemonth; but he is as inſenſible of all the Arts I uſe, as if he converſed all that time with his Nurſe. He outdoes our whole Sex in all the Faults our Enemies impute to us; he has brought Lazineſs into an Opinion, and makes his Indolence his Philoſophy: Inſomuch that no longer ago than Yeſterday in the Evening he gave me this Account of himſelf; *I am, Madam, perfectly unmoved at all that paſſes among Men, and ſeldom give my ſelf the Fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the ſame Thing to thoſe whom I converſe with. My Hours of Exiſtence, or being awake, are from eleven in the Morning to eleven at Night; half of which I live to myſelf, in picking my Teeth, waſhing my Hands, paring my Nails, and looking in the Glaſs. The Inſignificancy of my Manners to the reſt of the World, makes the Laughers call me a* Quid-nunc, *a Phraſe which I neither underſtand, nor ſhall ever enquire what they mean by it. The laſt of me each Night is at* St. James's *Coffee houſe, where I converſe, yet never fall into a Diſpute on any Occaſion, but leave the Underſtanding I have paſſive of all that goes through it, without entring into the Buſineſs of Life. And thus, Madam, have I arrived by Lazineſs, to what others pretend to by Philoſophy, a perfect Neglect of the World.* Sure, if our Sex had the Liberty of frequenting publick Houſes and Converſations, we ſhould put theſe Rivals of our Faults and Follies out of countenance. However, we ſhall ſoon have the Pleaſure of being acquainted with them one way or other; for my Brother *Iſaac* deſigns, for the Uſe of our Sex, to give the exact Characters of all the chief Politicians who frequent any of the Coffee-houſes from *St. James's* to the *Change*; but deſigns to begin with that Cluſter of Wiſe Heads, as they are found ſitting every Evening from the Left-ſide of the Fire, at the *Smyrna*, to the Door. This will be of great Service for us, and I have Authority to promiſe an exact Journal of their Deliberations; the Publication of which I am to be allowed for Pin-Money. In the mean time I caſt my Eye upon a new Book, which gave me a more pleaſing Entertainment, being a ſixth Part of Miſcellany

cellany Poems, publiſhed by *Jacob Tonſon*; which, I find by my Brother's Notes upon it, no way inferior to the other Volumes. There are, it ſeems, in this, a Collection of the beſt Paſtorals that have hitherto appeared in *England*; but among them none ſuperior to that Dialogue between *Sylvia* and *Dorinda*, written by one of my own Sex; where all our little Weakneſſes are laid open in a Manner more juſt and with truer Raillery, than ever Man yet hit upon.

Only this I now diſcern,
From the Things thou'dſt have me learn;
That Womankind's peculiar Joys
From paſt or preſent Beauties riſe.

BUT to reaſſume my firſt Deſign, there cannot be a greater Inſtance of the Command of Females, than in the prevailing Charms of the Heroine in the Play which was acted this Night, called, *All for Love*; or, *The World well loſt*. The enamoured *Anthony* reſigns Glory and Power to the Force of the attractive *Cleopatra*, whoſe Charms were the Defence of her Diadem, againſt a People otherwiſe invincible. It is ſo natural for Women to talk of themſelves, that it is to be hoped, all my own Sex, at leaſt, will pardon me, that I could fall into no other Diſcourſe. If we have their Favour, we give ourſelves very little Anxiety for the reſt of our Readers. I believe I ſee a Sentence of *Latin* in my Brother's Day-Book of Wit, which ſeems applicable on this Occaſion, and in Contempt of the Criticks.

——— *Triſtitiam & Metus*
Tradam proterviis in Mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

BUT I am interrupted by a Packet from Mr. *Kidney*, from *St. James*'s Coffee-houſe, which I am obliged to inſert in the very Stile and Words which Mr. *Kidney* uſes in his Letter.

St. James's

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 2.

WE are adviſed by Letters from *Bern*, dated the 1ſt Inſtant, *N. S.* That the Duke of *Berwick* arrived at *Lyons* the 25th of the laſt Month, and continued his Journey the next Day to viſit the Paſſes of the Mountains, and other Poſts in *Dauphiné* and *Provence*. Theſe Letters alſo informed us, That the Miſeries of the People in *France* are heightned to that degree, that unleſs a Peace be ſpeedily concluded, Half of that Kingdom would periſh for want of Bread. On the 24th, the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* paſſed through *Lyons*, in his Way to *Verſailles*; and two Battalions, which were marching from *Alſace* to reinforce the Army of the Duke of *Berwick*, paſſed alſo through that Place. Thoſe Troops were to be followed by ſix Battalions more.

LETTERS from *Naples* of the 16th of *April* ſay, That the Marquis *de Prie*'s Son was arrived there, with Inſtructions from his Father, to ſignify to the Viceroy the Neceſſity his Imperial Majeſty was under, of deſiring an Aid from that Kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary Expences of the War. On the 14th of the ſame Month, they made a Review of the *Spaniſh* Troops in that Garriſon, and afterwards of the Marines; one Part of whom will embark with thoſe deſigned for *Barcelona*, and the reſt are to be ſent on board the Gallies appointed to convoy Proviſions to that Place.

WE hear from *Rome*, by Letters dated the 20th of *April*, That the Count *de Mellos*, Envoy from the King of *Portugal*, had made his publick Entry into that City with much State and Magnificence. The Pope has lately held two other Conſiſtories, wherein he made a Promotion of two Cardinals; but the Acknowledgment of King *Charles* is ſtill deferred.

LETTERS from other Parts of *Italy* adviſe us, That the Doge of *Venice* continues dangerouſly ill: That the Prince *de Carignan* having relapſed into a violent Fever, died the 23d of *April*, in his 80th Year.

ADVICES

ADVICES from *Vienna* of the 27th of *April* import, That the Archbiſhop of *Saltzburgh* is dead, who is ſucceeded by Count *Harrach*, formerly Biſhop of *Vienna*, and for theſe laſt three Years Coadjutor to the ſaid Archbiſhop; and that Prince *Maximilian* of *Lichtenſtein* has likewiſe departed this Life at his Country-Seat called *Cromaw* in *Moravia*. Theſe Advices add, That the Emperor has named Count *Zinzendorf*, Count *Goes*, and Monſieur *Conſbruck*, for his Plenipotentiaries in an enſuing Treaty of Peace; and they hear from *Hungary*, that the Imperialiſts have had ſeveral ſucceſsful Skirmiſhes with the Malecontents.

LETTERS from *Paris*, dated *May* the 6th, ſay, That the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* arrived there on the 29th of the laſt Month, and that the Chevalier *de Beuil* was ſent thither by Don *Pedro Ronquillo*, with Advice, That the Confederate Squadron appeared before *Alicant* on the 17th, and having for ſome time cannonaded the City, endeavoured to land ſome Troops for the Relief of the Caſtle; but General *Stanhope* finding the Paſſages well guarded, and the Enterprize dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the Caſtle; which being granted him, the Garriſon, conſiſting of 600 regular Troops, marched out with their Arms, and Baggage the Day following; and being received on board, they immediately ſet ſail for *Barcelona*. Theſe Letters add, That the March of the *French* and *Swiſs* Regiments is further deferred for a few Days, and that the Duke of *Noailles* was juſt ready to ſet out for *Rouſſillon*, as well as the Count *de Benoux* for *Catalonia*.

THE ſame Advices ſay, Bread was ſold at *Paris* for 6 *d. per* Pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that Rate, to ſupply the Neceſſities of the People, which reduced them to the utmoſt Deſpair; that 300 Men had taken up Arms, and having plunder'd the Market of the Suburb of *St. Germain*, preſſed down by their Multitude the King's Guards who oppoſed them. Two of thoſe Mutineers were afterwards ſeized and condemned to Death; but four others went to the Magiſtrate who pronounced that Sentence, and told him, He muſt expect to anſwer with his own Life, for thoſe of their Comrades. All Order and Senſe of Government being thus

thus loft among the inraged People; to keep up a Show of Authority, the Captain of the Guards, who law all their Infolence, pretended, That he had repreſented to the King their deplorable Condition, and had obtained their Pardon. It is further reported, That the Dauphin and Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*, as they went to the Opera, were ſurrounded by Crouds of People, who upbraided them with their Neglect of the general Calamity, in going to Diverſions, when the whole People were ready to periſh for want of Bread. Libels are daily publiſhed to ſuppreſs theſe Riots; and Papers, with Menaces againſt the Government, as publickly thrown about. Among others, theſe Words were dropped in a Court of Juſtice, *France wants a* Ravillac *or a* Jeſuit *to deliver her*. Beſides this univerſal Diſtreſs, there is a contagious Sickneſs, which, it is feared, will end in a Peſtilence. Letters from *Montdidier* bring Accounts no leſs lamentable: The Peaſants are driven by Hunger from their Abodes into that City, and make Lamentations in the Streets without Redreſs.

We are adviſed by Letters from the *Hague*, dated the 10th Inſtant, *N. S.* That on the 6th the Marquis *de Torcy* arrived there from *Paris*, but the Paſſport, by which he came, having been ſent blank by Monſieur *Rouille*, he was there two Days before his Quality was known. That Miniſter offered to communicate to Monſieur *Heinſius* the Propoſals which he had to make; but the Penſionary refuſed to ſee them, and ſaid, He would ſignify it to the States, who deputed ſome of their own Body to acquaint him, That they would enter into no Negotiation till the Arrival of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the other Miniſters of the Alliance. Prince *Eugene* was expected there the 12th Inſtant from *Bruſſels*. It is ſaid, That beſides Monſieur *de Torcy*, and Monſieur *Pajot*, Director General of the Poſts, there are two or three Perſons at the *Hague* whoſe Names are not known; but it is ſuppoſed, that the Duke *d' Alba*, Ambaſſador from the Duke of *Anjou*, was one of them. The States have ſent Letters to all the Cities of the Provinces, deſiring them to ſend their Deputies to receive the Propoſitions of Peace made by the Court of *France*.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

Nº 11. *Thurſday*, May 5. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 3.

A Kinſman has ſent me a Letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately reſolved to write an Heroick Poem; but by Buſineſs has been interrupted, and has only made one Similitude, which he ſhould be afflicted to have wholly loſt, and begs of me to apply it to Something, being very deſirous to ſee it well placed in the World. I am ſo willing to help the Diſtreſſed, that I have taken it in: But though his greater Genius might very well diſtinguiſh his Verſes from mine, I have mark'd where his begin. His Lines are a Deſcription of the Sun in Eclipſe, which I know nothing more like than a brave Man in Sorrow, who bears it as he ſhould, without imploring the Pity of his Friends, or being dejected with the Contempt of his Enemies: As in the Caſe of *Cato*:

WHEN all the Globe to *Cæſar*'s Fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his Empire diſallow'd;
With inborn Strength alone oppos'd Mankind,
With Heav'n in View, to all below it blind:
Regardleſs of his Friends Applauſe, or Moan,
Alone triumphant ſince he falls alone:

' THUS when the Ruler of the Genial Day,
' Behind ſome dark'ning Planet forms his Way,
' Deſponding Mortals, with officious Care,
' The concave Drum, and magick Braſs prepare;
' Implore him to ſuſtain th'important Fight,
' And ſave depending Worlds from endleſs Night,
' Fondly they hope their Labour may avail,
' To eaſe his Conflict, and aſſiſt his Toil.

' While

ſt he in Beams of native Splendor bright,
' dark his Orb appear to Human Sight)
s to the Gods with more diffuſive Light;
iſtant Stars with equal Glory burns,
mes their Lamps, and feeds their golden Urns,
to retain his known ſuperior Tract,
proves the more illuſtrious by Defect.

IS is a very lively Image; but I muſt take the
to ſay, My Kinſman drives the Sun a little like
: He has all the Warmth of *Phœbus*, but won't
his Direction of it. *Avail* and *Toil*, *Defect* and
will never do for Rhimes. But however, he has
e Spirit in him; for which reaſon I was willing
tain any thing he pleaſed to ſend me. The Sub-
ich he writes upon naturally raiſes great Reflec-
the Soul, and puts us in mind of the mixed Con-
which we Mortals are to ſupport; which as it va-
Good or Bad, adorns or defaces our Actions to
holders: All which Glory and Shame muſt end
we ſo much repine at, Death. But Doctrines
occaſion, any other than that of living well, are
ſt inſignificant and moſt empty of all the Labours
. None but a Tragedian can die by Rule, and
l he diſcovers a Plot, or ſays a fine thing upon his
In real Life, this is a Chimæra; and by noble
it will be done decently, without the Oſtentation
We ſee Men of all Conditions and Characters go
it with equal Reſolution: And if we conſider
eches of the mighty Philoſophers, Heroes, Law-
and great Captains, they can produce no more in
ning Spirit, than Rules to make a Man a Pop on
th bed. Commend me to that natural Great-
Soul, expreſſed by an innocent, and conſequent-
ute Country-Fellow, who ſaid in the Pains of the
t, *If I once get this Breath out of my Body, you*
ng me before you put it in again. Honeſt *Ned!*
he died.

T it is to be ſuppoſed, from this Place you may
an Account of ſuch a Thing as a new Play is not
nitted. That acted this Night is the neweſt that

ever

ever was writ. The Author is my ingenious F
Mr. *Thomas D* —— y. This Drama is called, *Th*
dern Prophets, and is a moſt unanſwerable Satire ag
the late Spirit of Enthuſiaſm. The Writer ha
long Experience obſerved, That in Company,
grave Diſcourſes had been followed by Rawdy
therefore has turned the Humour that way with
Succeſs, and taken from his Audience all Mann
Superſtition, by the Agitations of pretty Mrs. *Bi*
whom he has, with great Subtilty, made a Lay-S
as well as a Prophetels; by which means the c
on the Affairs of both Worlds with great Succeſs.
Friend deſigns to go on with another Work a
Winter, which he intends to call, *The Modern I*
A People no leſs miſtaken in their Opinions of
inſpired, than the other. In order to this, he h
him ſeven Songs, beſides many Ambiguites, v
cannot be miſtaken for any thing but what he i
them. Mr. *D* —— y generally writes State plays,
is wonderfully uſeful to the World in ſuch Repre
tions. This Method is the ſame that was uſed b
old *Athenians*, to laugh out of countenance, or pr
Opinions among the People. My Friend has ther
againſt this Play is acted for his own Benefit, mad
Dances, which may be alſo of an univerſal Be
In the firſt, he has repreſented abſolute Power i
Perſon of a tall Man with an Hat and Feather,
gives his firſt Miniſter, that ſtands juſt before hi
huge Kick; the Miniſter gives the Kick to the
before; and ſo to the End of the Stage. In thi
ral and practical Jeſt, you are made to underſtand,
there is, in an abſolute Government, no Gratific
but giving the Kick you receive from one above
to one below you. This is performed to a grav
melancholy Air; but on a ſudden the Tune
quicker, and the whole Company fall into a
and take Hands; then at a certain ſharp Note,
move round, and kick as kick can. This latte
formance he makes to be the Repreſentation of
State; where, if you all mind your Steps, you
go round and round very jollily, with a Motion
ſame to your ſelves and thoſe you dance with:

f you put yourſelves out, at the worſt you only kick nd are kicked, like Friends and Equals.

From my own Apartment, May 4.

OF all the Vanities under the Sun, I confeſs that f being proud of one's Birth is the greateſt. At the ame time, ſince in this unreaſonable Age, by the force f prevailing Cuſtom, Things in which Men have no and, are imputed to them; and that I am uſed by ſome eople, as if *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, though I write myſelf *Eſquire*, was no body: To ſet the World right in that articular, I ſhall give you my Genealogy, as a Kinſman of ours has ſent it me from the *Heralds Office*. It is ertain, and obſerved by the wiſeſt Writers, That there re Women who are not nicely chaſte, and Men not ſeverely honeſt, in all Families; therefore let thoſe who nay be apt to raiſe Aſperſions upon ours, pleaſe to give s as impartial an Account of their own, and we ſhall e ſatisfied. The Buſineſs of Heralds is a Matter of ſo reat Nicety, that, to avoid Miſtakes, I ſhall give you ny Couſin's Letter *verbatim*, without altering a Syllable.

Dear Couſin,

SINCE you have been pleaſed to make yourſelf ſo famous of late, by your ingenious Writings, and ſome time ago by your learned Predictions: Since *Partridge* of immortal Memory, is dead and gone, who, Poetical as he was, could not underſtand his own Poetry; and Philomatical as he was, could not read his own Deſtiny: Since the Pope, the King of *France*, and great Part of his Court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct: Since, I ſay, theſe things (not foretold by any one but yourſelf) have come to paſs after ſo ſurpriſing a Manner: 'tis with no ſmall Concern I ſee the Original of the *Staffian* Race ſo little known in the World as it is at this time; for which reaſon, as you have employed your Studies in Aſtronomy, and the occult Sciences, ſo I, my Mother being a *Welſh* Woman, dedicated mine to Genealogy, particularly that of our own

Family.

' Family, which for its Antiquity and Number, may ' challenge any in *Great Britain*. The *Staffs* are originally of *Staffordshire*, which took its Name from ' them: The firſt that I find of the *Staffs* was one ' *Jacobſtaff*, a famous and renowned Aſtronomer, who ' by *Dorothy* his Wife had Iſſue ſeven Sons, viz. ' *Bickerſtaff*, *Longſtaff*, *Wagſtaff*, *Quarterſtaff*, *Whiteſtaff*, *Falſtaff*, and *Tipſtaff*. He alſo had a younger ' Brother who was twice married, and had five Sons, ' viz. *Diſtaff*, *Pikeſtaff*, *Mopſtaff*, *Broomſtaff*, and *Raggedſtaff*. As for the Branch from whence you ' ſpring, I ſhall ſay very little of it, only that it is ' the chief of the *Staffs*, and called *Bickerſtaff*, quaſi ' *Biggerſtaff*; as much as to ſay, the *Great Staff*, or *Staff* of *Staffs*; and that it has applied itſelf to ' Aſtronomy with great Succeſs, after the Example of ' our aforeſaid Forefather. The Deſcendants from *Longſtaff*, the ſecond Son, were a rakiſh diſorderly ' Sort of People, and rambled from one Place to another, till in *Harry* II.'s time, they ſettled in *Kent*, ' and were called *Long-Tails*, from the *Long-Tails* ' which were ſent them as a Puniſhment for the Murder of *Thomas-a Becket*, as the Legends ſay. They ' have always been ſeeked after by the Ladies, but ' whether it be to ſhew their Averſion to Popery, or ' their Love to Miracles, I can't ſay. The *Wagſtaffs* ' are a merry thoughtleſs Sort of People, who have always ' been opinionated of their own Wit; they have turned ' themſelves moſtly to Poetry. This is the moſt numerous Branch of our Family, and the pooreſt. The ' *Quarterſtaffs* are moſt of them Prize-fighters or Deer-ſtealers: There have been ſo many of them hanged ' lately, that there are very few of that Branch of our ' Family left. The *Whiteſtaffs* are all Courtiers, and ' have had very conſiderable Places. There have been ' ſome of them of that Strength and Dexterity, that ' five hundred of the ableſt Men in the Kingdom have ' often tugged in vain to pull a Staff out of their ' Hands. The *Falſtaffs* are ſtrangely given to Whoring ' and Drinking: There are Abundance of them in ' and about *London*. And one thing is very remarkable of this Branch, and that is, There are juſt as

' many

* many Women as Men in it. There was a wicked
* Stick of Wood of this Name in *Henry* IV.'s time,
* one Sir *John Falſtaff*. As for *Tipſtaff*, the youngeſt
* Son, he was an honeſt Fellow; but his Sons, and
* his Sons Sons, have all of them been the veriеſt
* Rogues living: It is this unlucky Branch has ſtock'd
* the Nation with that Swarm of Lawyers, Attornies,
* Serjeants and Bailiffs, with which the Nation is over-
* run. *Tipſtaff*, being a Seventh Son, uſed to cure the
* *King's Evil*; but his raſcally Deſcendants are ſo far
* from having that healing Quality, that by a Touch
* upon the Shoulder, they give a Man ſuch an ill Ha-
* bit of Body, that he can never come abroad afterwards.
* This is all I know of the Line of *Jackſtaff*: His
* younger Brother *Iſaacſtaff*, as I told you before, had
* five Sons, and was married twice; his firſt Wife was a
* *Staff*, (for they did not ſtand upon falſe Heraldry in
* thoſe Days) by whom he had one Son, who in pro-
* ceſs of Time being a Schoolmaſter, and well read in
* the *Greek*, called himſelf *Diſtaff*, or *Teutecſtaff*. He
* was not very rich, ſo he put his Children out to
* Trades; and the *Diſtaffs* have ever ſince been em-
* ployed in the Woollen and Linen Manufactures, ex-
* cept myſelf, who am a Genealogiſt. *Pikeſtaff*, the
* eldeſt Son by the ſecond Venter, was a Man of Bu-
* ſineſs, a downright plodding Fellow, and withal ſo
* plain, that he became a Proverb. Moſt of this Fa-
* mily are at preſent in the Army. *Raggedſtaff* was
* an unlucky Boy, and uſed to tear his Clothes a get-
* ting Bird Neſts, and was always playing with a
* tame Bear his Father kept. *Mopſtaff* fell in love
* with one of his Father's Maids, and uſed to help her
* to clean the Houſe. *Broomſtaff* was a Chimney-
* ſweeper. The *Mopſtaffs* and *Broomſtaffs* are naturally
* as civil People as ever went out of doors; but alas!
* if they once get into ill Hands, they knock down
* all before them. *Pilgrimſtaff* run away from his
* Friends, and went a ſtrolling about the Country:
* And *Pipeſtaff* was a Wine cooper. Theſe two were
* the unlawful Iſſue of *Longſtaff*.

* *N. B.* The *Canes*, the *Clubs*, the Cudgels, the
* *Wands*, the *Devil upon two Sticks*, and one Bread,

* that

' that goes by the Name of *Staff of Life*, are none of ' our Relations. I am,

Dear Couſin,

Your humble Servant,

From the *Heralds Office*, May 1. D. Diſtaff.

St. James's Coffee houſe, May 4.

AS politick News is not the principal Subject on which we treat, we are ſo happy as to have no occaſion for that Art of Cookery which our Brother Newſmongers ſo much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable Manner of dreſſing up a ſecond time for your Table the ſame Diſh which they gave you the Day before, in caſe there come over no new Pickles from *Holland*. Therefore when we have nothing to ſay to you from Courts and Camps, we hope ſtill to give you ſomewhat new and curious from our ſelves: The Women of our Houſe upon occaſion, being capable of carrying on the Buſineſs, according to the laudable Cuſtom of the Wives in *Holland*; but, without farther Preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former Relations.

LETTERS from *Hanover* of the 30th of the laſt Month ſay, That the Prince Royal of *Pruſſia* arrived there on the 15th, and left that Court on the ſecond of this Month, in purſuit of his Journey to *Flanders*, where he makes the enſuing Campaign. Thoſe Advices add, That the young Prince *Naſſau*, Hereditary Governor of *Frieſland*, conſummated on the 26th of the laſt Month his Marriage with the beauteous Princeſs of *Heſſe Caſſel*, with a Pomp and Magnificence ſuitable to their Age and Quality.

LETTERS from *Paris* ſay, His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty retired to *Marly* on the firſt Inſtant, *N. S.* and our laſt Advices from *Spain* inform us, That the Prince of *Aſturias* had made his publick Entry into *Madrid* in great Splendor. The Duke of *Anjou* has given *Don Joſeph Hartado de Amarago* the Government of *Terra firma de Veragua*, and the Preſidency of *Panama* in *America*. They add, that the Forces commanded by the Marquis *de Bay* have been reinforced by ſix Battalions of *Spaniſh* and *Walloon* Guards. Letters from Liſbon

advife, That the Army of the King of *Portugal* *Elvas* on the 22d of the laſt Month, and would p on the 24th, in order to march upon the y who lay at *Badajoz*.

STERDAY, at four in the Morning, his Grace uke of *Marlborough* ſet out for *Margate*, and em- d for *Holland* at eight this Morning.

STERDAY alſo Sir *George Thorold* was declared man of *Cordwainers* Ward, in the room of his er Sir *Charles Thorold* deceaſed.

z. *Saturday*, May 7. 1709.

May 5.

WHEN a Man has engaged to keep a Stage- Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Paſſen- or not, to ſet out: Thus it fares with us weekly rians; but indeed for my Particular, I hope I ſhall have little more to do in this Work than to pub- vhat is ſent me from ſuch as have Leiſure and Ca y for giving Delight, and being pleaſed in an ele- Manner. The preſent Grandeur of the *Britiſh* on might make us expect, that we ſhould riſe in publick Diverſions, and Manner of enjoying Life, oportion to our Advancement in Glory and Power. ad of that, take and ſurvey this Town, and you find Rakes and Debauchees are your Men of Plea ; thoughtleſs Atheiſts and illiterate Drunkards call ſelves Free Thinkers; and Gameſters, Banterers, s, Swearers, and twenty new born Inſects more, in their ſeveral Species, the modern Men of Wit. ce it is, that a Man who has been out of Town one Half Year, has loſt the Language, and muſt ſome Friend to ſtand by him, and keep him in ntenance for talking common Senſe. To day I a ſhort Interlude at *White's* of this nature, which ok Notice of, and put together as well as I could in a lick *Place*. The Perſons of the *Drama* are Pip- the

the laſt Gentleman that has been made ſo at Cards; *Trimmer*, a Perſon half undone at them, and is now between a Cheat and a Gentleman; *Acorn*, an honeſt *Engliſhman* of good plain Senſe and Meaning; and Mr. *Friendly*, a reaſonable Man of the Town.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 5.

Enter *Pip*, *Trim.* and *Acorn*.

Ac. WHAT's the Matter, Gentlemen? What! Take no notice of an old Friend?

Pip. POX on it! Don't talk to me, I am vowel'd by the Count, and curſedly out of humour.

Ac. VOWEL'D! Prithee, *Trimmer*, What does he mean by that?

Trim. HAVE a care, *Harry*, ſpeak ſoftly; don't ſhow your Ignorance:— If you do, they will bite you where e'er they meet you, they are ſuch curſed Curs, —— the preſent Wits.

Ac. BITE me! What do you mean?

Pip. WHY! Don't you know what Biting is? Nay, you are in the right on't. However, one would learn it only to defend one's ſelf againſt Men of Wit, as one would know the Tricks of Play, to be ſecure againſt the Cheats. But don't you hear, *Acorn*, that Report, That ſome Potentates of the Alliance have taken care of themſelves excluſive of us?

Ac. HOW! Heaven forbid! After all our glorious Victories; all the Expence of Blood and Treaſure!

Pip. BITE! ——

Ac. BITE! How?

Trim. NAY, he has bit you fairly enough; that's certain.

Ac. POX! I don't feel it —— How? Where?

Exit *Pip* and *Trimmer* laughing.

Ac. HO! Mr. *Friendly*, Your moſt humble Servant; you heard what paſſed between thoſe fine Gentlemen and me. *Pip* complained to me, That he has been vowel'd; and they tell me I am bit.

Friend. YOU are to underſtand, Sir, That Simplicity of Behaviour, which is the Perfection of good Breeding and good Senſe, is utterly loſt in the World; and in

in the room of it there are started a thousand little Inventions, which Men, barren of better Things, take up in the Place of it. Thus for every Character in Conversation that used to please, there is an Impostor put upon you. He whom we allowed formerly for a certain pleasant Subtilty, and natural Way of giving you an unexpected Hit, called a *Droll*, is now mimick'd by a *Biter*, who is a dull Fellow, that tells you a Lye with a grave Face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Instead of that Sort of Companion, who could rally you, and keep his Countenance, till he made you fall into some little Inconsistency of Behaviour, at which you your self could laugh with him, you have the Sneerer, who will keep you company from Morning till Night, to gather your Follies of the Day, (which perhaps you commit out of Confidence in him) and expose you in the Evening to all the Scourges in Town. For your Man of Sense and free Spirit, whole Set of Thoughts were built upon Learning, Reason, and Experience, you have now an impudent Creature made up of Vice only, who supports his Ignorance by his Courage, and want of Learning by Contempt of it.

Ac. DEAR Sir, hold! What you have told me already of this Change in Conversation, is too miserable to be heard with any Delight; but methinks as these new Creatures appear in the World, it might give an excellent Field to Writers for the Stage, to divert us with the Representation of them there.

Friend. NO, no: As you say, there might be some hopes of Redress of these Grievances, if there were proper Care taken of the Theatre; but the History of that is yet more lamentable, than that of the Decay of Conversation I gave you.

Ac. PRAY, Sir, a little. I han't been in Town these six Years, till within this Fortnight.

Friend. IT is now some Years since several Revolutions in the gay World had made the Empire of the Stage subject to very fatal Convulsions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the Skill of little King *Oberon*, who then sate in the Throne of it. The Vacancies of this Prince *threw him* upon the Choice of a Person

who was fit to spend his Life in Contentions, an abl
profound Attorney, to whom he mortgaged his w
Empire. This *Divito* is the most skilful of all
ticians: He has a perfect Art in being unintelligib
Discourse and uncomeatable in Business. But he h
no Understanding in this polite Way, brought in
us, to get in his Money, Ladder dancers, Rope dan
Jugglers and Mountebanks, to strut in the place of S
spear's Heroes and *Bebe*'s Humourists. When th
of Wit was thus mortgaged, without Equity of
demption, an Architect arose, who has built the M
new Palace, but secured her no Retinue: so that i
of Action there, we have been put off by Song
Dance. This later Help of Sound has also begun t
for want of Voices: therefore the Palace has since
put into the hands of a Surgeon, who cuts any fo
Fellow into an Eunuch, and passes him upon us
Singer of *Lady*

&c. I'LL go out of Town to morrow

Friend THINGS are come to this pass, and v
World will not understand, that the Theatre has
the same effect on the Manners of the Age, as the
on the Credit of the Nation. Wit and Spirit, H
and good Sense, can never be revived, but under th
vernment of those who are Judges of such Talents,
know, that whatever is put up in their stead, is
short and trifling Expedient, to support the Appe
of them for a Season. It is possible, a Peace wil
leisure to put these Matters under new Regulations
at present all the Assistance we can see towards ou
covery, is as far from giving us Help, as a Poul
from performing what can be done only by the
Elixir

W. Pr. Coffee-Ho., May 6

ACCORDING to our late Design in the ap
ed Verses on the Morning, which you lately had
hence, we proceed to improve that just Intention
present you with other Labours, made proper
Place in which they were written. The foll
Poem comes from *Copenhagen*, and is as fine a W

piece as we have ever had from any of the Schools of the moſt learned Painters. Such Images as theſe give us a new Pleaſure in our Sight, and fix upon our Minds Traces of Reflection, which accompany us whenever the like Objects occur. In ſhort, excellent Poetry and Deſcription dwell upon us ſo agreeably, that all the Readers of them are made to think, if not write, like Men of Wit. But it would be Injury to detain you longer from this excellent Performance, which is addreſſed to the Earl of *Dorſet* by Mr. *Philips*, the Author of ſeveral choice Poems in Mr. *Tonſon*'s new Miſcellany.

Copenhagen, *March.* 1709.

From frozen Climes, and endleſs Tracts of Snow,
From Streams that Northern Winds forbid to flow;
What Preſent ſhall the Muſe to Dorſet bring,
Or how, ſo near the Pole, attempt to ſing?
The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight,
All pleaſing Objects that to Verſe invite.
The Hills and Dales, and the delightful Woods,
The flow'ry Plains, and Silver ſtreaming Floods,
By Snows diſguiſ'd in bright Congelation lie,
And with one dazling Waſte fatigue the Eye.

No gentle breathing Breeze prepares the Spring,
No Birds within the Defart Region ſing.
The Ships unmov'd the boiſterous Winds defy,
While rattling Chariots o'er the Ocean fly.
The waſt Leviathan wants room to play,
And ſpout his Waters in the Face of Day.
The ſtarving Wolves along the main Sea prowl,
And to the Moon in icy Vallies howl.
For many a ſpacious League the level Main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy Plain:
There ſolid Billows of enormous Size,
Alpes of green Ice, in wild Diſorder riſe.

And yet but lately have I ſeen e'en here,
The Winter in a lovely Dreſs appear.
Ere yet the Clouds let fall the treacherous Snow,
Or Winds begun through hazy Skies to blow.

At Ev'ning a keen Eaſtern Breeze aroſe;
And the deſcending Rain unſully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent Shades of Night withdrew,
The ruddy Morn diſcles'd at once to View
The Face of Nature in a rich Diſguiſe,
And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes:
For ev'ry Shrub, and every Blade of Graſs,
And ev'ry pointed Thorn, ſeem'd wrought in Glaſs,
In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns ſhew,
While through the Ice the crimſon Berries glow.
The thick-ſprung Reeds the watry Marſhes yield,
Seem poliſh'd Lances in a hoſtile Field.
The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprize,
Sees Cryſtal Branches on his Forehead riſe.
The ſpreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther ſhine.
The frighted Birds the rattling Branches ſhun,
That wave and glitter in the diſtant Sun.

When if a ſudden Guſt of Wind ariſe,
The brittle Foreſt into Atoms flies:
The crackling Wood beneath the Tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled Show'r the Proſpect ends.
Or, if a Southern Gale the Region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry Charm,
The Traveller a miry Country ſees,
And journies ſad beneath the dropping Trees.

Like ſome deluded Peaſant, Merlin *leads*
Thro' fragrant Row'rs and through delicious Meads;
While here inchanted Gardens to him riſe,
And airy Fabricks there attract his Eyes,
His wand'ring Feet the magick Paths purſue;
And while he thinks the fair Illuſion true,
The trackleſs Scenes diſperſe in fluid Air,
And Woods, and Wilds, and thorny Ways appear:
A tedious Road the weary Wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the tranſient Viſion mourns.

From my own Apartment, May 6.

THERE has a Mail this Day arrived from *Holland*; but the Matter of the Advices importing rather what gives us great Expectations, than any politive Affurances, I fhall, for this time, decline giving you what I know, and apply the following Verfes of Mr. *Dryden*, in the fecond Part of *Almanzor*, to the preſent Circumſtances of Things, without diſcovering what my Knowledge in Aſtronomy ſuggeſts to me.

When Empire in its Childhood firſt appears,
A watchful Fate o'erſees its tender Years:
Till grown more ſtrong, it through and through be ſhot,
And ſhares all the Kingdoms round about.
The Place then made for its firſt Breathing free,
It moves again for Room and Liberty.
Till ſwelling by degrees it has poſſeſt
The greater Space, and now invades the reſt.
When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty State,
And puſhes on its new unruly Fate
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And finds in Minutes, which in Ages roſe.

N° 13. *Tueſday*, May 10. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

MUCH Hurry and Buſineſs had to day perplexed me into a Mood too thoughtful for going into Company; for which reaſon, inſtead of the Tavern, I went into *Lincoln's Inn Walks*; and having taken a round or two, I ſate down, according to the allowed Familiarity of thoſe Places, on a Bench; at the other end of which ſate a venerable Gentleman, who ſpeaking with a very affable Air, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid he, *I take it for a very great piece of good Fortune that you have found me out.* Sir, ſaid I, *I had never*, that I know of,

the Honour of ſeeing you before. That, replied he, *is what I have often lamented; but I aſſure you, I have for many Years done you many good Offices, without being obſerved by you; or elſe, when you had any little Glimpſe of my being concerned in an Affair, you have fled from me, and ſtarted me like an Enemy; but however, the Part I am to act in the World is ſuch, that I am to go on in doing Good, though I meet with never ſo many Repulſes, even from thoſe I oblige.* This, thought I, ſhows a great Good nature, but little Judgment in the Perſons upon whom he confers his Favours. He immediately took notice to me, That he obſerved by my Countenance I thought him indiſcreet in his Beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his Quality in the following manner: *I know that*, Iſaac, *to be ſo well verſed in the Occult Sciences, that I need not much Preface, or make long Preparations to gain your Faith that there are Airy Beings, who are employed in the Care and Attendance of Men, as Nurſes are to Infants, till they come to an Age in which they can act of themſelves. Theſe Beings are uſually call'd amongſt Men*, Guardian Angels; *and, Mr.* Bickerſtaff, *I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for ſome time to come; it being our Orders to vary our Stations, and ſometimes to have one Patient and one Protection, and ſometimes another, with a Power of aſſuming what Shape we pleaſe, to enſnare our Wards into their own Good. I have of late been upon ſuch hard Duty, and know you have ſo much Work for me, that I think fit to appear to you Face to Face, to deſire you would give me as little Occaſion for Vigilance as you can. Sir*, ſaid I, *it will be a great Inſtruction to me in Behaviour, if you pleaſe to give me ſome Account of your late Employments, and what Hardſhips or Satisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern myſelf accordingly.* He anſwered, To give you an Example of the Drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my three laſt Stations; I was on the firſt of *April* laſt put to mortify a great Beauty, with whom I was a Week; from her I went to a common Swearer, and have been laſt with a Gameſter. When I firſt came to my Lady, I found my great Work was to guard well her Eyes and Ears; but her Flatterers were ſo numerous, and the Houſe after the

modern

iern Way, so full of Looking glasses, that I seldom her safe but in her Sleep. Whenever we went ad, we were surrounded by an Army of Enemies: en a well made Man appeared, he was sure to have de glance of Observation: If a disagreeable Fellow, had a full Face, out of meer Inclination to Conquests. at the Close of the Evening, on the sixth of the last nth, my Ward was sitting on a Couch, reading d's Epistles; and as she came to this Line of *Helen* to is,

She half consents who silently denies;

r'd *Philander*, who is the most skilful of all Men in Address to Women. He is arrived at the Perfection hat Art which gains them, which is, *To talk like a y miserable Man, but look like a very happy one.* I *Dictinna* blush at his Entrance, which gave me the rm; but he immediately said something so agreeable her being at study, and the Novelty of finding a Lady ployed in so grave a Manner, that he on a sudden be- ne very familiarly a Man of no consequence; and in Instant laid all her Suspicions of his Skill asleep, as almost had done mine, till I observed him very dan- ously turn his Discourse upon the Elegance of her ss, and her Judgment in the Choice of that very tty Mourning. Having had Women before under Care, I trembled at the Apprehension of a Man of se who could talk upon Trifles, and resolved to stick ny Post with all the Circumspection imaginable. In t, I prepossessed her against all he could say to the vantage of her Dress and Person, but he turned again Discourse, where I found I had no Power over her, the abusing her Friends and Acquaintance. He al- ed indeed, That *Flora* had a little Beauty, and a at deal of Wit; but then she was so ungainly in her naviour, and such a laughing *Hoyden*. *Pastorella* l with him the Allowance of being Blameless: But at was that towards being Praise worthy? To be only ocent, is not to be virtuous. He afterwards spoke so ch against Mrs. *Dipple*'s Forehead, Mrs. *Prim*'s Mouth, 's. *Dentifrice*'s Teeth, and Mrs. *Fidget*'s Cheeks, that

she grew downright in love with him: For it is always to be understood, That a Lady takes all you detract from the rest of her Sex to be a Gift to her. In a word, Things went so far, that I was dismissed, and she will remember that Evening nine Months, from the 6th of *April*, by a very remarkable Token. The next, as I said, I went to, was a common Swearer: Never was a Creature so puzzled as my self when I came first to view his Brain; Half of it was worn out, and filled up with meer Expletives, that had nothing to do with any other Parts of the Texture; therefore, when he called for his Clothes in a Morning, he would cry, *John?* - - *John* does not answer. *What a Plague! No body there? What the Devil, and rot me!* John, *for a lazy Dog as you are* I knew no Way to cure him, but by writing down all he said one Morning as he was dressing, and laying it before him on the Toilet when he came to pick his Teeth. The last Recital I gave him of what he said for Half an Hour before was, *What, a Pox rot me! Where is the Wash-ball? Call the Chairmen: Damn 'em, I warrant they are at the Alehouse already! Zounds, and confound 'em.* When he came to the Glass, he takes up my Note --- *Ha! This Fellow is worse than me: What, does he swear with Pen and Ink!* But reading on, he found them to be his own Words. The Stratagem had so good an Affect upon him, that he grew immediately a new Man, and is learning to speak without an Oath, which makes him extreamly short in his Phrases; for as I observed before, a common Swearer has a Brain without any Idea on the Swearing Side; therefore my Ward has yet a mighty little to say, and is forced to substitute some other Vehicle of Nonsense to supply the Defect of his usual Expletives. When I left him, he made use of *Odsbodikins! Oh me!* and *Never stir alive!* and so forth; which gave me hopes of his Recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the Gamester. When we first take our Place about a Man, the Receptacles of the *Pericranium* are immediately searched. In his, I found no one ordinary Trace of Thinking; but strong Passion, violent Desires, and a continued Series of different Changes had torn it to pieces. There appeared no middle Condition; the Triumph of a Prince, or the Misery

Misery of a Beggar were his alternate States. I was with him no longer than one Day, which was Yesterday. In the Morning at twelve we were worth four thousand Pounds; at three, we were arrived at six thousand; half an hour after, we were reduced to one thousand; at four of the clock, we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; at six, to five; at seven, to one Guinea; the next Bet, to nothing. This Morning he borrowed Half a Crown of the Maid who cleans his Shoes; and is now gaming in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* among the Boys for Farthings and Oranges, till he has made up three Pieces, and then he returns to *White's* into the best Company in Town. Thus ended our first Discourse; and it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so little out of my Companion at our first Interview. In the next, it is possible he may tell me more pleasing Incidents; for though he is a Familiar, he is not an Evil Spirit.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 9.

WE hear from the *Hague* of the 14th Instant, *N. S.* That Monsieur *de Torcy* hath had frequent Conferences with the Grand Pensioner, and the other Ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with Monsieur *Rouille*. The Preliminaries of a Peace are almost settled, and the Proceedings wait only for the Arrival of the Duke of *Marlborough*; after whose Approbation of the Articles proposed, it is not doubted but the Methods of the Treaty will be publickly known. In the mean time, the States have declared an Abhorrence of making any Step in this great Affair, but in Concert with the Court of *Great Britain*, and other Princes of the Alliance. The Posture of Affairs in *France* does necessarily oblige that Nation to be very much in earnest in their Offers; and Monsieur *de Torcy* hath protested to the Grand Pensioner, That he will avoid all Occasions of giving him the least Jealousy of his using any Address in private Conversation for accomplishing the Ends of his Embassy. It is said, That as soon as the Preliminaries are adjusted, that Minister is to return to the *French* Court. The States of *Holland* have resolved to

to make it an Inſtruction to all their Men of V Privateers, to bring into their Ports whatever Ships they ſhall meet with laden with Corn, a for *France*; and to avoid all Cauſe of Compla the Potentates to whom theſe Ships ſhall belon full Demand for their Freight ſhall be paid the The *French* Proteſtants reſiding in that Country plied themſelves to their reſpective Magiſtrates, that there may be an Article in the Treaty o which may give Liberty of Conſcience to the Pr in *France*. Monſieur *Bonnage*, Miniſter of the Church at *Rotterdam*, has been at the *Hague*, a had ſome Conferences with the Deputies of the S that Subject. It is reported there, That all th Refugees in thoſe Dominions are to be naturali they may enjoy the ſame good Effects of the Tre the *Hollanders* themſelves, in reſpect of *France*.

LETTERS from *Paris* ſay, the People great hopes of a ſudden Peace, from Monſieu being employed in the Negociation, he being a of too great Weight in that Court, to be ſent Employment in which his Maſter would not Manner wherein he might juſtly promiſe himſelf The *French* Advices add, That there is an Inſurr *Poictou*, 3000 Men having taken up Arms, a the Troops which were appointed to diſperſe Three of the Mutineers being taken, were imm executed; and as many of the King's Party w after the ſame Manner.

OUR late Act of Naturalization hath had an Effect in Foreign Parts, that ſome Princes h hibited the *French* Refugees in their Dominions tranſfer their Eſtates to any other of their Subje at the ſame time have granted them greater Im than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been alſo neceſſary to reſtrain their own Subjects from leav native Country on Pain of Death.

N° 14. *Thurſday*, May 12. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAD it not been that my Familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my laſt, in Perſon, I had certainly been unable to have found even Words, without Meaning, to keep up my Intelligence with the Town; but he has chacked me ſeverely for my Deſpondence, and ordered me to go on in my Deſign of obſerving upon Things, and forbearing Perſons; for, ſaid he, the Age you live in is ſuch, that a good Picture of any Vice or Virtue will infallibly be miſrepreſented; and though none will take the kind Deſcriptions you make ſo much to themſelves, as to wiſh well to the Author, yet all will reſent the ill Characters you produce, out of fear of their own Turn in the Licence you muſt be obliged to take, if you point at particular Perſons. I took this Admonition kindly, and immediately promiſed him to beg pardon of the Author of the *Miſcellanies to the Poets*, for my Raillery upon his Work; though I aimed at no more in that Examination, but to convince him, and all Men of Genius, of the Folly of laying themſelves out on ſuch Plans as are below their Characters. I hope too it was done without Ill breeding, and nothing ſpoken below what a Civilian, (as it is allowed I am) may utter to a Phyſician. After this Preface, all the World may be ſafe from my Writings; for if I can find nothing to commend, I am ſilent, and will forbear the Subject: For, though I am a Reformer, I ſcorn to be an Inquiſitor.

I'T would become all Men as well as me, to lay before 'em the noble Character of *Varus* the Magiſtrate, who always late in Triumph over, and Contempt of Vice: He never ſearched after it, or ſpared it when it came before him: At the ſame time, he could ſee through the Hypocriſy and Diſguiſe of thoſe, who have

have no Pretence to Virtue themſelves, but by their Severity to the Vicious. The ſame *Verus* was, in Times long paſt, Chief Juſtice (as we call it amongſt us) in *Felicia*. He was a Man of profound Knowledge of the Laws of his Country, and as juſt an Obſerver of 'em in his own Perſon. He conſidered Juſtice as a Cardinal Virtue, not as a Trade for Maintenance. Where-ever he was Judge, he never forgot that he was alſo Counſel. The Criminal before him was always ſure he ſtood before his Country, and, in a ſort, a Parent of it. The Priſoner knew, that though his Spirit was broken with Guilt, and incapable of Language to defend itſelf, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his Safety; and that his Judge would wreſt no Law to deſtroy him, nor conceal any that could ſave him. In his Time there was a Neſt of Pretenders to Juſtice, who happened to be imployed to put Things in a Method for being examined before him at his uſual Seſſions: Theſe Animals were to *Verus*, as Monkies are to Men, ſo like, that you can hardly diſown them; but ſo baſe, that you are aſhamed of their Fraternity. It grew a Phraſe, *Who would do Juſtice on the Juſtices?* That certainly would *Verus*. I have ſeen an old Trial where he ſate Judge on two of them; one was called *Trick Track*, the other *Tearſhift*: One was a learned Judge of Sharpers, the other the quickeſt of all Men at finding out a Wench. *Trick-Track* never ſpared a Pick pocket, but was a Companion to Cheats: *Tearſhift* would make Complements to Wenches of Quality, but certainly commit poor Ones. If a poor Rogue wanted a Lodging, *Trick-Track* ſent him to Gaol for a Thief: If a poor Whore went only with one thin Petticoat, *Tearſhift* would impriſon her for being looſe in her Dreſs. Theſe Patriots infeſted the Days of *Verus*, while they alternately committed and releaſed each other's Priſoners. But *Verus* regarded them as Criminals, and always looked upon Men as they ſtood in the Eye of Juſtice, without reſpecting whether they ſate on the Bench, or ſtood at the Bar.

Will's

Will's Coffee-house, May 11.

YESTERDAY we were entertained with the Tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*, in which there is not one good Line, and yet a Play which was never seen without drawing Tears from some Part of the Audience: A remarkable Instance, that the Soul is not to be moved by Words, but Things; for the Incidents in this *Drama* are laid together so happily, that the Spectator makes the Play for himself, by the Force which the Circumstance has upon his Imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry Discourses, and Expressions almost ridiculous with the Respect to Propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it untouched with Pity. I must confess, this Effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in Nature, to be moved by her first Suggestions. It is certain, the Person and Behaviour of Mr. *Wilks* has no small share in conducing to the Popularity of the Play; and when an handsome Fellow is going to a more coarse *Exit* than Beheading, his Shape and Countenance make every Tender One in private give him with all her heart, without waiting till she hears his dying Words.

THIS Evening, *The Alchymist* was played. This Comedy is an Example of *Ben*'s extensive Genius and Penetration into the Passions and Follies of Mankind. The Scene in the Fourth Act, where all the cheated People oppose the Man that would open their Eyes, has something in it so minutely excellent, that it is certainly as great a Master-piece as has ever appeared by any Hand. The Author's great Address in shewing Covetousness, the Motive of the Actions of the *Puritan*, the *Epicure*, the *Gamester*, and the *Trader*; and that all their Endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, center only in that one Point of Gain, shews he had, to a great Perfection, that Discernment of Spirit, which constitutes a Genius for a Comedy.

White's Chocolate-house, May 11.

IT is not to be imagined, how far the Violence of our Desires will carry us towards our own Deceit in the Pursuit of what we *wish for*. A Gentleman here this Evening

Evening was giving me an Account of a dumb Fortune-Teller, who out does Mr. *Partridge*, my ſelf, or the Unborn Doctor, for Predictions; all his Viſitants come to him full of Expectations, and pay his own Rate for the Interpretations they put upon his Shrugs and Nods. There is a fine rich City-Widow ſtole thither the other day, (though it is not ſix Weeks ſince her Husband's Departure from her Company to Reſt) and with her truſty Maid, demanded of him, Whether ſhe ſhould marry again, by holding up two Fingers, like Horns on her Forehead. The Wizard held up both his Hands forked. The Relict deſired to know, Whether he meant by his holding up both Hands, to repreſent that ſhe had one Husband before, and that ſhe ſhould have another? Or that he intimated, ſhe ſhould have two more? The cunning Man looked a little ſour, upon which *Betty* jogged her Miſtreſs, who gave t'other Guinea; and he made her underſtand, ſhe ſhould poſitively have two more; but ſhaked his Head, and hinted, that they ſhould not live long with her. The Widow ſighed, and gave him t'other Half-Guinea. After this Preparation, all that ſhe had next to do, was to make Sallies to our End of the Town, and find out who it is her Fate to have. There are two who frequent this Place, whom ſhe takes to be Men of Vogue, and of whom her Imagination has given her the Choice. They are both the Appearances of fine Gentlemen, to ſuch as do not know when they ſee Perſons of that Turn; and indeed they are induſtrious enough to come at that Character, to deſerve the Reputation of being ſuch. But this Town will not allow us to be the Things we ſeem to aim at, and are too diſcerning to be fobb'd off with Pretences. One of theſe Pretty Fellows fails by his laborious Exactneſs; the other, by his as much ſtudied Negligence. *Frank Careleſs*, as ſoon as his Valet has helped on and adjuſted his Clothes, goes to his Glaſs, ſets his Wig awry, tumbles his Cravat; and, in ſhort, undreſſes himſelf to go into Company. *Will. Nice* is ſo little ſatisfied with his Dreſs, that all the time he is at a Viſit, he is ſtill mending it, and is for that reaſon the more intoleſerable; for he who ſtudies Careleſſneſs, has, at leaſt, his Work

Work the ſooner done of the two. The Widow is diſtracted whom to take for her laſt Man; for *Ann* is every way ſo careful, that ſhe fears his Length of days; and *Frank* is ſo loaſe, that ſhe has Apprehenſions for her own Health with him. I am puzzled how to give a juſt Idea of them; but, in a word, *Charles* is a Coxcomb, and *Nice* a Fop: Both, you'll ſay, very hopeful Candidates for a gay Woman juſt ſet at liberty. But there is a Whiſper, her Hand will give her to *Tom Terſour* the Gameſter. This Fellow has undone ſo many Women, that he'll certainly ſucceed if he is introduced; for nothing ſo much prevails with the vain Part of that Sex, as the Glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

Deſunt multa.

St. James's Coffee houſe, May 11.

LETTERS from *Berlin*, bearing Date *May* 11. *N. S.* inform us, that the Birth Day of her *Pruſſian* Majeſty has been celebrated there with all poſſible Magnificence; and the King made her, on that occaſion, a Preſent of Jewels to the Value of thirty thouſand Crowns. The Marquis *de Prie*, who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his great Zeal for the Proteſtant Intereſt, was, at the time of the Diſpatch of theſe Letters, at that Court, ſoliciting the King to take care, that an Article in behalf of the Refugees, admitting their Return to *France*, ſhould be inſerted in the Treaty of Peace. They write from *Hanover*, of the 14th, That his Electoral Highneſs had received an Expreſs from Count *Merci*, repreſenting how neceſſary it was to the Common Cauſe, that he would pleaſe to haſten to the *Rhine*; for that nothing but his Preſence could quicken the Meaſures towards bringing the Imperial Army into the Field. There are very many Speculations upon the intended Interview of the King of *Denmark* and King *Auguſtus*. The latter has made ſuch Preparations for the Reception of the other, that it is ſaid, his *Danish* Majeſty will be entertained in *Saxony*, with much more Elegance than he met with in *Italy* it ſelf.

LETTERS

LETTERS from the *Hague*, of the 18th Inſtant *N. S.* ſay, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* landed the Night before at the *Brill*, after having been kept out at Sea by adverſe Winds two Days longer than is uſual in that Paſſage. His Excellency the Lord *Townſhend*, her Majeſty's Embaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General, was driven into the *Veer* in *Zealand* on *Thurſday* laſt, from whence he came to the *Hague* within few Hours after the Arrival of his Grace. The Duke, ſoon after his coming to the *Hague*, had a Viſit from the Penſioner of *Holland*. All Things relating to the Peace were in Suſpence till this Interview; nor is it yet known what Reſolutions will be taken on that Subject; for the Troops of the Allies have freſh Orders diſpatched to them to move from their reſpective Quarters, and march with all Expedition to the Frontiers, where the Enemy are making their utmoſt Efforts for the Defence of their Country. Theſe Advices further inform us, That the Marquis *de Torcy* had received an Anſwer from the Court of *France*, to his Letters which he had ſent thither by an Expreſs on the *Friday* before.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has received Letters from Mr.* Colſtaff, *Mr.* Whipſtaff, *and Mrs.* Rebecca Wagſtaff; *all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the Genealogy of the Family lately publiſhed; but my Couſin being a Clerk in the* Herald's *Office, who wrot that Draught, and being at preſent under the Diſpleaſure of the Chapter; it is feared, if that Matter ſhould be touched upon at this Time, the young Gentleman would loſe his Place for Treaſon againſt the King at Arms.*

♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣

Nº 15. *Saturday*, May 14. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 12.

I Have taken a Reſolution hereafter, on any want of Intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promiſed to give me very proper and juſt Notices

Notions of Perfons and Things, to make up the Hiſtory of the paſſing Day. He is wonderfully ſkilful in the Knowledge of Men and Manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that Perfection, and I communicated it to him that Inſtant. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid I, I am mightily ſurpriſed to ſee you ſo great a Judge of our Nature and Circumſtances, ſince you are a meer Spirit, and have no Knowledge of the Bodily Part of us. He anſwered, ſmiling, you are miſtaken; I have been one of you, and lived a Month amongſt you, which gives me an exact Idea of your Condition. You are to know, That all who enter in to human Life, have a certain Date or *Numen* given to their Being, which they only who die of Age may be ſaid to have arrived at; but it is uſually ſometimes by Fate, that ſuch as die Infants, are after Death to attend Mankind to the End of that *Numen* of Being in themſelves, which was broke off by Sickneſs or any other Accident. Theſe are proper Guardians to Men, as being ſenſible of the Infirmity of their State. You are Philoſopher enough to know, that the Influence of Mans Underſtanding proceeds only from the various Diſpoſitions of their Organs; ſo that he who dies at a Month old, is in the next Life as knowing (tho' more innocent) as they who live to fifty; and after Death, they have no perfect a Memory and Judgment of all that paſſed in their Life time, as I have of all the Revolutions in that uneaſy, turbulent Condition of yours, and you'd ſay, I had enough of it in a Month, were I to tell you all my Misfortunes. A Life of a Month can't have, one would think, much Variety; but pray, ſaid I, let us have your Story.

Then he proceeds in the following manner.

It was one of the moſt wealthy Families in *Great Britain* into which I was born, and it was a very great Happineſs to me that it ſo happened, otherwiſe I had ſtill, in all Probability, been living. But I ſhall recount to you all the Circumſtances of my ſhort and miſerable Exiſtence, juſt as by examining into the Traces made in my Brain, they appeared to me at that time. The firſt thing that ever ſtruck at my Senſes, was a Noiſe over my Head of one ſtriking; after which, methought

I took a full Jump, and found my self in the hands of a Sorceress, who seem'd as if she had been long waking, and employed in some Incantation: I was throughly frightened, and cried out; but she immediately seemed to go on in some Magical Operation, and anointed me from head to foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gathered a great Crowd about me, crying, *Ah Heir, ah Heir*; upon which I grew a little still, and believed this was a Ceremony to be us'd only to great Persons, and such as made them, what they call'd *Heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the Witch, for no manner of Reason or Provocation in the World, takes me, and binds my Head as hard as possibly she could, then ties up both my Legs, and makes me swallow down an horrid Mixture; I thought it an harsh Entrance into Life, to begin with taking Physick; but I was forced to it, or else must have taken down a great Instrument in which she gave it me. When I was thus dressed, I was carried to a Bed side, where a fine young Lady (my Mother I wot) had like to have hugged me to death. From her, they faced me about, and there was a Thing with quite another Look from the rest of the Room, to whom they talk'd about my Nose. He seem'd wonderfully pleased to see me; but I knew since, my Nose belonged to another Family. That into which I was born, is one of the most numerous amongst you; therefore Crowds of Relations came every day to congratulate my Arrival, amongst others, my Cousin *Betty*, the greatest Romp in Nature: She whisks me such a Height over her Head, that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinch'd me, and called me squealing Chit, and threw me into a Girl's Arms that was taken in to tend me. The Girl was very proud of the womanly Employment of a Nurse, and took upon her to strip and dress me a new, because I made a noise, to see what ailed me. She did so, and stuck a Pin in every Joint about me. I still cried. Upon which, she lays me on my Face in her Lap, and, to quiet me, fell a nailing in all the Pins, by clapping me on the Back, and skreaming a Lullaby. But my Pain made me exalt my Voice above hers, which brought up the Nurse, the Witch I first saw, and my Grandmother. The Girl is turn'd

down

stairs, and I stripp'd again, as well to find what
me, as to satisfy my Grandm's farther Curiosity
good old Woman's Vein was the Cause of all my
bles. You are to understand, That I was hitherto
by Hand, and any body that stood next, gave me
it I did but open my Lips; insomuch, that I was
n so cunning, as to pretend my self asleep when I
not, to prevent my being cramm'd. But my Grand
er began a loud Lecture upon the Illness of the
s of this Age, who, for fear of their Shapes, for
suckling their own Offspring. And ten Nurses were
ediately sent for; one was whisper'd to have a wan
Eye, and would soon spoil her Milk; another was
Consumption; the third had an ill Voice, and
d frighten me, instead of lulling me to sleep. Such
ptions were made against all but one Country Milch
ch, to whom I was committed, and put to the
st. This careless Jade was eternally romping with
Footman, and downright starved me; insomuch that
ly pined away, and should never have been relieved
it not been, that on the thirtieth Day of my Life,
llow of the *Royal Society*, who had writ upon *Cold*
s, came to visit me, and solemnly protested, I was
ly lost for want of that Method. Upon which he
d me Head and Ears into a Pail of Water, where I
the good Fortune to be drowned, and so escaped
g lashed into a Linguist till sixteen, running after
ches till twenty five, and being married to an ill
ed Wife till sixty: Which had certainly been my
, had not the Inchantment between Body and Soul
broke by this Philosopher. Thus, till the Age I
d have otherwise liv'd, I am obliged to watch the
of Men; and if you please, shall accompany you
our present Walks, and get you Intelligence from
Aerial Lacquey, who is in Waiting, what are the
ghts and Purposes of any whom you enquire for
epted his kind Offer, and immediately took him
me in a Hack to *White's*.

White's Chocolate house, May 15.

E got in hither, and my Companion threw a Pow
ound us, that made me as invisible as himself; so that

we

we could ſee and hear all others, ourſelves unſeen and unheard.

THE firſt Thing we took notice of, was a Nobleman of a goodly and frank Aſpect, with his generous Birth and Temper viſible in it, playing at Cards with a Creature of a black and horrid Countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the Arts of his Mind, Cozenage and Falſhood. They were marking their Game with Counters, on which we could ſee Inſcriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My Lord had ſcor'd with Pieces of Ivory, on which were writ *Good Fame*, *Glory*, *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Poſterity*. The Spectre over-againſt him had on his Counters the Inſcriptions of *Diſhonour*, *Impudence*, *Poverty*, *Ignorance*, and *Want of Shame*. Bleſs me! ſaid I; ſure my Lord does not ſee what he plays for? As well as I do, ſays *Pacolet*. He deſpiſes that Fellow he plays with, and ſcorns himſelf for making him his Companion. At the very inſtant he was ſpeaking, I ſaw the Fellow who play'd with my Lord, hide two Cards in the Roll of his Stocking: *Pacolet* immediately ſtole them from thence; upon which the Nobleman ſoon after won the Game. The little Triumph he appear'd in, when he got ſuch a trifling Stock of ready Money, tho' he had ventured ſo great Sums with Indifference, increas'd my Admiration. But *Pacolet* began to talk to me. Mr. *Iſaac*, this to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher Beings: That Noble has as many good Qualities as any Man of his Order, and ſeems to have no Fault but what, as I may ſay, are Excreſcencies from Virtues. He is generous to a Prodigality, more affable than is conſiſtent with his Quality, and courageous to a Raſhneſs. Yet, after all this, the Source of his whole Conduct is (tho' he would hate himſelf if he knew it) meer Avarice. The ready Caſh laid before the Gameſter's Counters makes him venture, as you ſee, and lay Diſtinction againſt Infamy, Abundance againſt Want; in a word, all that's deſirable againſt all that's to be avoided. However, ſaid I, be ſure you diſappoint the Sharpers to night, and ſteal from them all the Cards they hide. *Pacolet* obey'd me, and my Lord went home with their whole Bank in his Pocket.

Will's

Will's Coffee-house, May 15.

TO Night was acted a second time a Comedy, call'd, *The Busy Body*: This Play is written by a Lady. In old times, we used to sit upon a Play here, after it was acted; but now the Entertainment is turn'd another way; not but there are considerable Men appear in all Ages; who, for some eminent Quality or Invention, deserve the Esteem and Thanks of the Publick. Such a Benefactor is a Gentleman of this House, who is observed by the Surgeons with much Envy; for he has invented an Engine for the Prevention of Harms by Love-Adventures; and, by great Care and Application, hath made it an Immodesty to name his Name. This Act of Self-denial has gain'd this worthy Member of the Common-wealth a great Reputation. Some Law-givers have departed from their Abodes for ever, and commanded the Observation of their Laws till their Return; others have used other Artifices to fly the Applause of their Merit; but this Person shuns Glory with greater Address; and has, by giving his Engine his own Name, made it obscene to speak of him more. However, he is rank'd among, and received by the modern Wits, as a great Promoter of Gallantry and Pleasure. But, I fear, Pleasure is less understood in this Age, which so much pretends to it, than in any since the Creation. It was admirably said of him who first took notice, That (*Res est severa Voluptas*) there is a certain Severity in Pleasure. Without that, all Decency is banished; and if Reason is not to be present at our greatest Satisfactions, of all the Race of Creatures, the Human is the most miserable. It was not so of old; when *Virgil* describes a Wit, he always means a virtuous Man; and all his Sentiments of Men of Genius, are such as shew Persons distinguished from the common Level of Mankind; such as placed Happiness in the Contempt of low Fears, and mean Gratifications: Fears, which we are subject to with the Vulgar; and Pleasures which we have in common with Beasts. With these Illustrious Personages, the wisest Man was the greatest Wit; and *none* was thought worthy of that

Character

Character, unless he answered this excellent Description of the Poet:

Qui — Metus omnes & inexorabile Fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis *avari.*

St. James's Coffee house, May 13.

WE had this Morning Advice, That some *English* Merchant Ships, convoyed by the *Bristol* of fifty-four Guns, were met with by a Part of Mons. *du Gui Trouin's* Squadron, who engaged the Convoy. That Ship defended itself till the *English* Merchants got clear of the Enemy; but being disabled, was herself taken. Within few Hours after, my Lord *Dursley* came up with Part of his Squadron, and engaging the *French*, retook the *Bristol* (which being very much shatter'd, sunk) and took the *Glorieux*, a Ship of forty four Guns, as also a Privateer of fourteen. Before this Action, his Lordship had taken two *French* Merchant Men, and had, at the Dispatch of these Advices, brought the whole fate into *Plymouth*.

Nº 16. *Tuesday*, May 17. 1709.

White's Chocolate house, May 15.

SIR *Thomas*, of this House, has shewed me some Letters from the *Bath*, which give Accounts of what passes among the good Company of that Place; and allowed me to transcribe one of them, that seems to be writ by some of Sir *Thomas's* particular Acquaintance, and is as follows:

Dear Knight,

I Desire you would give my humble Service to all our Friends, which I speak of to you (out of Method) in the very Beginning of my Epistle, lest the present Disorders, by which this Seat of Gallantry and Pleasure is

pieces, should make me forget it. You keep so
Company, that you know *Bath* is flocked with
s come hither to be relieved from luxuriant
, or imaginary Sickness, and consequently is
as well flowed with Gallants, as Invalids, who
gether in a very good Understanding. But the
is so early, that our fine Company is not yet ar
and the Warm Bath which in Heathen Times
dicated to *Lemus*, is now used only by such as
want it for Health's sake. There are, however,
l many Strangers, among whom are two amb
Ladies, who being both in the Autumn of their
take the opportunity of placing themselves at the
of such as we are, before the *Cloths*, *Clavigo's*
astorella's come down. One of these two is ex
ly in pain, that the ugly Being called *Time*, will
Wrinkles in spite of the Lead Forehead Cloth:
herefore hides with the Gaiety of her Air, the
ility of her Tongue, and Quickness of her Mo
the Injuries which it has done her. The other
is but two Years behind her in Life, and dreads
ch being laid aside as the former, and consequent
s taken the necessary Precautions to prevent her
over us. But she is very discreet, and wonder
turned for Ambition, being never apparently trans
l either with Affection or Malice. Thus, while
el is talking in publick, and spreading her Graces
ssemblies, to gain a popular Dominion over our
tions, *Prudentia* visits very cunningly all the
, the Splenetick and the Superannuated, who
their distinct Classes of Followers and Friends.
ng these she has found that somebody has sent
printed Certificates of *Florimel's* Age, which she
read and distributed to this unjoyful Set of People,
are always Enemies to those in possession of the
Opinion of the Company. This unprovoked In
done by *Prudentia*, was the first Occasion of our
Divisions here, and a Declaration of War between
Rivals. *Florimel* has abundance of Wit, which
has lavished in decrying *Prudentia*, and giving defi
to her little Arts. For an instance of her Ange
Power, she *bespoke* the Play of [illegible] the
[illegible]

Great, to be acted by the Company of Strollers
desired us all to be there on *Thursday* last. Wh
spoke to me to come, *As you are*, said she, *a*
you will not fail the Death of Alexander: *The Pa*
Love is wonderfully hit Statira! *Oh that happy*
— *To have a Conqueror at her Feet But you'll*
to be there. I, and several others, resolved to
her Party. But see the irresistible Strength of th
suspected Creature, a *Silent Woman*. *Prudentia*
counterplotted us, and had bespoke on the same
ing the Poppet Show of *The Creation of the World*.
had engaged every body to be there; and to tur
Leader into Ridicule, had secretly let them know
the Poppet *Eve* was made the most like *Florime*
ever was seen. On *Thursday* Morning the *Poppet*
mer, *Adam* and *Eve*, and several others who liv
fore the Flood, pass'd through the Streets on hors
to invite us all to the Pastime, and the Representat
such Things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. M
was so wise, as to prefer these innocent Peopl
Poppets, who, he said, were to represent Chri
before the wicked Players, who were to show *A*
der, an Heathen Philosopher To be short, this
dentia had so laid it, that at ten of the Clock Fo
were sent to take Places at the Poppet Show, a
we of *Florimel's* Party were to be out of fashio
desert her. We chose the latter. All the V
crouded to *Prudentia's* House, because it was give
no body could get in. When we came to *Noah's* I
in the Show, *Punch* and his Wife were introduced
ing in the Ark. An honest plain Friend of *Flor*
but a Critick withal, rose up in the midst of the R
sentation, and made many very good Exceptions
Drama itself, and told us, that it was against all
rality, as well as Rules of the Stage, that *Punch*
be in jest in the Deluge, or indeed that he shoul
pear at all. This was certainly a just Remark,
thought to second him; but he was hiss'd by *P*
tia's Party: Upon which, really, Sir *Thomas*, we,
were his Friends, hiss'd him too. Old Mrs *Pe*
desired both her Daughters to mind the Moral;
whispered Mrs Mayoress, *This is very proper for*

People to see. *Punch* at the End of the Play made Madam *Prudentia* a Compliment, and was very civil to the whole Company, making Bows till his Buttons touched the Ground. All was carried triumphantly against our Party. In the mean time *Florimel* went to the Tragedy, dressed as fine as Hands could make her, in hopes to see *Prudentia* pine away with Envy. Instead of that, she sate a full Hour alone, and at last was entertained with this whole Relation from *Statira*, who wiped her Eyes with her Tragical-cut Handkerchief, and lamented the Ignorance of the Quality. *Florimel* was flung with this Affront, and the next Day bespoke the Puppet show. *Prudentia*, insolent with Power, bespoke *Alexander*. The whole Company came then to *Alexander*. Madam *Petulant* desired her Daughters to mind the Moral, and believe no Man's fair Words; *For you'll see, Children*, said she, *these Soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are sometimes here, sometimes there.* — — *Don't you see, Daughter* Betty, *Colonel* Clod, *our next Neighbour in the Country, pull off his Hat to you? Courtesy, good Child, his Estate is just by us.* *Florimel* was now mortified down to *Prudentia's* Humour; and *Prudentia* exalted into hers. This was observed; *Florimel* invites us to the Play a second time, *Prudentia* to the Show. See the Uncertainty of Human Affairs! The Beaux, the Wits, the Gamesters, the Prudes, the Coquets, the Valetudinarians and Gallants, all now wait upon *Florimel*. Such is the State of things at this present Date; and if there happens any new Commotions, you shall have immediate Advice from,

Bath, May 11. 1709.

S. I. R.
Your affectionate Friend, and Servant.

To CASTABELLA.

Madam,

I Have the honour of a Letter from a Friend of yours, relating to an Incivility done to you at the Opera, by one of yo[illegible] own Sex; but I, who was an Eye witness of the Accle[illegible]t, can testify to you, that though she pressed before yo[illegible] she lost her Ends in that Design; for she was

taken notice of for no other Reaſon, but her Endeavours to hide a finer Woman than herſelf. But indeed, I dare not go farther in this Matter, than juſt this bare Mention; for though it was taking your Place of Right, rather than Place of Precedence, yet it is ſo tender a Point, and on which the very Life of Female Ambition depends, that it is of the laſt Conſequence to meddle in it: All my Hopes are from your beautiful Sex; and thoſe bright Eyes, which are the Bane of others, are my only Sunſhine. My Writings are tacred to you; and I hope, I ſhall always have the good Fortune to live under your Protection; therefore take this publick Opportunity to ſignify to all the World, That I deſign to forbear any thing that may in the leaſt tend to the Diminution of your Intereſt, Reputation, or Power. You'll therefore forgive me, that I ſhrive to conceal every wrong Step made by any who have the Honour to wear Petticoats, and ſhall at all times do what is in my power to make all Mankind as much their Slaves as myſelf. If they would conſider Things as they ought, there needs not much Argument to convince them, that it is their Fate to be obedient to you, and that your greateſt Rebels do only ſerve with a worſe Grace. I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

May 16. *and moſt humble Servant,*

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 16.

LETTERS from the *Hague*, bearing Date the 21ſt inſtant, *N. S.* advice, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, immediately after his Arrival, ſent his Secretary to the Preſident and the Penſionary, to acquaint them therewith. Soon after theſe Miniſters viſited the Duke, and made him Compliments in the Name of the States General; after which, they entered into a Conference with him on the preſent Poſture of Affairs, and gave his Grace Aſſurances of the firm Adherence of the States to the Alliance: At the ſame time acquainting him, That all Overtures of Peace were rejected, till they had an Opportunity of acting in Concert with their Allies on that

Subject. After this Interview, the Penſionary and the Preſident returned to the Aſſembly of the States. Monſieur *Torcy* has had a Conference at the Penſioner's Houſe with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince *Eugene*, and his Excellency the Lord *Townſhend*. The Reſult of what was debated at that time is kept ſecret; but there appears an Air of Satisfaction and good Underſtanding between theſe Miniſters. We are apt alſo to give our ſelves very hopeful Proſpects from Monſieur *Torcy*'s being employed in this Negotiation, who had been always remarkable for a particular way of Thinking, in his Senſe of the Greatneſs of *France*; which he has always ſaid, *Was to be promoted rather by the Arts of Peace, than thoſe of War*. His delivering himſelf freely on this Subject has formerly appeared an unſucceſsful Way to Power in that Court; but in its preſent Circumſtances, thoſe Maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain Argument of the Sincerity of the *French* King's Intentions, that this Miniſter is at preſent made uſe of. The Marquis is to return to *Paris* within few Days, who has ſent a Courier thither to give notice of the Reaſons of his Return, that the Court may be the ſooner able to diſpatch Commiſſions for a formal Treaty.

THE Expectations of Peace are increaſed by Advices from *Paris* of the 12th Inſtant, which ſay, The Dauphin hath altered his Reſolution of commanding in *Flanders* the enſuing Campaign. The *Saxon* and *Pruſſian* Reinforcements, together with Count *Merci*'s Regiment of Imperial Horſe, are incamped in the Neighbourhood of *Bruſſels*; and ſufficient Stores of Corn and Forage are tranſported to that Place and *Ghent*, for the Service of the Confederate Army.

THEY write from *Mons*, That the Elector of *Bavaria* had Advice, That an advanced Party of the *Portugueze* Army had been defeated by the *Spaniards*.

WE hear from *Languedoc*, That their Corn, Olives, and Figs, were wholly deſtroyed; but that they have a hopeful Proſpect of a plentiful Vintage.

N° 17. *Thurſday*, May 19. 1709.

Will's Coffee houſe, May 18.

THE Diſcourſe has happened to turn this Evening upon the true Nature of Panegyrick, the Perfection of which was alleged to conſiſt in a certain artful Way of conveying the Applauſe in an indirect Manner. There was a Gentleman gave us ſeveral Inſtances of it. Among others, he quoted (from Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his *Advancement of Learning*) a very great Compliment made to *Tiberius*, as follows: In a full Debate upon publick Affairs in the Senate, one of the Aſſembly roſe up, and with a very grave Air ſaid, He thought it for the Honour and Dignity of the Commonwealth, that *Tiberius* ſhould be declared a God, and have Divine Worſhip paid him. The Emperor was ſurpriſed at the Propoſal, and demanded of him to declare, Whether he had made any Application to incline him to that Overture? The Senator anſwered, with a bold and haughty Tone, *Sir, in Matters that concern the Commonwealth, I will be governed by no Man.* Another Gentleman mentioned ſomething of the ſame kind, ſpoken by the late Duke of *B*---- - *m*, to the late Earl of *O* y: *My Lord*, ſays the Duke, after his libertine Way) *you will certainly be damn'd. Have, my Lord!* ſays the Earl with ſome Warmth. *Nay*, (ſaid the Duke) *there's no help for it, for it is poſitively ſaid, Curſed is he of whom all Men ſpeak well.* This is taking a Man by Surprize, and being welcome when you have ſo ſurpriſed him. The Perſon flattered receives you into his Cloſet at once; and the ſudden Change in his Heart, from the Expectation of an Ill wiſher, to find you his Friend, makes you in his full Favour in a Moment. The Spirits that were raiſed ſo ſuddenly againſt you, are as ſuddenly for you. There was another Inſtance given of this kind at the Table: A Gentleman, who had a very great Favour done him, and an

an Employment beſtowed upon him, without ſo much as being known to his Benefactor, waited upon the great Man who was ſo generous, and was beginning to ſay, he was infinitely obliged *Not at all*, ſays the Patron, turning from him to another, *Had I known a more deſerving Man in* England, *he ſhould not have had it.*

WE ſhould certainly have had more Examples, had not a Gentleman produced a Book which he thought an Inſtance of this kind: It was a Pamphlet, called, *The naked Truth.* The Idea any one would have of that Work from the Title was, That there would be much Plain dealing with People in Power, and that we ſhould ſee Things in their proper Light, ſtripped of the Ornaments which are uſually given to the Actions of the Great: But the Skill of this Author is ſuch, that he has, under that rugged Appearance approved himſelf the fineſt Gentleman and Courtier that ever writ. The Language is extremely ſublime, and not at all to be underſtood by the Vulgar: The Sentiments are ſuch as would make no figure in ordinary Words; but ſuch is the Art of the Expreſſion, and the Thoughts are elevated to ſo high a Degree, that I queſtion whether the Diſcourſe will ſell much. There was an ill-natur'd Fellow preſent, who hates all Panegyrick mortally; *P — take him*, ſaid he, *What the Devil means his* Naked Truth, *in ſpeaking nothing but to the Advantage of all whom he mentions? This is juſt ſuch a great Action as that of the Champion's on a Coronation-Day, who challenges all Mankind to diſpute with him the Right of the Sovereign, ſurrounded with his Guards.* The Gentleman who produced the Treatiſe deſired him to be cautious, and ſaid, it was writ by an excellent Soldier, which made the Company obſerve it more narrowly: And (as Criticks are the greateſt Conjurers at finding out a known *Truth*) one ſaid, he was ſure it was writ by the Hand of his Sword-Arm. I could not perceive much Wit in that Expreſſion; but it raiſed a Laugh, and I ſuppoſe, was meant as a Sneer upon valiant Men. The ſame Man pretended to ſee in the Style, that it was an Horſe-Officer; but ſure, that's being too nice: For though you may know Officers of Cavalry by the Turn of their *Feet*, I *can't imagine how* you ſhould diſcern their Hands from

from thoſe of other Men. But it is always thus with Pedants; they will ever be carping; if a Gentleman or a Man of Honour puts Pen to Paper, I don't doubt, but this Author will find this Aſſertion too true, and that Obloquy is not repulſed by the Force of Arms. I will therefore ſet this excellent Piece in a Light too glaring for weak Eyes, and, in Imitation of the Critick *Longinus*, ſhall, as well as I can, make my Obſervations in a Style like the Author's, of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having *an unbounded Force of Thinking, as well as a moſt exquiſite Addreſs, extenſively and amply indulged to me, by the ſupream Powers.* My Author, I will dare to aſſert, ſhews the moſt univerſal Knowledge of any Writer who has appeared this Century. He is a Poet, and Merchant, which is ſeen in two Maſter Words, *Credit Bluſſoms.* He is a Grammarian, and a Politician; for he ſays, *The Uniting of the two Kingdoms, is the Emphaſis of the Security to the Proteſtant Succeſſion.* Some would be apt to ſay, he is a Conjurer; for he has found, That a Republick is not made up of every Body of Animals, but is compoſed of Men only, and not of Houſes. *Liberty and Property have taken their Retreat within the emulating Circle of an human Commonwealth.* He is a Phyſician; for he ſays, *I obſerve a conſtant Equality in its Pulſe, and a juſt Quickneſs of its vigorous Circulation.* And again, *I view the Strength of our Conſtitution plainly appear in the ſanguine and ruddy Complexion of a well contented City.* He is a Divine: For he ſays, *I cannot but bleſs myſelf.* And indeed this excellent Treatiſe has had that good Effect upon me, who am far from being ſuperſtitious, that I alſo *can't but bleſs myſelf.*

St. James's Coffee houſe, May 18.

THIS Day arrived a Mail from *Liſbon*, with Letters of the 13th Inſtant, *N. S.* containing a particular Account of the late Action in *Portugal*. On the 7th Inſtant, the Army of *Portugal*, under the Command of the Marquis *de Frontera*, lay on the Side of the *Caya*, and the Army of the Duke of *Anjou*, commanded by the *Marquis de Bay*, on the other. The latter Commander having

having an Ambition to ravage the Country, in a manner in sight of the *Portuguese*, made a Motion with the whole Body of his Horse toward Fort *St Christopher*, near the Town of *Badajos*. The Generals of the *Portuguese*, disdaining that such an Insult should be offered to their Arms, took a Resolution to pass the River, and oppose the Designs of the Enemy. The Earl of *Galway* represented to them, That the present Posture of Affairs was such on the Side of the Allies, that there needed no more to be done at present in that Country, but to carry on a defensive Part. But his Arguments could not avail in the Council of War. Upon which, a great Detachment of Foot, and the whole of the Horse of the King of *Portugal*'s Army, passed the River, and with some Pieces of Cannon did good Execution on the Enemy. Upon observing this, the Marquis *de Bay* advanced with his Horse, and attacked the Right Wing of the *Portuguese* Calvary, who faced about, and fled, without standing the first Encounter. But their Foot repulsed the same Body of Horse in three successive Charges, with great Order and Resolution. While this was transacting, the *British* General commanded the Brigade of *Pearce*, to keep the Enemy in Diversion by a new Attack. This was so well executed, that the *Portuguese* Infantry had time to retire in good Order, and repass the River. But that Brigade, which relieved them, was it self surrounded by the Enemy, and Major General *Stanhope*, Brigadier *Pearce*, together with both their Regiments, and that of the Lord *Galway*, lately raised, were taken Prisoners.

DURING the Engagement, the Earl of *Barrimore* having advanced too far to give some necessary Order, was hemm'd in by a Squadron of the Enemy, but found means to gallop up to the Brigade of *Pearce*, with which he remains also a Prisoner. My Lord *Galway* had his Horse shot under him in this Action; and the Conde *de St. Juan*, a *Portuguese* General, was taken Prisoner. The same Night the Army encamped at *Arronches*, and on the 9th moved to *Alegra*, where they lay when these Dispatches came away. Colonel *Stanwix*'s Regiment is also taken. The whole of this Affair has given the *Portuguese* a great Idea of the Capacity and Courage of my Lord *Galway*, against whose Advice they enter'd upon this

this unfortunate Affair, and by whoſe Conduct they were reſcued from it. The prodigious Conſtancy and Reſolution of that great Man is hardly to be parallell'd, who, under the Oppreſſion of a maimed Body, and the Reflection of repeated ill Fortune, goes on with an unſpeakable Alacrity in the Service of the common Cauſe. He has already put Things in a very good Poſture after this ill Accident, and made the neceſſary Diſpoſitions for covering the Country from any further Attempt of the Enemy, who lie ſtill in the Camp they were in before the Battle.

LETTERS from *Bruſſels*, dated the 25th Inſtant, adviſe, That notwithſtanding the Negotiations of a Peace ſeem ſo far advanced, that ſome do confidently report the Preliminaries of a Treaty to be actually agreed on; yet the Allies haſten their Preparations for opening the Campaign: and the Forces of the Empire, the *Pruſſians*, the *Danes*, the *Wirtembergers*, the *Palatines*, and *Saxon* Auxiliaries, are in Motion towards the general Rendezvous, they being already arrived in the Neighbourhood of *Bruſſels*. Theſe Advices add, That the Deputies of the States of *Holland*, having made a general Review of the Troops in *Flanders*, ſet out for *Antwerp*, on the 21ſt Inſtant from that Place. On the ſame Day the Prince Royal of *Pruſſia* came thither *incognito*, with a Deſign to make the enſuing Campaign under his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

THIS Day is publiſhed a Treatiſe, called, The Difference between Scandal and Admonition. *By* Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq; And on the firſt of* July *next, you may expect* A Prophecy of Things paſt; *wherein the Art of* Fortune telling *is laid open to the meaneſt Capacity. And on the* Monday *following*, Choice Sentences for the Company of Maſons and Bricklayers, to be put upon new Houſes, with a Tranſlation of all the *Latin* Sentences, that have been built of late Years, together with a Comment upon Stone-Walls, *by the ſame Hand.*

Nº 18. *Saturday*, May 21, 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 20.

IT is observed too often that Men of Wit do so much employ their Thoughts upon fine Speculations, that Things useful to Mankind are wholly neglected, and they are busy in making Emendations upon some Enclitick in a *Greek* Author, while obvious Things, that every Man may have Use for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy Thing, if such as have real Capacities for publick Service, were employed in Works of general Use; but because a Thing is every body's Business, it is no body's Business. This is for want of publick Spirit. As for my part, who am only a Student, and a Man of no great Interest, I can only remark Things, and recommend the Correction of them to higher Powers. There is an Offence I have a thousand times lamented, but fear I shall never see remedied; which is, That in a Nation where Learning is so frequent as in *Great Britain*, there should be so many gross Errors as there are in the very Directions of Things, wherein Accuracy is necessary for the Conduct of Life. This is notoriously observed by all Men of Letters when they first come to Town (at which time they are usually curious that way) in the Inscriptions on Sign Posts. I have cause to know this Matter as well as any body; for I have (when I went to *Merchant Taylors* School) suffered Stripes for spelling after the Signs I observed in my Way; though at the same time I must confess, staring at those Inscriptions first gave me an Idea and Curiosity for Medals; in which I have since arrived at some Knowledge. Many a Man has lost his Way and his Dinner by this general want of Skill in Orthography. For, considering that the Painters are usually so very bad, that you cannot know the Animal under whose Sign you are to live that *Day*, *How* must the Stranger be misled, if

pay. Might I preſume to offer any thing in the behalf of my diſtreſſed Brethren, I would humbly move, That an Appendix of proper Apartments, furniſhed with Pen, Ink, and Paper, and other Neceſſaries of Life, ſhould be added to the Hoſpital of *Chelſea*, for the Relief of ſuch decayed News-Writers as have ſerved their Country in the Wars; and that for their Exerciſe, they ſhould compile the Annals of their Brother-Veterans, who have been engaged in the ſame Service, and are ſtill obliged to do duty after the ſame manner.

I cannot be thought to ſpeak this out of an eye to any private Intereſt; for, as my chief Scenes of Action are Coffee houſes, Play houſes, and my own Apartment, I am in no need of Camps, Fortifications, and Fields of Battel, to ſupport me; I don't call out for Heroes and Generals to my Aſſiſtance. Tho' the Officers are broken, and the Armies diſbanded, I ſhall ſtill be ſafe as long as there are Men or Women, or Politicians, or Lovers, or Poets, or Nymphs, or Swains, or Cits, or Courtiers in Being.

N° 19. *Tueſday*, May 24. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 20.

THERE is nothing can give a Man of any Conſideration greater Pain, than to ſee Order and Diſtinction laid aſide amongſt Men, eſpecially when the Rank (of which he himſelf is a Member) is intruded upon by ſuch as have no Pretence to that Honour. The Appellation of *Eſquire* is the moſt notoriouſly abuſed in this kind, of any Claſs amongſt Men; inſomuch, that it is become almoſt the Subject of Deriſion: But I will be bold to ſay, This Behaviour towards it proceeds from the Ignorance of the People in its true Origin. I ſhall therefore, as briefly as poſſible, do my ſelf and all true *Eſquires* the Juſtice to look into Antiquity upon this Subject.

IN

a Quarter for keeping their Signs in repair, as to the Grammatical Part; and I will take into my House a *Swiss* Count of my Acquaintance, who can remember all their Names without Book, for Diſpatch ſake, ſetting up the Head of the ſaid Foreigner for my Sign; the Features being ſtrong, and fit for hanging high.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 20.

THIS Day a Mail arrived from *Holland*, by which there are Advices from *Paris*, That the Kingdom of *France* is in the utmoſt Miſery and Diſtraction. The Merchants of *Lyons* have been at Court, to remonſtrate their great Sufferings by the Failure of their publick Credit; but have received no other Satisfaction, than Promiſes of a ſudden Peace; and that their Debts will be made good by Funds out of the Revenue, which will not anſwer, but in caſe of the Peace which is promiſed. In the mean time, the Cries of the common People are loud for want of Bread, the Country have loſt all Spirit and Zeal for their Country, and the King himſelf ſeems to languiſh under the Anxiety of the preſſing Calamities of the Nation, and retires from hearing thoſe Grievances which he hath not Power to redreſs. Inſtead of Preparations for War, and the Defence of their Country, there is nothing to be ſeen but evident Marks of a general Deſpair. Proceſſions, Faſtings, Publick Mournings and Humiliations, are become the ſole Employments of a People, who were lately the moſt Vain and Gay of any in the Univerſe.

THE Pope has written to the *French* King on the Subject of a Peace, and his Majeſty has anſwered in the lowlieſt Terms, That he entirely ſubmits his Affairs to Divine Providence, and ſhall ſoon ſhew the World, that he prefers the Tranquillity of his People to the Glory of his Arms, and Extent of his Conqueſts.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 24th ſay, That his Excellency the Lord *Townſhend* delivered his Credentials on that Day to the States General, as Plenipotentiary from the Queen of *Great Britain*; as did alſo Count *Zinzendorf*, who bears the ſame Character from the Emperor.

PRINCE.

PRINCE *Eugene* intended to ſet out the next Day for *Bruſſels*, and his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* on the *Tueſday* following. The Marquis *de Torcy* talks daily of going, but ſtill continues there. The Army of the Allies is to aſſemble on the 7th of next Month at *Helchin*; though it is generally believed, that the Preliminaries to a Treaty are fully adjuſted.

THE Approach of the Peace ſtrikes a Panick thro' our Armies, though that of a Battle could never do it, and they almoſt repent of their Bravery, that made ſuch haſte to humble themſelves and the *French* King. The Duke of *Marlborough*, though otherwiſe the greateſt General of the Age, has plainly ſhown himſelf unacquainted with the Arts of huſbanding a War. He might have grown as old as the Duke of *Alva*, or Prince *Waldeck* in the *Low Countries*, and yet have got Reputation enough every Year for any reaſonable Man: For the Command of General in *Flanders* hath been ever looked upon as a Proviſion for Life. For my part, I can't ſee how his Grace can anſwer it to the World, for the great Eagerneſs he hath ſhewn to ſend an hundred thouſand of the braveſt Fellows in *Europe* a begging. But the private Gentlemen of the Infantry will be able to ſhift for themſelves; a brave Man can never ſtarve in a Country ſtock'd with Hen-roofts. *There is not a Yard of Linen*, ſays my honoured Progenitor, *Sir* John Falſtaff, *in my whole Company; but as for that*, ſays this worthy Knight, *I am in no great pain, we ſhall find Shirts on every Hedge*. There is another ſort of Gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious Fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy Member; I mean the *Newſ-Writers of Great Britain*, whether *Poſt-Men* or *Poſt-Boys*, or by what other Name or Title ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed. The Caſe of theſe Gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the Soldiers, conſidering that they have taken more Towns, and fought more Battles. They have been upon Parties and Skirmiſhes, when our Armies have lain ſtill, and given the general Aſſault to many a Place, when the Beſiegers were quiet in their Trenches. They have made us Maſters of ſeveral ſtrong Towns many Weeks before our Generals could

could do it; and compleated Victories, when our greatest Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Battel. Where Prince *Eugene* has slain his thousands, *Reyes* has slain his ten thousands. This Gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his Courage and Intrepidity during this whole War. He had laid about him with an inexpressible Fury; and, like the offended *Marius* of ancient *Rome*, made such havock among his Countrymen, as must be the Work of two or three Ages to repair. It must be confess'd, the redoubted Mr. *Buckley* has shed as much Blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying, (and I hope it will not look like Envy) that we regard our Brother *Buckley* as a kind of *Dragoneaux*, who spares neither Friend nor Foe; but generally kills as many of his own side as the Enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious Sort of Men to subsist after a Peace. Every one remembers the Shifts they were driven to in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, when they could not furnish out a single Paper of News, without lighting up a Comet in Germany, or a Fire in *Mexico*. There scarce appeared a Letter without a Paragraph on an Earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar, that they had lost their Name, as a great Poet of this Age has it. I remember Mr. *Dyer*, who is justly looked upon by all Low Hunters in the Nation, as the greatest Statesman our Country has [illegible] we particularly famous for dealing in Wh[illegible] such that in five Months time (for I had t[illegible] examine his Letters on that occasion) [illegible] into the Mouth of the River *Thames* [illegible] ruffles and a Sturgeon. The judicio[illegible] *J. Dawks* hath all along been the Ri[illegible] Writer, and got himself a Reputation [illegible] Famines; by which, in those days, [illegible] eat Multitudes, as he has lately done [illegible] every Dearth of News, *Grand Cairo* [illegible] pled.

[illegible] ble, that our Society will be [illegible] eace than the Soldiery itself: [illegible] *Courant* is in danger of being [illegible] of being reformed, and the [illegible] d of being reduced to Half pay.

till you take Water. Every Houſe in *Norfolk* and *Arundel* Streets is governed alſo by a 'Squire, or his Lady. *Soho Square*, *Bloomsbury Square*, and all other Places where the Floors riſe above nine Foot, are ſo many Univerſities where you enter yourſelves, and become of our Order. However, if this were the worſt of the Evil, it were to be ſupported, becauſe they are generally Men of ſome Figure and Uſe; though I know no Pretence they have to an Honour, which had its Riſe from Chivalry. But if you travel into the Counties of *Great Britain*, we are ſtill more impoſed upon by Innovation. We are indeed derived from the Field: But ſhall that give title to all that ride mad after Foxes, that holloo when they ſee an Hare, or venture their Necks full ſpeed after an Hawk, immediately to commence Eſquires? No; our Order is temperate, cleanly, ſober, and chaſte: but theſe Rural Eſquires commit Immodeſties upon Hay-cocks, wear Shirts half a Week, and are drunk twice a day. Theſe Men are alſo, to the laſt degree, exceſſive in their Food: An Eſquire of *N——k* eats two Pounds of Dumplin every Meal, as if obliged to it by our Order: An Eſquire of *Hampſhire* is as ravenous in devouring Hogs-fleſh: One of *Eſſex* has as little Mercy on Calves. But I muſt take the liberty to proteſt againſt them, and acquaint thoſe Perſons, that it is not the Quantity they eat, but the Manner of eating, that ſhews a Squire. But, above all, I am moſt offended at ſmall Quill-men, and tranſcribing Clerks, who are all come into our Order, for no reaſon that I know of, but that they can eaſily flouriſh it at the end of their Name. I'll undertake, that if you read the Superſcriptions to all the Offices in the Kingdom, you will not find three Letters directed to any but Eſquires. I have myſelf a couple of Clerks, and the Rogues make nothing of leaving Meſſages upon each other's Deſk: One directs, *To Degory Goſe-quill*, Eſq; to which the other replies by a Note, *To Nehemiah Daſh-well*, Eſq; *with Reſpect*; in a word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, A People of Eſquires. And I don't know but, by the late Act of Naturalization, Foreigners will aſſume that Title, as Part of the Immunity of being *Engliſhmen*. All theſe Improprieties flow

flow from the Negligence of the *Heralds Office*. Thole Gentlemen in Party colour'd Hofe do not fo rightly, as they ought, underſtand themſelves; though they are dreſs'd Cap a pe in Hieroglyphicks, they are inwardly but ignorant Men. I asked an Acquaintance of mine, who is a Man of Wit, but of no Fortune, and is forced to appear as a Jack pudding on the Stage to a Mountebank. Pythias, *Jack*, why is your Coat of ſo many Colours? He reply'd, I act a Fool, and this ſpotted Dreſs is to ſignify, that every Man living has a weak Place about him; for I am knight of the Shire, and repreſent you all. I wiſh the Heralds would know as well as this Man does, in his way, that they are to act for us in the Cafe of our Arms and Appellations: We ſhould not then be jumbled together in ſo promiſcuous and abſurd a manner. I deſign to take this Matter into further Conſideration; and no Man ſhall be received as an Eſquire, who cannot bring a Certificate, That he has conquer'd ſome Lady's obdurate Heart; That he can lead up a Country Dance, or carry a Meſſage between her and her Lover, with Addreſs, Secrecy, and Diligence. A 'Squire is properly born for the Service of the Sex, and his Credentials ſhall be ſigned by three Toaſts, and one Prude, before his Title ſhall be received in my Office.

Will's Coffee houſe, May 13.

ON *Saturday* laſt was preſented, *The Buſy Body*, a Comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a Woman. The Plot and Incidents of the Play are laid with that Subtilty of Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is very ſeldom well performed by thoſe of the other Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Invention, and not, as with Women, the Effect of Nature and Inſtinct.

TO-morrow will be acted a Play, call'd, *The Trip to the Jubilee*. This Performance is the greateſt Inſtance that we can have of the irreſiſtible Force of proper Action. The Dialogue in itſelf has ſomething too low to bear a Criticiſm upon it: But Mr. *Wilks enters into the* Part with ſo much Skill, that the

the Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune, is looked upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life, without any of thole Intermixtures of Wit and Humour, which uſually prepoſſeſs us in favour of ſuch Characters in other Plays.

St. James's Coffee houſe, May 23.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 23d Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, Mr. *Walpole* (who is ſince arrived) was going with all expedition to *Great Britain*, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the Preliminaries to a Treaty of Peace. The *French* Miniſter, Monſieur *Torcy*, has been obſerved, in this whole Negotiation, to turn his Diſcourſe upon the Calamities ſent down by Heaven upon *France*, and imputed the Neceſſities they were under to the immediate Hand of Providence, in inflicting a general Scarcity of Proviſion, rather than the ſuperior Genius of the Generals, or the Bravery of the Armies againſt them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the Indulgence of Heaven to us; but at the ſame time as we are to love our Enemies, we are glad to ſee 'em mortified enough to mix Chriſtianity with their Politicks. An Authentick Letter from Madam *Maintenon* to Monſieur *Torcy*, has been ſtolen by a Perſon about him, who has communicated a Copy of it to ſome of the Dependants of a Miniſter of the Allies. That Epiſtle is writ in the moſt pathetick Manner imaginable, and in a Stile which ſhews her Genius, that has ſo long engroſſed the Heart of this great Monarch.

SIR,

I Received yours, and am ſenſible of the Addreſs and Capacity with which you have hitherto tranſacted the great Affair under your Management. You will obſerve, that our Wants here are not to be concealed; and that it is Vanity to uſe Artifices with the knowing Men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in this Repreſentation of our Circumſtances, to lay aſide Art, which ceaſes to be ſuch when it is ſeen, and make uſe of all your Skill to gain us what Advantages you can

from

om the Enemy's Jealousy of each other's Greatness, hich is the Place where only you have room for any Dex-rity. If you have any Passion for your unhappy Country, any Affection for your distressed Master, come home ith Peace. Oh Heaven! Do I live to talk of Lewis *e* Great, *as the Object of Pity? The King shews a eat Uneasiness to be informed of all that passes; but at e same time, is fearful of every one who appears in his esence, lest he should bring an Account of some new Cala-ity. I know not in what Terms to represent my Thoughts you, when I speak of the King, with relation to his dily Health. Figure to yourself that immortal Man, ho stood in our publick Places, represented with Tro-ies, Armour and Terrors, on his Pedestal: Consider, e* Invincible, *the* Great, *the* Good, *the* Pious, *the* lighty, *which were the usual Epithets we gave him, th in our Language and Thoughts. I say, consider him hom you knew the most glorious and greatest of Mo-rchs; and now think you see the same Man an unhappy uar, in the lowest Circumstances of Human Nature it-lf, without regard to the State from whence he is fallen. write from his Bed side: He is at present in a Slum-r. I have many, many things to add; but my Tears w too fast, and my Sorrow is too big for Utterance.*

I am, &c.

THERE is such a Veneration due from all Men the Persons of Princes, that it were a sort of Dishe-sty to represent further the Condition which the King in; but it is certain, that soon after the Receipt of ese Advices, Monsieur *Torcy* waited upon his Grace the uke of *Marlborough*, and the Lord *Townshend*; and that Conference, gave up many Points, which he had fore said were such, as he must return to *France* be-re he could answer.

N° 20 [illegible], May 26. 1709.

Wednesday's Chocolate-house, May 24.

IT is not to be imagined how far Prepoſſeſſion will run away with People's Underſtandings, in Caſes wherein they are under preſent Uneaſineſſes. The following Narration is a ſufficient Teſtimony of the Truth of this Obſervation.

I had the Honour, the other Day, of a Viſit from a Gentlewoman (a Stranger to me) who ſeemed to be about Thirty. Her Complexion is brown; but the Air of her Face has an Agreeableneſs which ſurpaſſes the Beauties of the faireſt Women. There appeared in her Look and Mien a ſprightly Health; and her Eyes had too much Vivacity to become the Language of Complaint, which ſhe began to enter into. She ſeemed ſenſible of it; and therefore, with downcaſt Looks, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, You ſee before you the unhappieſt of Women; and therefore, as you are eſteemed by all the World both a great Civilian, as well as an Aſtrologer, I muſt deſire your Advice and Aſſiſtance, in putting me in a Method of obtaining a Divorce from a Marriage, which I know the Law will pronounce void. Madam, ſaid I, your Grievance is of ſuch a nature, that you muſt be very ingenuous in repreſenting the Cauſes of your Complaint, or I cannot give you the Satisfaction you deſire. Sir, the anſwers, I believe there would be no need of half your Skill in the Art of Divination, to gueſs why a Woman would part from her Huſband. 'Tis true, ſaid I, but Suſpicions, or Circles at what you mean, may Certainty of it, except you plainly ſpeak it, are no Foundation for a formal Suit. She clapp'd her Fan before her Face; My Huſband, ſaid ſhe, is no more an Huſband (*here ſhe fetch'd two Sighs*) than one of the *Italian* Singers.

MADAM, ſaid I, the Affliction you complain of, is to be relieved by Law; but, at the ſame time, conſider

consider what Mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open Court; how will you be able to bear the impertinent Whispers of the People present at the Trial, the licentious Reflections of the Pleaders, and the Interpretations that will in general be put upon your Conduct by all the World? How little (will they say) could that Lady command her Passions! Besides, consider, that curbing our Desires is the greatest Glory we can arrive at in this World, and will be most rewarded in the next. She answered, like a prudent Matron, Sir, if you please to remember the Office of Matrimony, the first Cause of its Institution is that of having Posterity: Therefore, as to the curbing Desires, I am willing to undergo any Abstinence from Food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any Quiet of Mind, live in the Neglect of a necessary Duty, and an express Commandment, *Increase and multiply*. Observing she was learned, and knew so well the Duties of Life, I turned my Arguments rather to dehort her from this publick Procedure by Examples, than Precepts. Do but consider, Madam, what Crowds of beauteous Women live in Nunneries, secluded for ever from the Sight and Conversation of Men, with all the Alacrity of Spirit imaginable; they spend their Time in heavenly Raptures, in constant and frequent Devotions, and at proper Hours in agreeable Conversations. Sir, said she hastily, Tell not me of Papists, or any of their Idolatries. Well then, Madam, consider how many fine Ladies live innocently in the Eye of the World, and this gay Town, in the midst of Temptation. There's the witty Mrs. *W*——— is a Virgin of forty four, Mrs. *T*———, is thirty nine, Mrs. *T*——— is thirty three; yet you see, they laugh, and are gay, at the Park, at the Play house, at Balls, and at Visits; and so much at ease, that all this seems hardly a Self-denial. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, said she, with some Emotion, you are an excellent Casuist; but the last Word destroyed your whole Argument; if it is not Self-denial, it is no Virtue. I presented you with an Half Guinea, in hopes not only to have my Conscience eased, but my Fortune told. Yet. Well, Madam, said I, Pray of what age is your Husband? He is, replied my injured Client, fifty; and I have been his

Wife

Wife fifteen Years. How happened it, you neve
municated your Diſtreſs, in all this time, to your
and Relations? She anſwered, He has been thu
Fortnight. I am the moſt ſerious Man in the
to look at, and yet could not forbear laughi
Why, Madam, in caſe of Infirmity, which p
only from Age, the Law gives no remedy. S
ſhe, I find you have no more Learning than Dr
and I am told of a young Man, not five and t
juſt come from *Oxford*, to whom I will comm
this whole Matter, and doubt not but he will ap
have ſeven times more uſeful and ſatisfactory
ledge than you and all your boaſted Family.
have entirely loſt my Client: But if this tediou
rative preſerves *Paſtorella* from the intended M
with one twenty Years her Senior. To ſave a fin
I am contented to have my Learning decry'd, a
Predictions bound up with *Poor Robin's Almanack*.

Will's Coffee houſe, May 25.

THIS Evening was acted, *The Recruiting Off*
which *Eſtcourt's* proper Senſe and Obſervation i
ſupports the Play. There is not, in my humbl
mon, the Humour hit in Serjeant *Kite*; but it
mirably ſupplied by his Action. If I have S
judge, that Man is an excellent Actor; but the
of the Audience are fitter for Repreſentations at
Fair, than a *Theatre Royal*. Yet that Fair
broke, as well as the Theatre is breaking. B
allowed ſtill to ſell Animals there. Therefore,
Lady or Gentleman have occaſion for a tame El
let them enquire of Mr. *Pinkethman*, who has
diſpoſe of at a reaſonable Rate. The Dow
May Fair has quite ſunk the Price of this noble
ture, as well as of many other Curioſities of N
A Tiger will ſell almoſt as cheap as an Ox; and
credibly informed, a Man may purchaſe a Ca
three Legs, for very near the Value of one wi
I hear likewiſe, That there is a great Deſolation
the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the Ornam
the Town, and uſed to ſhine in Plumes and Di

Heroes being moſt of them preſſed, and the Queens ging Hemp Mrs. *Sarah Grand*, ſo famous for her inious Puppet-Show, has ſet up a Shop in the *Exnge*, where ſhe ſells her little Troop under the Term jointed Babies. I could not but be ſolicitous to ow of her, how ſhe had diſpoſed of that Rake-hell *ueb*, whoſe lewd Life and Converſation had given ſo ich Scandal, and did not a little contribute to the in of the Fair. She told me, with a Sigh, that deiring of ever reclaiming him, ſhe would not offer to ce him in a civil Family, but got him in a Poſt upon ſtall in *Wapping*, where he may be ſeen from Sunng to Sun ſetting, with a Glaſs in one Hand, and a pe in the other, as Centry to a Brandy Shop. The eat Revolutions of this Nature bring to my Mind the ſtreſſes of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the luck to break before her Voice, and to diſappear at Time when her Beauty was in the Height of its Bloom. his Lady enter'd ſo thoroughly into the great Chaters ſhe acted, that when ſhe had finiſhed her Part e could not think of retrenching her Equipage, but ould appear in her own Lodgings with the ſame Magficence that ſhe did upon the Stage. This Greatneſs of ul has reduced that unhappy Princeſs to an involuntary etirement, where ſhe now paſſes her Time among the Woods and Forells, thinking on the Crowns and Scepe ſhe has loſt, and often humming over in her Solide,

I was born of Royal Race,
Yet muſt wander in Diſgrace, &c.

But for fear of being over heard, and her Quality nown, ſhe uſually ſings in *Italian*,

Nacqui al Regno, nacqui al Trono,
E par jeno
Sventurata Paſtorella - ———

SINCE I have touched upon this Subject, I ſhall ommunicate to my Reader Part of a Letter I have reived from an ingenious Friend at *Amſterdam*, where there

there is a very noble Theatre; though the Manner of furnishing it with Actors is somewhat peculiar to that Place, and gives us Occasion to admire both the Politeness and Frugality of the People.

My Friends have kept me here a Week longer than ordinary, to see one of their Plays, which was performed last Night with great Applause. The Actors are all of them Tradesmen; who, after their Day's Work is over, earn about a Guilder a night by personating Kings and Generals. The Hero of the Tragedy I saw was a Journeyman Taylor, and his first Minister of State a Coffee man. The Emperess made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her Mother keeps an Ale house in the Suburbs of Amsterdam. When the Tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short Farce, in which the Cobler did his Part to a Miracle; but upon Inquiry, I found he had really been working at his own Trade, and rehearsing on the Stage what he acted every Day in his Shop. The People of the Theatre maintain an Hospital; for as here they do not think the Profession of an Actor the only Trade that a Man ought to exercise; so they will not allow any body to grow rich in a Profession, that, in their Opinion, is little conducive to the Good of the Commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your Play houses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the Hospital at Dullidge was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen, a Player. And it is also said, A famous Stage-Tragedian has settled her Estate, after her Death, for the Maintenance of decayed Whores, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatsoever Time of their Life that shall happen.

St James's Coffee house, May 25.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 31st Instant N. S. say, That the Articles preliminary to a general Peace, were settled, communicated to the States General, and all the Foreign Ministers residing there, and transmitted to their respective Masters on the 28th. Monsieur *Torcy* immediately returned to the Court of *France*, from whence he is expected again on the 4th of the next

Month,

Month, with those Articles ratified by that Court. The *Hague* is agreed upon for the Place of Treaty, and the 15th of the next Month, the Day on which it is to commence. The Terms whereon this Negotiation is founded, are not yet declared by publick Authority; but what is most generally received is as follows:

HER Majesty's Right and Title, and the Protestant Succession to these Dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King *Charles* is to be owned the lawful Sovereign of *Spain*. The *French* King shall not only recall his Troops out of that Kingdom, and deliver up to the Allies the Town of *Roca*, *Tarragona*, and *Pampelona*; but in case the Duke of *Anjou* shall not retire out of the *Spanish* Dominions, he shall be obliged to assist the Allies to force him from thence. A Cessation of Arms is agreed upon for two Months from the first Day of the Treaty. The Port and Fortifications of *Dunkirk* are to be demolished within four Months; but the Town itself left in the Hands of the *French*. The Pretender is to be obliged to leave *France*. All *New-Foundland* is to be restored to the *English*. As to the other Parts of *America*, the *French* are to restore whatever they may have taken from the *English*, as the *English*, in like manner, are to give up what they may have taken from the *French*, before the Commencement of the Treaty. The Trade between *Great Britain* and *France* shall be settled upon the same Foundation as in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

THE *Dutch* are to have for their Barriers, *Newport*, *Berg*, *St. Venant*, *Furnes*, *Ipres*, *Lille*, *Tournay*, *Douay*, *Valenciennes*, *Condé*, *Maubeuge*, *Mons*, *Charleroy*, *Namur* and *Luxemburg*; all which Places shall be delivered up to the Allies before the End of *Jute*. The Trade between *Holland* and *France* shall be on the same foot as in 1664. The Cities of *Singsbourg*, *Brisac*, and *Alsatia* shall be restored to the Emperor and Empire; and the King of *France*, pursuant to the Treaty of *Westphalia* in 1648, shall only retain the Protection of ten Imperial Cities, [illegible] *Hagenau*, *Munster*, *Lucknow*, *Kaisersberg*, *Oberhofen*, *Rosheim*, *Weissenburg* and *Landau*; *Hunningen*, *Fort Louis*, *Lauterburg*, and *Neu-Brisac*, shall be demolished, and all

the Fortifications from *Baſil* to *Philipſburgh*. The King of *Pruſſia* ſhall remain in the peaceable Poſſeſſion of *Neufchatel*. The Affair of *Orange*, as alſo the Pretenſions of his *Pruſſian* Majeſty in the *French Comte*, ſhall be determined at this general Negotiation of Peace. The Duke of *Savoy* ſhall have a Reſtitution made of all that has been taken from him by the *French*, and remain Maſter of *Exilles*, *Chamont*, *Feneſtrelles*, and the Valley of *Pragelas*.

N° 21. *Saturday*, May 28. 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, May 26.

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the Country a very civil Letter, and ſaid Things which I ſuppreſs with great Violence to my Vanity. There are many Terms in my Narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore deſired, that, for the Benefit of my Country-Readers, I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Toaſt*, a *Coquet*, a *Critick*, a *Wit*, and all other Appellations of thoſe now in the gayer World who are in Poſſeſſion of theſe ſeveral Characters: together with an Account of thoſe who unfortunately pretend to them. I ſhall begin with him we uſually call a *Gentleman*, or Man of Converſation.

IT is generally thought, That Warmth of Imagination, quick Reliſh of Pleaſure, and a Manner of becoming it, are the moſt eſſential Qualities for forming this ſort of Man. But any one that is much in Company will obſerve, That the Height of good Breeding is ſhewn rather in never giving Offence, than in doing obliging Things. Thus he that never ſhocks you, though he is ſeldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your Favour, than he who often entertains, and ſometimes diſpleaſes you. The moſt neceſſary Talent therefore in a Man of Converſation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good Judgment

ment. He that has this in Perfection, is Maſter of his Companion, without letting him ſee it; and has the ſame Advantage over Men of any other Qualifications whatſoever, as one that can ſee would have over a blind Man of ten times his Strength.

THIS is what makes *Sophronius* the Darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt powerful with his Acquaintance of any Man in Town. By the Light of this Faculty he acts with great Eaſe and Freedom among the Men of Pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with Skill and Diſpatch among the Men of Buſineſs. All which he performs with ſuch Succeſs, that, with as much Diſcretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning. But if he does a good Office, as he ever does it with Readineſs and Alacrity; ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a Manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have aſked it. His Judgment is ſo good and unerring, and accompanied with ſo chearful a Spirit, that his Converſation is a continual Feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is helped by others, in ſuch a Manner, that the Equality of Society is perfectly kept up, and every Man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greateſt and juſteſt Skill in a Man of ſuperior Underſtanding, to know how to be on a Level with his Companions. This ſweet Diſpoſition runs through all the Actions of *Sophronius*, and makes his Company deſired by Women, without being envied by Men. *Sophronius* would be as juſt as he is, if there were no Law; and would be as diſcreet as he is, if there were no ſuch thing as Calumny.

IN Imitation of this agreeable Being, is made that Animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*: who being juſt able to find out, that what makes *Sophronius* acceptable, is a natural Behaviour, in order to the ſame Reputation, makes his own an artificial One. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect Mimick, whereby he is of Courſe the moſt unlike him of all Men living. *Sophronius* juſt now paſſed into the inner Room directly forward: *Jack* comes as faſt after as he can for the right and left Looking-Glaſs, in which he had but juſt approved himſelf by a Nod at each, and *march'd on*. He will meditate within

for half an Hour till he thinks he is not careleſs in his Air, and come back to the Mirror to reco Forgetfulneſs.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 27.

THIS Night was acted the Comedy, cal *Fox*; but I wonder the modern Writers do not t Intereſt in the Houſe to ſuppreſs ſuch Repreſe A Man that has been at this will hardly li other Play during the Seaſon: Therefore I humbl That the Writings, as well as Dreſſes, of the l ſhould give way to the preſent Faſhion. We ar into a good Method enough, (if we were not int in our Mirth by ſuch an Apparition as a Play o *ſon*'s) to be entertained at more eaſe, both to th tator and the Writer, than in the Days of old. Difficulty to get Hats and Swords, and Wigs an and every Thing elſe, from the Shops in Town, ar a Man ſhew himſelf by his Habit, without m to be a Counſellor, a Fop, a Courtier, or a and not be obliged to make thoſe Characters different Dialects to be diſtinguiſh'd from each This is certainly the ſureſt and beſt Way of W But ſuch a Play as this makes a Man for a Mo over-run with Criticiſm, and enquire, *What ca on the Stage ſaid? What had ſuch a one to do t with ſuch a thing? How come t'other, who ca after this or that manner, to ſpeak ſo like a Man ſtant among a different People?* Theſe Queſtions of all our Pleaſure: for, at this rate, no Senten Play ſhould be ſpoken by any one Character, could poſſibly enter into the Head of any other preſented in it; but every Sentiment ſhould be pe him only who utters it. Laborious *Ben*'s Wo bear this ſort of Inquiſition; but if the preſe ters were thus examined, and the Offences aga Rule cut out, few Plays would be long enough whole Evening's Entertainment.

BUT I don't know how they did in thoſe ol This ſame *Ben Johnſon* has made every one's in this Play be towards Money; and yet not them expreſſes that Deſire, or endeavours to

any way but what is peculiar to him only. One sacrifices his Wife, another his Profession, another his Posterity, from the same Motive; but their Characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their Discourses should rise from the Invention of the same Author.

BUT the Poets are a Nest of Hornets, and I'll drive these Thoughts no farther; but must mention some hard Treatment I am like to meet with from my Brother Writers. I am credibly informed, that the Author of a Play, call'd *Love in a Hollow Tree*, has made some Remarks upon my late Discourse on *The Naked Truth*. I cannot blame a Gentleman for writing against any Error; it is for the Good of the learned World. But I would have the Thing fairly left between us two, and not under the Protection of Patrons. But my Intelligence is, that he hath dedicated his Treatise to the Honourable Mr *Ed*——*d H*——*rd*.

From my own Apartment, May 27.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq.*

SIR, York, *May* 16. 1709.

BEING convinced, as the whole World is, how infallible your Predictions are, and having the Honour to be your near Relation of the Staffian *Family, I was under great Concern at one of your Predictions relating to yourself, wherein you foretold your own Death would happen on the 17th Instant, unless it was prevented by the Assistance of well disposed People; I have therefore prevailed on my own Modesty to send you a Piece of News, which may serve instead of* Goddard's *Drops, to keep you alive for two Days, till Nature be able to recover itself, or till you meet with some better Help from other Hands. Therefore, without further Ceremony, I will go on to relate a singular Adventure just happened on the Place where I am writing, wherein it may be highly useful for the Publick to be informed.*

THREE young Ladies of our Town were on Saturday *last indicted for* Witchcraft. *The Witnesses against the first deposed upon Oath before Justice* Bindover, *That she*

kept Spirits lock'd up in Veſſels, which ſometimes ap in Flames of blue Fire; That ſhe uſed Magical with ſome of which ſhe drew in Hundreds of Men to her, who went out from her Preſence all in their Mouths parched, and a hot Steam iſſuing them, attended with a grievous Stench; That m the ſaid Men were by the Force of that Herb me phoſed into Swine, and lay wallowing in the Kenn twenty-four Hours, before they could reaſſume their or their Senſes.

IT was proved againſt the Second, That ſhe cu Night the Limbs from dead Bodies that were hange was ſeen to dig Holes in the Ground, to mutter ſo juring Words, and bury Pieces of the Fleſh after th Manner of Witches.

THE Third was accuſed for a notorious Piece cery, long practiſed by Hags, of moulding up Pi Dough, into the Shapes of Men, Women and Chi then heating them at a gentle Fire, which had a ſym tick Power to torment the Bowels of thoſe in their bourhood.

THIS was the Sum of what was objected agai three Ladies, who indeed had nothing to ſay in thei Defence but downright denying the Facts, which is avail very little when they come upon their Trials.

BUT the Parſon of our Pariſh, a ſtrange ref Man, will believe nothing of all this; ſo that the Town cries out Shame! That one of his Coat ſhe ſuch an Atheiſt; *and deſign to complain of him Biſhop. He goes about very oddly to ſolve the M He ſuppoſes, That the firſt of theſe Ladies keeping a and Tobacco-Shop, the Fellows went out ſmoaking, drunk towards Evening, and made themſelves Beau ſays, The ſecond is a Butcher's Daughter, and ſon brings a Quarter of Mutton from the Slaughter-hou Night againſt a Market-day, and once buried a Beef in the Ground, as a known Receipt to cure W her Hands. The Parſon aſſirms, That the thin Gingerbread, which, to pleaſe the Children, ſhe i to ſtamp with Images before it is baked; and if it their Guts, it is becauſe they eat too much, or do no after it.*

T H

THESE are the Answers he gives to solve those wonderful Phænomena; *upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among Philosophers: And so wishing you all Success in your Undertakings for the Amendment of the World, I remain,*

Dear Cousin,

Your most Affectionate Kinsman,

and Humble Servant,

Ephraim Bedstaff.

P.S. THOSE who were condemned to Death among the *Athenians*, were obliged to take a Dose of poison, which made them die upwards, seizing first upon their Feet, making them cold and insensible, and so ascending gradually, till it reach'd the vital Parts. I believe your Death, which you foretold would happen on the 17th Instant, will fall out the same way, and that your Distemper hath already seized on you, and makes Progress daily. The lower Part of you, that is, the *Advertisements*, is dead; and these have risen for these ten Days last past, so that they now take up almost a whole Paragraph. Pray, Sir, do your endeavour to drive this Distemper as much as possible to the extream Parts, and keep it there, as wise Folks do the Gout; for if it once gets into your Stomach, it will soon fly up into your Head, and you are a dead Man.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 27.

WE hear from *Legborn*, That Sir *Edward Whitaker*, with five Men of War, four Transports, and two Fireships, were arrived at that Port; and Admiral *Byng* was suddenly expected. Their Squadrons being joined, they designed to sail directly for *Final*, to transport the Reinforcements lodged in those Parts to *Barcelona*.

THEY write from *Milan*, That Count *Thaun* arrived there on the 16th Instant, *N. S.* and proceeded on his Journey to *Turin* on the 21st, in order to concert

ſuch Meaſures with his Royal Highneſs, as ſhall appear neceſſary for the Operations of the enſuing Campaign.

ADVICES from *Dauphiné* ſay, That the Troops of the Duke of *Savoy* begin already to appear in thoſe Valleys, whereof he made himſelf Maſter the laſt Year; and that the Duke of *Berwick* applied himſelf with all imaginable Diligence to ſecure the Paſſes of the Mountains, by ordering Intrenchments to be made towards *Briançon*, *Exilles*, and the Valley of *Queiras*. That General has alſo been at *Marſeilles* and *Toulon*, to haſten the Tranſportation of the Corn and Proviſions deſigned for his Army.

LETTERS from *Vienna*, bearing Date *May* 23. *N. S.* import, That the Cardinal of *Saxe Zeits* and the Prince of *Lichtenſtein*, were preparing to ſet out for *Preſburg*, to aſſiſt at the Diet of the States of *Hungary*, which is to be aſſembled at that Place on the 25th of this Month. General *Heiſter* would ſhortly appear at the Head of his Army at *Trentſchin*, which Place is appointed for the general Rendezvous of the Imperial Forces in *Hungary*; from whence he will advance to Lay ſiege to *Neuhauſel*. In the mean time Remforcements, with a great Train of Artillery, are marching the ſame way. The King of *Denmark* arrived on the 10th Inſtant at *Inſpruck*, and on the 25th at *Dreſden*, under a triple Diſcharge of the Artillery of that Place; but his Majeſty refuſed the Ceremonies of a publick Entry.

OUR Letters from the *Upper Rhine* ſay, That the Imperial Army began to form itſelf at *Kellingen*; where the reſpective Deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of *Baden Durlach*, the Biſhoprick of *Spires*, &c. were aſſembled, and had taken the neceſſary Meaſures for the Proviſion of Forage, the Security of the Country againſt the Incurſions of the Enemy, and laying a Bridge over the *Rhine*. Several Veſſels laden with Corn are daily paſſing before *Frankfort* for the *Lower Rhine*.

LETTERS from *Poland* inform us, That a Detachment of *Muſcovite* Cavalry, under the Command of General *Leſſud*, had joined the Confederate Army; and the Infantry, commanded by General *Golts*, was expected

expected to come up within few Days. These Succours will amount to 20000 Men.

OUR last Advices from the *Hague*, dated *June* the 4th *N. S.* say, That they expected a Courier from the *French* Court, with a Ratification of the Preliminaries that Night or the Day following. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* will set out for *Brussels* on *Wednesday* or *Thursday* next, if the Dispatches which are expected from *Paris* don't alter his Resolutions. Letters from *Majorca* confirm the honourable Capitulation of the Castle of *Alicant*, and also the Death of the Governor, Major-General *Richards*, Colonel *Sibourg*, and Major *Vignolles*, who were all buried in the Ruins of that Place by the Springing of the great Mine, which did, it seems, more Execution than was reported. Monsieur *Torcy* passed through *Mons* in his Return, and had there a long Conference with the Elector of *Bavaria*; after which, that Prince spoke publickly of the Treatment he had received from *France* with the utmost Indignation.

ANY Person that shall come publickly abroad in a fantastical Habit, contrary to the present Mode and Fashion, except Don Diego Desmallo, *or any other out of Poverty, shall have his Name and Dress inserted in our next.*

N. B. *Mr.* How'd'call *is desired to leave off those Buttons.*

N° 22. *Tuesday*, May 31 1709.

White's Chocolate house, May 28.

I CAME hither this Evening to see Fashions, and who should I first encounter but my old Friend *Cynthio* (encompassed by a Croud of young Fellows) dictating on the Passion of Love with the gayest Air imaginable. 'Well, says he, as to what I know of 'the Matter, there is nothing but Ogling with Skill 'carries a Woman; but indeed it is not every Fool that 'is capable of this Art: You will find twenty [illegible]

' ſpeak eloquently, fifty can fight manfully, and a thou-
' ſand that can dreſs genteely at a Miſtreſs, where there
' is one that can gaze ſkilfully. This requires an ex-
' quiſite Judgment to take the Language of her Eyes
' to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too faſt for
' hers; as at a Play between the Acts, when Beau *Friſk*
' ſtands upon a Bench full in *Lindamira*'s Face, and
' her dear Eyes are ſearching round to avoid that ſtaring
' open Fool; ſhe meets the watchful Glance of her true
' Lover, and ſees his Heart attentive on her Charms,
' and waiting for a ſecond Twinkle of her Eye for its
' next Motion.' Here the good Company ſneer'd; but
he goes on. ' Nor is this Attendance a Slavery, when
' a Man meets with Encouragment, and her Eye comes
' often in his way: For, after an Evening ſo ſpent, and
' the Repetition of four or five ſignificant Looks at him,
' the happy Man goes home to his Lodging, full of ten
' thouſand pleaſing Images: His Brain is dilated, and
' gives him all the Ideas and Proſpects which it ever
' lets into its Seat of Pleaſure. Thus a kind Look from
' *Lindamira* revives in his Imagination all the beauteous
' Lawns, green Fields, Woods, Foreſts, Rivers and
' Solitudes, which he had ever before ſeen in Picture,
' Deſcription, or real Life: And all with this Addition,
' That he now ſees 'em with the Eyes of an happy
' Lover, as before only with thoſe of a common Man.
' You laugh, Gentlemen: But conſider your ſelves,
' (you common People that were never in Love) and
' compare your ſelves in good Humour with your ſelves
' out of Humour, and you will then acknowledge, that
' all external Objects affect you according to the Diſpoſi-
' tions you are in to receive their Impreſſions, and not
' as thoſe Objects are in their own Nature. How much
' more ſhall all that paſſes within his View and Obſer-
' vation, touch with delight a Man who is prepoſſeſſed
' with ſucceſsful Love, which is an Aſſemblage of ſoft
' Affection, gay Dreams, and hopeful Reſolutions?'

POOR *Cynthio* went on at this Rate to the Croud about him, without any Purpoſe in his Talk, but to vent an Heart overflowing with Senſe of Succeſs. I wondered what could exalt him from the Diſtreſs, in which he had long appeared, to ſo much Alacrity. But

my

my Familiar has given me the State of his Affairs. It seems then, that lately coming out of the Playhouse, his Mistress, who knows he is in her Livery, as the Manner of insolent Beauties is, is resolved to keep him still so, and gave him so much Wages as to complain to him of the Croud she was to pass through. He had his Wits and Resolution enough about him to take her Hand, and say, He would attend her to the Coach. All the Way thither my good young Man stammered at every Word, and stumbled at every Step. His Mistress, wonderfully pleased with her Triumph, put him to a thousand Questions to make a Man of his natural Wit speak with Hesitation, and let drop her Fan, to see him recover it aukwardly. This is the whole Foundation of *Cynthio's* Recovery to the sprightly Air he appears with at present.

I GREW mighty curious to know something more of that Lady's Affairs, as being amazed how she could dally with an Offer of one of his Merit and Fortune. I sent *Pacolet* to her Lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following Letter to her Friend and Confident *Amanda* in the Country, wherein she has opened her Heart and all its Folds.

Dear Amanda,

THE Toxon grows so empty, that you must expect my Letter so too, except you will allow me to talk of myself instead of others: You cannot imagine what Pain it is, after a whole Day spent in Publick, to want your Company, and the Ease which Friendship allows in being vain to each other, and speaking all our Minds. An Account of the Slaughter which these unhappy Eyes have made within ten Days last past, would make me appear too great a Tyrant to be allowed in a Christian Country. I shall therefore confine myself to my principal Conquests, which are the Hearts of Beau Frisk *and* Jack Freeland, *besides* Cynthio, *who, you know, wore my Fetters before you went out of Toxon. Shall I tell you my Weakness? I begin to love* Frisk: *It is the best humoured impertinent Thing in the World. He is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one Time or other.* Freeland's *Father and mine have been upon Treaty without consulting*

me

me; and Cynthio *has been eternally watching my Eyes, without approaching me, my Friends, my Maid, or any one about me: He hopes to get me, I believe, as they say the Rattle Snake does the Squirrel, by staring at me till I drop into his Mouth.* Freeland *demands me for a Jointure which he thinks deserves me;* Cynthio *thinks nothing high enough to be my Value:* Freeland *therefore will take it for no Obligation to have me; and* Cynthio's *Idea of me, is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the Veneration of the one, and the Indifference of the other, into Contempt. I will stick therefore to my old Maxim, to have that sort of Man, who can have no greater Views than what are in my Power to give him Possession of. The utmost of my Dear* Frisk's *Ambition is, to be thought a Man of Fashion; and therefore has been so much in Mode, as to resolve upon me, because the whole Town likes me. Thus I choose rather a Man who loves me because others do, than one who approves me on his own Judgment. He that judges for himself in Love, will often change his Opinion; but he that follows the Sense of others, must be constant as long as a Woman can make Advances. The Visits I make, the Entertainments I give, and the Addresses I receive, will be all Arguments for me with a Man of* Frisk's *second hand Genius; but would be for any Bass to my Happiness with any other Man. However, since* Frisk *can wait, I shall enjoy a Summer or two longer, and remain a single Woman, in the sublime Pleasure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal, except that of being believed by you.*

I am, &c.

Wallis's Coffee-Hage, May [illegible]

MY chief Business here this Evening was to speak to my Friends in behalf of honest *Cavalcade*, who has been a Comick for three Generations. My Father admired him extremely when he was a Boy. There is certainly Nature excellently represented in his Manner of Action; in which he ever avoided that general Fault in Players, of doing too much. It must be confess'd, he has not the Merit of some ingenious Persons now on the Stage, of adding to his Author; for the Actors were

were ſo dull in the laſt Age, that many of them have gone out of the World, without having ever ſpoke one Word of their own in the Theatre. Poor *Cave* is ſo mortified, that he quibbles and tells you, he pretends only to act a Part fit for a Man who has one Foot in the Grave, *viz.* a *Grave-digger*. All Admirers of true Comedy, it is hoped, will have the Gratitude to be preſent on the laſt Day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to pleaſe them, will have it even then to ſay, That it is his firſt Offence.

BUT there is a Gentleman here, who ſays he has it from good Hands, that there is actually a Subſcription made by many Perſons of Wit and Quality, for the Encouragement of new Comedies. This Deſign will very much contribute to the Improvement and Diverſion of the Town: But as every Man is moſt concerned for himſelf, I, who am of a *Saturnine* and Melancholy Complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal Invitation to write Tragedies, having by me, in my Book of Common Places, enough to enable me to finiſh a very fad one by the fifth of the next Month. I have the Farewel of a General, with a Truncheon in his Hand, dying for Love, in ſix Lines. I have the Principles of a Politician (who does all the Miſchief in the Play) together with his Declaration on the Vanity of Ambition in his laſt Moments, expreſs'd in a Page and an half. I have all my Oaths ready, and my Similes want nothing but Application. I won't pretend to give you an Account of the Plot at being the ſame Deſign upon which all Tragedies have been writ for ſeveral Years laſt paſt; and from the Beginning of the firſt Scene, the Frequenters of the Houſe may know as well as the Author, when the Battle is to be fought, the Lady to yield, and the Hero proceed to his Wedding and Coronation. Beſides theſe Advantages which I have in Readineſs, I have an eminent Tragedian very much my Friend, who ſhall come in and go through the whole five Acts, without troubling me for one Sentence, whether he is to fall or be killed, love or be loved, win Battles or loſe them, or whatever other tragical Performance I ſhall pleaſe to aſſign him.

From

From my own Apartment, May 30.

I have this Day received a Letter, subscribed *Fidelia*, that gives me an Account of an Inchantment under which a young Lady suffers, and desires my Help to exorcise her from the Power of the Sorcerer. Her Lover is a Rake of sixty: the Lady a virtuous Woman of twenty five: Her Relations are to the last degree afflicted and amazed at this irregular Passion: Their Sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their Astonishment, for there is no Spirit in Woman half so prevalent as that of Contradiction, which is the sole Cause of her Perseverance. Let the whole Family go dress in a Body, and call the Bride to morrow Morning to her Nuptials, and I'll undertake the Inconstant will forget her Lover in the midst of all his Aches. But if this Expedient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young Lady's distinguishing Sense, as to applaud her Choice. A fine young Woman, at last, is but what is due from Fate to an honest Fellow, who has suffered so unmercifully by the Sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroick Virtue, who (like the Patriot that ended a Pestilence by plunging himself into a Gulph) gives herself up to gorge that Dragon which has devoured so many Virgins before her.

A Letter directed to Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq. Astrologer and Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty's Subjects of* Great Britain, *with respect, is come to hand.*

[illegible]

N° 23. *Thursday*, June 2. 1709.

White's Chocolate house, May 31.

THE Generality of Mankind are so very fond of this World, and of staying in it, that a Man cannot have eminent Skill in any one Art, but they will impute of his Teeth, make him a Physician also, that being

being the Science the Worldlings have moſt need of. I pretended, when I firſt ſet up, to Aſtrology only; but I am told, I have deep Skill alſo in Medicine. I am applied to now by a Gentleman for my Advice in behalf of his Wife, who upon the leaſt Matrimonial Difficulty, is exceſſively troubled with Fits, and can bear no manner of Paſſion without falling into immediate Convulſions. I muſt confeſs, it is a Caſe I have known before, and remember the Party was recovered by certain Words pronounced in the midſt of the Fit, by the learned Doctor who performed the Cure. Theſe Ails have uſually their Beginning from the Affections of the Mind. Therefore you muſt have Patience to let me give you an Inſtance, whereby you may diſcern the Cauſe of the Diſtemper, and then proceed to Cure as follows.

A fine Town-Lady was married to a Gentleman of ancient Deſcent in one of the Counties of *Great Britain*, who had Good-humour to a Weakneſs, and was that ſort of Perſon, of whom it is uſually ſaid, He is no Man's Enemy but his own. One who had too much Tenderneſs of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife; and the too little Senſe to give him Authority for that Reaſon. His kind Wife obſerved this Temper in him, and made proper Uſe of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, ſhe reſolved upon an Expedient to ſave Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the ſame time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever ſhe was repulſed in a Requeſt, or contradicted in a Diſcourſe. It was a Fiſh-day, when in the midſt of her Husband's Good-humour at Table, ſhe bethought herſelf to try her Project. She made ſigns that ſhe had ſwallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale as Aſhes, and ran to her Aſſiſtance, calling for Drink. No, my Dear, ſaid ſhe, recovering, It is down; don't be frightened. This Accident betrayed his Softneſs enough. The next Day ſhe complained, a Lady's Chariot, whoſe Husband had not half his Eſtate, had a Crane-Neck, and hung with twice the Air that hers did. He anſwered, Madam, You know my Income, you know I have loſt two Coach Horſes this Spring. - - - Down he fell. *Hartſhorn!* Betty, Suſan, Alice, *throw Water in her Face.* With much

Care

Care and Pains, she was at last brought to herself, and the Vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest Manner, to prevent Relapses; but they frequently happened, during that Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in few Years after. The Disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable Successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and resolved to break through all Tenderness, and be absolute Master as soon as occasion offered. One Day it happened, that a Discourse arose about Furniture: He was very glad of the Occasion, and fell into an Invective against *China*, protesting he would never let five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that way as long as he breathed. She immediately fainted.— — He starts up as amazed, and calls for help. — — The Maids ran to the Closet. He chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the Floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole Family, from the Nursery to the Kitchen, could do for her Relief.

WHILE every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Mistress, he, fixing his Cheek to hers, seemed to be fellowing in a Trance of Sorrow; but secretly whispers her, *My Dear, [illegible] will never do: What is [illegible] in me, Power and Fortune, you may always command, but none of your Artifices. You are quite in other hands than those you passed this pretty Passions upon.* This made her almost in the Condition she pretended; her Convulsions now come thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts; and when the sinking Part of the Fit came again, *Well, my Dear* (said he) *I applaud your Action; but I must take my leave of you, [illegible] you are more [illegible] with me, Farewell [illegible] [illegible] to hear of me, and want [illegible].* With that he ordered the Maids to keep plying her with Hartshorn, while he went for a Physician. He was scarce at the Stair Head when she followed, and pulling him into a Closet, thank'd him for her Cure; which was so absolute, that she gave me this

Relation

Relation herſelf, to be communicated for the Benefit of all the voluntary Invalids of her Sex.

St. James's Caſtle June 1.

ADVICES from *Breſlau* of the 6th Inſtant, N. S. ſay, his Highneſs Prince *Eugene* had received a Letter from Monſieur *Torcy*, wherein that Miniſter, after many Expreſſions of great Reſpect, acquaints him, That his Maſter had abſolutely refuſed to ſign the Preliminaries to the Treaty which he had, in his Majeſty's Behalf, conſented to at the *Hague*. Upon the Receipt of this Intelligence, the Face of Things at that Place were immediately altered, and the neceſſary Orders were tranſmitted to the Troops (which lay moſt remote from thence) to move toward the Place of Randezvous with all Expedition. The Enemy ſeems alſo to prepare for the Field, and have at preſent drawn together twenty-five thouſand Men in the Plains of *Lens*. Marſhal *Villars* is at the Head of thoſe Troops; and has given the Generals under his Command all poſſible Aſſurances, that he will turn the Fate of the War to the Advantage of his Maſter.

THEY write from the *Hague* of the 7th, That Monſieur *Rouille* had received Orders from the Court of *France*, to ſignify to the States General, and the Miniſters of the High Allies, That the King could not conſent to the Preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace, as it was offered to him by Monſieur *Torcy*. The great Difficulty is the Buſineſs of *Spain*, on which Particular his Miniſters ſeem'd only to lay, during the Treaty, that it was not ſo immediately under their Maſter's Direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquiſhed by the Duke of *Anjou*: But now he poſitively anſwers, That he cannot comply with what his Miniſter has promiſed in his Behalf, even in ſuch Points as are wholly in himſelf to act in or not. This has had no other Effect, than to give the Alliance freſh Arguments for being diffident of Engagements entered into by *France*. The Penſioner made a Report of all which this Miniſter had declared to the Deputies of the States General, and all *things* turn towards a vigorous War.

The

The Duke of *Marlborough* deſigned to leave the *Hague* within two Days, in order to put himſelf at the Head of the Army, which is to aſſemble on the 17th Inſtant between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*. A Fleet of eighty Sail, laden with Corn from the *Baltick*, is arrived in the *Texel*. The States have ſent Circular Letters to all the Provinces, to notify this Change of Affairs, and to animate their Subjects to new Reſolutions in Defence of their Country.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

THE Publick is not ſo little my Concern, though I am but a Student, as that I ſhould not intereſt my ſelf in the preſent great Things in Agitation. I am ſtill of Opinion, the *French* King will ſign the Preliminaries. With that View, I have ſent him, by my Familiar, the following Epiſtle, and admoniſhed him, on pain of what I ſhall ſay of him to future Generations, to act with Sincerity on this Occaſion.

London, May 31.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*; *of* Great Britain, *to* Lewis *the Fourteenth of* France.

'THE ſurprizing News which arrived this Day, 'of your Majeſty's having refuſed to ſign the 'Treaty your Miniſters have in a manner ſued for, is 'what gives ground to this Application to your Majeſty, 'from one, whoſe Name, perhaps, is too obſcure to 'have ever reached your Territories; but one, who, with 'all the *European* World, is affected with your Deter'minations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common 'Cauſe of Mankind, I preſume to expoſtulate with you 'on this Occaſion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the 'Vulgar extravagant, that the Actions of a mighty 'Prince ſhould be balanced by the Cenſure of a private 'Man, whoſe Approbation or Diſlike are equally con'temptible in their Eyes, when they regard the Throne 'of Sovereigns. But your Majeſty has ſhewn, through 'the whole Courſe of your Reign, too great a Value for

'Liberty

' Liberal Arts, to be inſenſible, that true Fame lies only
' in the Hands of Learned Men, by whom it is to be
' tranſmitted to Futurity, with Marks of Honour or
' Reproach to the End of Time. The Date of human
' Life is too ſhort to recompenſe the Cares which attend
' the moſt private Condition. Therefore it is, that our
' Souls are made as it were too big for it, and extend
' themſelves in the Proſpect of a longer Exiſtence, in a
' good Fame and Memory of worthy Actions after our
' Deceaſe. The whole Race of Men have this Paſſion
' in ſome Degree implanted in their Boſoms, which is
' the ſtrongeſt and nobleſt Incitation to honeſt Attempts:
' But the baſe Uſe of the Arts of Peace, Eloquence,
' Poetry, and all the Parts of Learning, have been poſ-
' ſeſſed by Souls ſo unworthy of thoſe Faculties, that
' the Names and Appellations of Things have been con-
' founded by the Labours and Writings of proſtituted
' Men, who have ſtamp'd a Reputation upon ſuch Ac-
' tions, as are in themſelves the Objects of Contempt
' and Diſgrace. This is that which has miſled your
' Majeſty in the Conduct of your Reign, and made that
' Life which might have been the moſt imitable, the
' moſt to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and
' excellent Qualities of which your Majeſty is Maſter,
' are loſt in their Application; and your Majeſty has
' been carrying on for many Years the moſt cruel Ty-
' ranny, with all the noble Methods which are uſed to
' ſupport a juſt Reign. Thus it is, that it avails no-
' thing that you are a bountiful Maſter; that you are ſo
' generous as to reward even the Unſucceſsful with Ho-
' nour and Riches; that no laudable Action paſſes un-
' rewarded in your Kingdom; that you have ſearched
' all Nations for obſcure Merit. In a Word, that you
' are in your private Character endowed with every
' Princely Quality, when all this is ſubjected to unjuſt
' and ill-taught Ambition, which to the Injury of the
' World is gilded by thoſe Endowments. However, if
' your Majeſty will condeſcend to look into your own
' Soul, and conſider all its Faculties and Weakneſſes with
' Impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that Life
' is ſupported in you by the ordinary Methods of Food,
' Reſt, and Sleep; you would think it impoſſible that

' you

' you could ever be ſo much impoſed on, as to have ' been wrought into a Belief, that ſo many Thouſands ' of the ſame Make with yourſelf, were formed by Pro- ' vidence for no other End, but by the Hazard of their ' very Being to extend the Conqueſts and Glory of an ' Individual of their own Species. A very little Reflec- ' tion will convince your Majeſty, that ſuch cannot be ' the Intent of the Creator; and if not, what Horror ' muſt it give your Majeſty to think of the vaſt Devaſta- ' tions your Ambition has made among your Fellow- ' Creatures? While the Warmth of Youth, the Flat- ' tery of Crouds, and a continual Series of Succeſs and ' Triumph, indulged your Majeſty in this Illuſion of ' Mind, it was leſs to be wondered at, that you pro- ' ceeded in this miſtaken Purſuit of Grandeur; but when ' Age, Diſappointments, publick Calamities, perſonal ' Diſtempers, and the Reverſe of all that makes Men ' forget their true Being, are fallen upon you: Heaven! ' Is it poſſible you can live without Remorſe? Can the ' wretched Man be a Tyrant? Can Grief ſtudy Tor- ' ments? Can Sorrow be cruel?

' Your Majeſty will obſerve, I do not bring againſt ' you a railing Accuſation: but as you are a ſtrict Pro- ' feſſor of Religion, I beſeech your Majeſty to ſtop the ' Effuſion of Blood, by receiving the Opportunity which ' preſents itſelf for the Preſervation of your diſtreſſed ' People. Be no longer ſo infatuated, as to hope for ' Renown from Murder and Violence: But conſider that ' the Great Day will come, in which this World and ' all its Glory ſhall change in a Moment; when Nature ' ſhall ſicken, and the Earth and Sea give up the Bodies ' committed to them, to appear before the laſt Tribu- ' nal. Will it then, Oh King! be an Anſwer for the ' Lives of Millions, who have fallen by the Sword? ' *Thou periſhed for our Glory.* That Day will come on, ' and one like it is immediately approaching: Injured ' Nations advance towards thy Habitation: Vengeance ' has begun its March, which is to be diverted only by ' the Penitence of the Oppreſſor. Awake, O Monarch, ' from thy Lethargy! Diſdain the Abuſes thou haſt re- ' ceived: Pull down the Statue which calls thee Immor- ' tal.

' tal: Be truly Great. Tear thy Purple, and put on ' Sackcloth. I am,

Thy sincere Lover,

Tom Bickerstaff.

N° 24 *Saturday*, June 4 1709

White's Chocolate-house, June 3

IN my Paper of the 28th of the last Month, I mentioned several Characters which want Explanation to the Generality of Readers. Among others, I spoke of a pretty Fellow. I have since received a kind Admonition in a Letter, to take care that I do not omit to shew also what is meant by a very pretty Fellow, which is to be allowed as a Character by it self, and a Person exalted above the other by a peculiar Sprightliness: as one who, by a distinguishing Vigour, outstrips his Companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular Appellation or Nick-name of Familiarity. Some have this Distinction from the Fair Sex, who are so generous as to take into their Protection such as are laughed at by the Men, and place them for that reason in degrees of Favour.

THE chief of this Sort is Colonel *Bowtell*, who is a Man of Fashion, because he will be so, and practises a very jaunty Way of Behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too ingenuine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the Colonel has met with a Town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their Favour, and let himself in the full Degree of Conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the Wits, and familiar among the Ladies, and dissolute among the Rakes. Thus he is admitted in one Place, because he is so in another; and every Man treats *Bowtell* well, not out of his particular Esteem for him, but in respect to the Opinion of others. It is to me a solid Pleasure to see the World thus mistaken in the good

good natur'd Side: for 'tis ten to one but the Colonel mounts into a General Officer, marries a fine Lady, and is Maſter of a good Eſtate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives moſt Delight to me in this Obſervation, is, that all this ariſes from pure Nature, and the Colonel can account for his Succeſs no more than thoſe by whom he ſucceeds. For theſe Cauſes and Conſiderations, I pronounce him a true Woman's Man, and in the firſt Degree, *A very pretty Fellow*.

THE next to a Man of this univerſal Genius, is one who is peculiarly formed for the Service of the Ladies, and his Merit chiefly is to be of no Conſequence. I am indeed a little in doubt, Whether he ought not rather to be called a *very happy*, than a *very pretty* Fellow? For he is admitted at all Hours: All he ſays or does, which would offend in another, are paſſed over in him; and all Actions and Speeches which pleaſe, doubly pleaſe if they come from him: No one wonders or takes Notice when he's wrong; but all admire him when he is in the Right.—— By the Way it is fit to remark, That there are People of better Senſe than theſe, who endeavour at this Character; but they are out of Nature; and though, with ſome Induſtry, they get the Characters of Fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, ſeldom to be meerly *pretty Fellows*. But where Nature has formed a Perſon for this Station amongſt Men, he is gifted with a peculiar Genius for Succeſs, and his very Errors and Abſurdities contribute to it: this Felicity attending him to his Life's end. For it being in a Manner neceſſary that he ſhould be of no Conſequence, he is as well in Old Age as Youth: and I know a Man, whoſe Son has been ſome Years a pretty Fellow, who is himſelf at this Hour a very pretty Fellow.

ONE muſt move tenderly in this Place, for we are now in the Ladies Lodgings, and ſpeaking of ſuch as are ſupported by their Influence and Favour; againſt which there is not, neither ought there to be, any Diſpute or Obſervation. But when we come into more free Air, one may talk a little more at large.

GIVE me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we ſhall ſee make conſiderable Figures; and

and theſe are ſuch as for their *Bacchanalian* Performances muſt be admitted into this Order. They are three Brothers lately landed from *Holland*: As yet, indeed, they have not made their publick Entry, but lodge and converſe at *Wapping*. They have merited already on the Water-ſide particular Titles: The firſt is called *Hogſhead*; the ſecond, *Culverin*; and the third, *Mulquet*. This Fraternity is preparing for our End of the Town by their Ability in the Exercites of *Bacchus*, and meaſure their Time and Merit by liquid Weight, and Power of Drinking. *Hogſhead* is a prettier Fellow than *Culverin*, by two Quarts; and *Culverin* than *Mulquet*, by a full Pint. It is to be feared, *Hogſhead* is to often too full, and *Culverin* over loaded, that *Mulquet* will be the only laſting very pretty Fellow of the three.

A THIRD Sort of this Denomination is ſuch as by very daring Adventures in Love, have purchaſed to themſelves Renown and new Names; as *Jo Carey* for his exceſſive Strength and Vigour; *Tom Durfey*, for his generous Loſs of Youth and Health; and *Cameron*, for his meritorious Rottenneſs.

THESE great and leading Spirits are propoſed to all ſuch of our *Britiſh* Youth as would arrive at Perfection in theſe different Kinds; and if their Parts and Accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our Nation would ſoon excel all others in Wit and Arts, as they already do in Arms.

N. B. THE Gentleman who ſtole *Betty Pepys*, may own it, for he is allowed to be a very pretty Fellow.

BUT we muſt proceed to the Explanation of other Terms in our Writings.

TO know what a Toaſt is in the Country, gives as much Perplexity as the herſelf does in Town. And indeed, the Learned differ very much upon the Original of this Word, and the Acceptation of it among the Moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful Import. A Toaſt in a cold Morning, heightened by Nutmeg, and ſweetned with Sugar, has for many Ages been given to our rural Diſpenſers

of Justice, before they entered upon Causes, and has been of great and politick Use to take off the Severity of their Sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill Effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately, to speak *Latin*, to the Admiration, rather than Information of an Audience. This Application of a Toast makes it very obvious, that the Word may, without a Metaphor, be understood as an apt Name for a Thing which raises us in the most sovereign Degree. But many of the Wits of the last Age will assert, That the Word, in its present Sense, was known among them in their Youth, and had its Rise from an Accident at the Town of *Bath*, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

IT happened, That on a publick Day a celebrated Beauty of those Times was in the *Cross Bath*, and one of the Crowd of her Admirers took a Glass of the Water in which the Fair One stood, and drank her Health to the Company. There was in the Place a gay Fellow half fuddled, who offer'd to jump in, and swore, Tho' he liked not the Liquor, he would have the Toast. He was opposed in his Resolution; yet this Whim gave Foundation to the present Honour which is done to the Lady we mention in our Liquors, who has ever since been called a *Toast*.

THO' this Institution had so trivial a Beginning, it is now elevated into a formal Order; and that happy Virgin who is received and drank to at their Meetings has no more to do in this Life, but to judge and accept of the first good Offer. The Manner of her Inauguration is much like that of the Choice of a Doge in *Venice*. It is performed by Ballotting; and when she is to chosen, she reigns indisputably for that infuing Year; but must be elected a new to prolong her Empire a Moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her Name is written with a Diamond on a Drinking glass. The Hieroglyphick of the Diamond is to shew her, that her Value is imaginary; and that of the Glass to acquaint her, that her Condition is frail, and depends on the Hand which holds her. This wise Design admonishes her, neither to over rate or depreciate her Charms; as well considering and applying, that it is

perfectly

perfectly according to the Humour and Taste of the Company, whether the Toast is eaten, or left as an Offal.

THE foremost of the whole Rank of Toasts, and the most indisputed in their present Empire, are Mrs. *Gatty* and Mrs. *Frontlet*: The first an agreeable, the second an awful Beauty. These Ladies are perfect Friends, out of a Knowledge, that their Perfections are too different to stand in Competition. He that likes *Gatty*, can have no Relish for so solemn a Creature as *Frontlet*; and an Admirer of *Frontlet* will call *Gatty* a May-pole Girl. *Gatty* for ever smiles upon you; and *Frontlet* disdains to see you smile. *Gatty's* Love is a shining quick Flame: *Frontlet's* a slow wasting Fire. *Gatty* likes the Man that diverts her; *Frontlet* him who adores her. *Gatty* always improves the Soil in which she travels; *Frontlet* lays waste the Country. *Gatty* does not only smile, but laughs at her Lover; *Frontlet* not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the Men of Wit (and Coxcombs their Followers) are professed Servants of *Gatty*: The Politicians and Pretenders give solemn Worship to *Frontlet*. Their Reign will be best judged of by its Duration. *Frontlet* will never be chosen more; and *Gatty* is a Toast for Life.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 4.

LETTERS from *Hamburgh* of the 7th Instant, N. S. informs us, That no Art or Cost is omitted to make the Stay of his *Danish* Majesty at *Dresden* agreeable; but there are various Speculations upon the Interview between King *Augustus* and that Prince, many putting politick Constructions upon his *Danish* Majesty's Arrival at a Time when his Troops are marching out of *Hungary*, with Orders to pass through *Saxony*, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is said also, That several *Polish* Senators have invited King *Augustus* to return into *Poland*. His Majesty of *Sweden*, according to the same Advices, has passed the *Nieper* without any Opposition from the *Muscovites*, and advances with all possible Expedition toward *Volhinia*, where he proposes to join King *Stanislaus* and General *Crassau*.

WE hear from *Bern* of the firſt Inſtant, *N. S* there is not a Province in *France*, from whence th is not apprehenſive of receiving Accounts of Emotions, occaſioned by the Want of Corn. T neral Diet of the 13 Cantons is aſſembled at but have not yet entered upon Buſineſs, ſo that fair of *Tockenburgh* is yet at a ſtand.

LETTERS from the *Hague*, dated the 11th *N. S.* adviſe, That Monſieur *Rouille* having acq the Miniſters of the Allies, that his Maſter had to ratify the Preliminaries of a Treaty adjuſte Monſieur *Torcy*, ſet out for *Paris* on *Sunday* M 'The ſame Day the Foreign Miniſters met a Cor of the States General, where Monſieur *Van* opened the Buſineſs upon which they were aſſe and in a very warm Diſcourſe laid before them th duct of *France* in the late Negotiations, repreſent abject Manner in which the had laid open her c ſtreſſes, that reduced her to a Compliance with t mands of all the Allies, and her Meanneſs in r from thoſe Points to which Monſieur *Torcy* had co 'The reſpective Miniſters of each Potentate of Alliance ſeverally expreſſed their Reſentments of th leſs Behaviour of the *French*, and gave each oth tual Aſſurances of the Conſtancy and Reſolution c Principals, to proceed with the utmoſt Vigour the Common Enemy. His Grace the Duke o *borough* ſet out from the *Hague* on the 9th in the noon, and lay that Night at *Rotterdam*, from at Four the next Morning he proceeded towar *werp*, with a Deſign to reach *Ghent* the nex All the Troops in the *Low Countries* are in Mot wards the general Rendezvous between the *Scheld Lis*: The whole Army will be formed on the 1 ſtant: and 'tis ſaid, That on the 14th they v vance towards the Enemy's Country. In the 'Time, the Marſhal *de Villars* has aſſembled the Forces between *Lens*, *La Baſſée* and *Douay*.

YESTERDAY Morning Sir *John Norris*, v Squadron under his Command, ſailed from the for *Holland*.

From my own Apartment, June 3.

I HAVE the Honour of the following Letter from a Gentleman whom I receive into my Family, and order the Heralds at Arms to inrol him accordingly.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'THO' you have excluded me the Honour of your 'Family, yet I have ventured to correspond with 'the same great Persons as your self, and have wrote 'this Post to the King of *France*, though I am in a 'Manner unknown in his Country, and have not been 'seen there these many Months.

To *LEWIS le Grand*

Tho' in your Country I'm unknown,
Yet, Sir, I must advise you,
Of late so Poor and Mean you're grown,
That all the World despise you

Here Vermin eat your Majesty,
There meagre Subjects stand unfed,
What surer Signs of Poverty,
Than many Lice and little Bread?

Then, Sir, the present Minute chuse,
Our Armies are advanced,
Those Terms you at the *Hague* refuse,
At *Paris* won't be granted.

Consider this, and *Dunkirk* raze,
And *ANNA*'s Title own,
Send one Pretender out to graze,
And call the other home.

Your humble Servant,

Bread the Staff of Life.

N° 25. *Tuesday*, June 7. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, June 6.

A LETTER from a young Lady, written in the moſt paſſionate Terms, wherein ſhe laments the Misfortune of a Gentleman, her Lover, who was lately wounded in a Duel, has turned my Thoughts to that Subject, and inclined me to examine into the Cauſes which precipitate Men into ſo fatal a Folly. And as it has been propoſed to treat of Subjects of Gallantry in the Article from hence, and no one Point in Nature is more proper to be conſidered by the Company who frequent this Place than that of Duels, it is worth our Conſideration to examine into this chimerical groundleſs Humour, and to lay every other Thought aſide, till we have ſtripp'd it of all its falſe Pretences to Credit and Reputation amongſt Men.

BUT I muſt confeſs, when I conſider what I am going about, and run over in my Imagination all the endleſs Croud of Men of Honour who will be offended at ſuch a Diſcourſe; I am undertaking, methinks, a Work worthy an invulnerable Hero in Romance, rather than a private Gentleman with a ſingle Rapier: But as I am pretty well acquainted by great Opportunities with the Nature of Man, and know of a Truth that all Men fight *againſt their Will*, the Danger vaniſhes, and Reſolution riſes upon this Subject. For this Reaſon I ſhall talk very freely on a Cuſtom which all Men wiſh exploded, tho' no Man has Courage enough to reſiſt it.

BUT there is one unintelligible Word which I fear will extreamly perplex my Diſſertation; and I confeſs to you I find very hard to explain, which is the Term *Satisfaction*. An honeſt Country Gentleman had the Misfortune to fall into Company with two or three modern Men of Honour, where he happen'd to be very ill treated; and one of the Company being conſcious of his Offence, ſends a Note to him in the Morning, and tells him,

He

He was ready to give him Satisfaction. This is fine Doing (ſays the plain Fellow;) laſt Night he ſent me away curſedly out of Humour, and this Morning he fancies it would be a Satisfaction to be run through the Body.

AS the Matter at preſent ſtands, it is not to do handſome Actions denominates a Man of Honour, it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often ſee a common Sharper in Competition with a Gentleman of the firſt Rank; though all Mankind is convinced, that a fighting Gameſter is only a Pick pocket with the Courage of an Highway man. One cannot with any Patience reflect on the unaccountable Jumble of Perſons and Things in this Town and Nation, which occaſions very frequently, that a brave Man falls by a Hand below that of a Common Hangman, and yet his Executioner eſcapes the Clutches of the Hangman for doing it. I ſhall therefore hereafter conſider, how the braveſt Men in other Ages and Nations have behaved themſelves upon ſuch Incidents as we decide by Combate; and ſhew, from their Practice, that this Reſentment neither has its Foundation from true Reaſon or ſolid Fame; but is an Impoſture made up of Cowardice, Falſhood, and want of Underſtanding. For this Work, a good Hiſtory of Quarrels would be very edifying to the Publick, and I apply myſelf to the Town for Particulars and Circumſtances within their Knowledge, which may ſerve to embelliſh the Diſſertation with proper Cuts. Moſt of the Quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from ſome valiant Coxcomb's perſiſting in the Wrong, to defend ſome prevailing Folly, and preſerve himſelf from the Ingenuity of owning a Miſtake.

BY this Means it is called, *Giving a Man Satisfaction*, to urge your Offence againſt him with your Sword; which puts me in mind of *Peter*'s Order to the Keeper, in *The Tale of a Tub*: *If you neglect to do all this, damn you and your Generation for ever; and ſo we bid you heartily farewel.* If the Contradiction in the very Terms of one of our Challenges were as well explained and turned into downright *Engliſh*, would it not run after this Manner?

SIR,

• YOUR extraordinary Behaviour laſt Night, and the Liberty you were pleaſed to take with me, makes me this Morning give you this, to tell you, becauſe you are an ill bred Puppy, I will meet you in *Hyde Park* an Hour hence; and becauſe you want both Breeding and Humanity, I deſire you would come with a Piſtol in your Hand, on Horſeback, and endeavour to ſhoot me through the Head; to teach you more Manners. If you fail of doing me this Pleaſure, I ſhall ſay, you are a Raſcal, on every Poſt in Town: And ſo, Sir, if you will not injure me more, I ſhall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, Sir, do not fail of getting every Thing ready, and you will infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant, &c.

From my own Apartment, June 6.

AMONG the many Employments I am neceſſarily put upon by my Friends, that of giving Advice is the moſt unwelcome to me; and indeed, I am forced to uſe a little Art in the Manner; for ſome People will aſk Counſel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is ſtill under Deliberation. I had almoſt loſt a very good Friend t'other Day, who came to know how I liked his Deſign to marry ſuch a Lady; I anſwered, By no means; and I muſt be poſitive againſt it, for very ſolid Reaſons, which are not proper to communicate. Not proper to communicate! (ſaid he, with a grave Air) I will know the Bottom of this. I ſaw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by ſaying, To tell you the Truth, dear *Frank*, of all Women living, I would have her myſelf. *Ha!* ſaid he, Thou art too late, for we have been both one theſe two Months.

I LEARNED this Caution by a Gentleman's conſulting me formerly about his Son. He railed at his damn'd

damn'd Extravagance, and told me, In a very little time he would beggar him by the exorbitant Bills which came from *Oxford* every Quarter. *Make the Rogue bite upon the Bridle*, ſaid I, *pay none of his Bills, it will but encourage him to further Treſpaſſes.* He look'd plaguy ſour at me. His Son ſoon after ſent up a Paper of Verſes, forſooth, in Print on the laſt publick Occaſion; upon which, he is convinced the Boy has Parts, and a Lad of Spirit is not to be too much cramp'd in his Maintenance, leſt he take ill Courſes. Neither Father nor Son can ever ſince endure the Sight of me.

THESE Sort of People aſk Opinions, only out of the Fulneſs of their Heart on the Subject of their Perplexity, and not from a Deſire of Information.

THERE is nothing ſo eaſy as to find out which Opinion the Man in doubt has a Mind to; therefore the ſure Way is to tell him, that is certainly to be choſen. Then you are to be very clear and poſitive; leave no Handle for Scruple. Bleſs me! Sir, there's no room for a Queſtion. This rivets you into his Heart; for you at once applaud his Wiſdom, and gratify his Inclination. However, I had too much Bowels to be inſincere to a Man who came Yeſterday to know of me, with which of two eminent Men in the City he ſhould place his Son! Their Names are *Paulo* and *Avaro*. This gave me much Debate with myſelf, becauſe not only the Fortune of the Youth, but his Virtue alſo dependeth upon this Choice. The Men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the Uſe and Application of their Riches, which you immediately ſee upon entring their Doors.

THE Habitation of *Paulo* has at once the Air of a Nobleman and a Merchant. You ſee the Servants act with Affection to their Maſter, and Satisfaction in themſelves: The Maſter meets you with an open Countenance, full of Benevolence and Integrity: Your Buſineſs is diſpatched with that Confidence and Welcome, which always accompanies honeſt Minds: His Table is the Image of Plenty and Generoſity, ſupported by Juſtice and Frugality. After we had dined here, our Affair was to viſit *Avaro*: Out comes an awkward Fellow with a careful Countenance; Sir, would you ſpeak with my Maſter? May I crave your Name? After the firſt

Preamble, he leads us into a noble Solitude, a great Houſe that ſeemed uninhabited; but from the End of the ſpacious Hall moves towards us *Avaro*, with a ſuſpicious Aſpect, as if he believed us Thieves; and as for my Part, I approached him as if I knew him a Cut-purſe. We fell into Diſcourſe of his noble Dwelling, and the great Eſtate all the World knew he had to enjoy in it; And I, to plague him, fell a commending *Paulo*'s Way of Living. *Paulo*, anſwered *Avaro*, is a very good Man; but we who have ſmaller Eſtates, muſt cut our Coat according to our Cloth. Nay, ſays I, Every Man knows his own Circumſtances beſt; you are in the right, if you han't wherewithal. He look'd very ſour; (for it is, you muſt know, the utmoſt Vanity of a mean-ſpirited rich Man to be contradicted, when he calls himſelf poor.) But I was reſolved to vex him, by conſenting to all he ſaid; the main Deſign of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthieſt Men in *London*, and lived like a Beggar. We left him, and took a Turn upon the *Change*. My Friend was raviſhed with *Avaro*: This (ſaid he) is certainly a ſure Man. I contradicted him with much Warmth, and ſummed up their different Characters as well as I could. This *Paulo* (ſaid I) grows Wealthy by being a common Good; *Avaro*, by being a general Evil: *Paulo* has the Art, *Avaro* the Craft of Trade. When *Paulo* gains, all Men he deals with are the Better: Whenever *Avaro* profits, another certainly loſes. In a Word, *Paulo* is a Citizen, and *Avaro* a Cit. I convinced my Friend, and carried the young Gentleman the next Day to *Paulo*, where he will learn the Way both to gain and enjoy a good Fortune. And though I cannot ſay, I have, by keeping him from *Avaro*, ſav'd him from the Gallows, I have prevented his deſerving it every Day he lives: For with *Paulo* he will be an honeſt Man, without being ſo for fear of the Law; as with *Avaro*, he would have been a Villain within the Protection of it.

St. James's

St. James's Coffee-house, June 6.

WE hear from *Vienna* of the 1st Inſtant, That Baron *Imhoff*, who attended her Catholick Majeſty with the Character of Envoy from the Duke of *Wolfenbuttel*, was returned thither. That Miniſter brought an Account, That Major General *Stanhope*, with the Troops which embarked at *Naples*, was returned to *Barcelona*. We hear from *Berlin*, by Advices of the 8th Inſtant, That his *Pruſſian* Majeſty had received Intelligence from his Miniſter at *Dresden*, that the King of *Denmark* deſired to meet his Majeſty at *Magdeburg*. The King of *Pruſſia* has ſent Anſwer, That his preſent Indiſpoſition will not admit of ſo great a Journey; but has ſent the King a very preſſing Invitation to come to *Berlin* or *Potſdam*. Theſe Advices ſay, That the Miniſter of the King of *Sweden* has produced a Letter from his Maſter to the King of *Poland*, dated from *Butrean* the 30th of *March*, *O. S.* wherein he acquaints him, that he has been ſucceſsful againſt the *Muſcovites* in all the Occaſions which have happened ſince his March into their Country. Great Numbers have revolted to the *Swedes* ſince General *Mazeppa* went over to that Side; and as many as have done ſo, have taken ſolemn Oaths to adhere to the Intereſts of his *Swediſh* Majeſty.

ADVICES from the *Hague* of the 14th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That all Things tended to a vigorous and active Campaign; the Allies having ſtrong Reſentments againſt the late Behaviour of the Court of *France*; and the *French* uſing all poſſible Endeavours to animate their Men to defend their Country againſt a victorious and exaſperated Enemy. Monſieur *Rouille* had paſſed thro' *Bruſſels* without viſiting either the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene*, who were both there at that Time. The States have met, and publickly declared their Satisfaction in the Conduct of their Deputies during the whole Treaty. Letters from *France* ſay, That the Court is reſolved to put all to the Iſſue of the enſuing Campaign. In the mean time, they have ordered the Preliminary Treaty to be publiſhed, with Obſervations upon each Article, *in order* to quiet the Minds of the

People, and perſuade them, that it has not been in the Power of the King to procure a Peace, but to the Diminution of his Majeſty's Glory, and the Hazard of his Dominions. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arrived at *Ghent* on *Wedneſday* laſt, where, at an Aſſembly of all the General Officers, it was thought proper, by reaſon of the great Rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a Camp, or bringing the Troops together; but as ſoon as the Weather would permit, to march upon the Enemy with all Expedition.

♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣

N° 26. *Thurſday*, June 9. 1709.

From my own Apartment, June 8.

I Have read the following Letter with Delight and Approbation; and I hereby order Mr. *Kidner*, at *St. James's*, and Sir *Thomas* at *White's*, (who are my Clerks for inrolling all Men in their different Claſſes, before they preſume to drink Tea or Chocolate in thoſe Places) to take care, that the Perſons within the Deſcriptions in the Letter be admitted, and excluded according to my Friend's Remonſtrance.

SIR, *June* 6. 1709.

• YOUR Paper of *Saturday* has raiſed up in me a • noble Emulation, to be recorded in the foremoſt • Rank of Worthies therein mentioned; and if any Re• gard be had to Merit or Induſtry, I may hope to ſuc• ceed in the Promotion, for I have omitted no Toll or • Expence to be a Proficient; and if my Friends do not • flatter, they aſſure me, I have not loſt my Time ſince • I came to Town. To enumerate but a few Particulars: • there's hardly a Coachman I meet with, but deſires to • be excuſed taking me, becauſe he has had me before. • I have compounded two or three Rapes; and let out to • hire as many Ballards to Beggars. I never ſaw above • the firſt Act of a Play. And as to my Courage, it is

• well

'well known, I have more than once had ſufficient Wit
'neſſes of my drawing my Sword both in Tavern and
'Playhouſe. Dr. *Wall* is my particular Friend; and if
'it were any Service to the Publick to compoſe the Dif-
'ference between *Martin* and *Sintilaer* the *Pearl Driller*,
'I don't know a Judge of more Experience than my
'ſelf: For in that I may ſay with the Poet?

Quæ regio in villa noſtri non plena laboris?

'I omit other leſs Particulars, the neceſſary Conſe-
'quences of greater Actions. But my Reaſon for
'troubling you at this preſent is, to put a ſtop, if it
'may be, to an inſinuating increaſing Set of People, who
'ſticking to the *Letter* of your Treatiſe, and not to the
'Spirit of it, do aſſume the Name of *Pretty Fellows*,
'nay, and even get new Names, as you very well hint.
'Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I
'have ſat at *White's* and *St James's*, by the Names of
'*Betty*, *Nelly*, and ſo forth. You ſee them accoſt each
'other with effeminate Airs: They have their Signs
'and Tokens like Free Maſons: They rail at Woman
'kind; receive Viſits on their Beds in Gowns, and do a
'thouſand other unintelligible Prettineſſes that I cannot
'tell what to make of. I therefore heartily deſire you
'would exclude all this ſort of Animals.

'THERE is another Matter I am foreſeeing an ill
'Conſequence from, but may be timely prevented by
'Prudence; which is, that for the laſt Fortnight, pro-
'digious Shoals of Volunteers have gone over to bully
'the *French*, upon hearing the Peace was juſt ſigning;
'and this is ſo true, that I can aſſure you, all ingroſſing
'Work about the *Temple* is riſen above 3 *l.* in the
'Pound for want of Hands. Now as it is poſſible,
'ſome little Alteration of Affairs may have broken
'their Meaſures, and that they will poſt back again.
'I am under the laſt Apprehenſion, that theſe will, at
'their Returns, all ſet up for *Pretty Fellows*, and there-
'by confound all Merit and Service, and impoſe on us
'ſome new Alteration in our Nightcap Wigs and
'Pockets, unleſs you can provide a particular Cloſe for
'them. I cannot apply myſelf better than to you,

'and

' and I am ſure I ſpeak the Mind of a very great Num-
' ber, as deſerving as myſelf.

THE Pretenſions of this Correſpondent are worthy a particular Diſtinction; he cannot indeed be admitted as a *Pretty*, but is, what we more juſtly call a *Smart Fellow*. Never to pay at the Play-houſe is an Act of Frugality that lets you into his Character; and his Expedient in ſending his Children a-begging before they can go, are Characteriſtical Inſtances that he belongs to this Claſs. I never ſaw the Gentleman; but I know by his Letter, he hangs his Cane on his Button; and by ſome Lines of it he ſhould wear red-heel'd Shoes; which are eſſential Parts of the Habit belonging to the Order of *Smart Fellows*.

MY Familiar is returned with the following Letter from the *French* King.

Verſailles, June 13. 1709.

LEWIS *the Fourteenth to* Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I Have your Epiſtle, and muſt take the liberty to ſay, That there has been a Time, when there were generous Spirits in Great Britain, *who would not have ſuffer'd my Name to be treated with the Familiarity you think fit to uſe. I thought liberal Men would not be ſuch Time-ſervers, as to fall upon a Man becauſe his Friends are not in Power. But having ſome Concern for what you may tranſmit to Poſterity concerning me, I am willing to keep Terms with you, and make a Requeſt to you, which is, That you would give my Service to the Nineteenth Century, (if ever you or yours reach to them) and tell them, That I have ſettled all Matters between them and me by Monſieur* Boileau. *I ſhould be glad to ſee you here.*

IT is very odd, this Prince ſhould offer to invite me into his Dominions, or believe I ſhould accept the Invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he ſerved an ingenious Gentleman, a Friend of mine, whom he *hoiſ'd up* in the *Baſtile* for no Reaſon in the World,

but

but because he was a Wit, and feared he might mention him with Justice in some of his Writings. His Way is, That all Men of Sense are preferred, banished or impeached. He has indeed a sort of Justice in him, like that of the Gamesters: for if a Stander by ſees one at Play cheat, he has a Right to come in for Shares, as knowing the Mysteries of the Game

THIS is a very wise and just Maxim: and if I have not left at Mr. *Morphew's*, directed to me, Bank Bills for 200*l.* or more before this Day Seven night, I shall tell how *Tom Cash* got his Estate. I expect three hundred Pounds of Mr. *Nisbet*, for concealing all the Money he has lent to himself, and his landed Friend bound with him, at thirty *per Cent.* at his Scrivener's. Absolute Princes make People pay what they please in Deference to their Power: I do not know why I should not do the same, out of Fear or Respect to my Knowledge. I always preserve Decorums and Civilities to the Fair Sex: Therefore if a certain Lady, who left her Coach at the *New Exchange* Door in the *Strand*, and whipt down *Durham Yard* into a Boat with a young Gentleman for *Lamb Stairs*, I say, if she will send me word, that I may give the Fan which she dropped, and I found, to my Sister *Jenny*, there shall be no more said of it. I expect Hush Money to be regularly sent for every Folly in Vice any one commits in this whole Town; and hope, I may pretend to deserve it better than a Chamber Maid or a *Valet de Chambre*. They only whisper it to the little Set of their Companions; but I can tell it to all Men living or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my Readers to pay their Fines, or mend their Lives.

White's Chocolate-house, June 8.

MY Familiar being come from *France*, with an Answer to my Letter to *Louis* of that Kingdom, instead of going on in a Discourse of what he had seen in that Court, he put on the immediate Concern of a Guardian, and fell to inquiring into my Thoughts and Adventures since his Journey. As short as his Stay had been, I confessed I had had many Occasions for his Assistance in my Conduct: but communicated to him my Thoughts

Thoughts of putting all my Force againſt the horrid and ſenſeleſs Cuſtom of Duels: If it were poſſible, ſaid he, to laugh at Things in themſelves ſo deeply tragical as the impertinent Profuſion of human Life, I think I could divert you with a Figure I ſaw juſt after my Death, when the Philoſopher threw me, as I told you ſome Days ago, into the Pail of Water.

'YOU are to know, That when Men leave the 'Body, there are Receptacles for them as ſoon as they 'depart, according to the Manner in which they lived 'and died. At the very Inſtant I was killed, there 'came away with me a Spirit which had loſt its Body in 'a Duel. We were both examined. Me the whole Aſ-'ſembly looked at with Kindneſs and Pity, but at the 'ſame time with an Air of Welcome and Conſolation: 'They pronounced me very happy, who had died in 'Innocence; and told me, a quite different Place was 'allotted to me, than that which was appointed for my 'Companion; there being a great Diſtance from the 'Manſions of Fools and Innocents: Though at the ſame 'time, ſaid one of the Ghoſts, there is a great Affinity 'between an Idiot who has been ſo for a long Life, and 'a Child who departs before Maturity. But this Gen-'tleman who has arrived with you is a Fool of his own 'making, is ignorant out of Choice, and will fare ac-'cordingly. The Aſſembly began to flock about him, 'and one ſaid to him, Sir, I obſerved you came into 'the Gate of Perſons murdered, and I deſire to know, 'What brought you to your untimely End? He ſaid, 'He had been a Second. *Socrates* (who may be ſaid 'to have been murdered by the Commonwealth of *A-'thens*) ſtood by, and began to draw near him, in or-'der, after his Manner, to lead him into a Senſe of his 'Error by Conceſſions in his own Diſcourſe. *Sir*, ſaid 'that divine and amicable Spirit, *What was the Quar-'rel?* He anſwered, *We ſhall know very ſuddenly, 'when the Principal in the Buſineſs comes, for he was 'deſperately wounded before I fell. Sir*, ſaid the Sage, *Had you an Eſtate? Yes, Sir*, the new Gueſt anſwered, *I have left it in a very good Condition, and made my 'Will the Night before this Occaſion.* Did you read 'it before you ſigned it? *Yes ſure, Sir*, ſaid the new

'Comer,

Comer. *Socrates* replies, Could a Man, that would not give his Estate without reading the Instrument, dispose of his Life without asking a Question? That illustrious Shade turned from him, and a Crowd of impertinent Goblins, who had been Droles and Parasites in their Life time, and were knock'd on the head for their Sauciness, came about my Fellow Traveller, and made themselves very merry with Questions about the Words *Cart* and *Terce*, and other Terms of Fencers. But his Thoughts began to settle into Reflection upon the Adventure which had robbed him of his late Being. And with a wretched Sigh, said he, *How terrible are Conviction and Guilt, when they come too late for Penitence!*

Pacolet was going on in this Strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, "It was too soon to give my Discourse on this Subject so serious a Turn; you have chiefly to do with that Part of Mankind which must be led into Reflection by degrees, and you must treat this Custom with Humour and Raillery to get an Audience, before you come to pronounce Sentence upon it. There is Foundation enough for raising such Entertainments from the Practice on this Occasion. Don't you know that often a Man is called out of Bed to follow implicitly a Coxcomb (with whom he should not keep company on any other Occasion) to Rum and Death? Then a good List of such as are qualified by the Laws of these uncourteous Men of Chivalry to enter into Combat (who are often Persons of Honour without common Honesty). These, I say, ranged and drawn up in their proper Order, would give an Aversion to doing any thing in common with such as Men laugh at and contemn. But to go thro' this Work, you must not let your Thoughts vary, or make Excursions from your Theme. Consider at the same time, that the Matter has been often treated by the ablest and greatest Writers; yet that must not discourage you. For the properest Person to handle it, is one who has roved into mix'd Conversations, and must have Opportunities (which I shall give you) of seeing the Sort of Men in their Pleasures and Gratifications; among which, they pretend to reckon Fighting. It was pleasantly enough said

• of a Bully in *France*, when Duels firſt began to be
• puniſhed: The King has taken away Gaming and
• Stage-playing, and now Fighting too; how does he
• expect Gentlemen ſhall divert themſelves?

N° 27. *Saturday*, June 11. 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, June 9.

PACOLET being gone a ſtroling among the Men of the Sword, in order to find out the ſecret Cauſes of the frequent Diſputes we meet with, and furniſh me with Materials for my Treatiſe on Duelling; I have room left to go on in my Information to my Country Readers, whereby they may underſtood the bright People whoſe Memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my Diſcourſe of the 28th of the laſt Month, I omitted to mention the moſt agreeable of all bad Characters, and that is, a *Rake*.

A Rake is a Man always to be pitied; and if he lives, is one Day certainly reclaimed, for his Faults proceed not from Choice or Inclination, but from ſtrong Paſſions and Appetites, which are in Youth too violent for the Curb of Reaſon, good Senſe, good Manners, and good Nature: All which he muſt have by Nature and Education, before he can be allowed to be, or have been of this Order. He is a poor unwieldy Wretch, that commits Faults out of the Redundance of his good Qualities. His Pity and Compaſſion makes him ſometimes a Bubble to all his Fellows, let them be never ſo much below him in Underſtanding. His Deſires run away with him through the Strength and Force of a lively Imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful Pleaſures, before Reaſon has Power to come in to his Relief. Thus with all the good Intentions in the World to Amendment, this Creature ſins on againſt Heaven, himſelf, his Friends, and his Country, who all call for a better Uſe of his Talents. There is not a Being under the Sun ſo miſerable as this: He goes on in a Purſuit he himſelf diſapproves, and has

no

no Enjoyment but what is follow'd by Remorse; no Relief from Remorse, but the Repetition of his Crime. It is possible I may talk of this Person with too much Indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a Character which is the most the Object of Pity of any in the World. The Man in the Pangs of the Stone, Gout, or any acute Distemper, is not in so deplorable a Condition in the Eye of right Sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The Fellow with broken Limbs justly deserves your Alms for his impotent Condition; but he that can't use his own Reason is in a much worse State, for you see him in miserable Circumstances, with his Remedy at the same time in his own Possession, if he would or could use it. This is the Cause that, of all ill Characters, the Rake has the best Quarter in the World; for when he is himself, and unruffled with Intemperance, you see his natural Faculties exert themselves, and attract an Eye of Favour towards his Infirmities.

BUT if we look round us here, how many dull Rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor Man hates himself for? All the Noise towards six in the Evening is caused by his Mimicks and Imitators. How ought Men of Sense to be careful of their Actions, if it were merely from the Indignation of seeing themselves ill drawn by such little Pretenders? Not to say, he that leads is guilty of all the Actions of his Followers; and a Rake has Imitators, whom you would never expect should prove so. Second hand Vice sure of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a Folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for, (though it is what we see every Day) than that grave and honest Natures give into this Way, and at the same time have good Sense, if they thought fit to use it. But the Fatality (under which most Men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a Method, in which they might be received with Applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their Life have the Air of Strangers to what they aim at.

FOR this Reason, I have not lamented the Metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of *Nobilis*, who was born with Sweetness of Temper, just Apprehension, and every Thing else that might make him a Man fit for his

his Order. But inſtead of the Purſuit of ſober Studies and Applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a conſiderable Figure in the nobleſt Aſſembly of Men in the World; I ſay, in ſpight of that Good nature, which is his proper Bent, he will ſay ill-natur'd Things aloud, put ſuch as he was, and ſtill ſhould be, out of Countenance, and drown all the natural Good in him, to receive an artificial ill Character, in which he will never ſucceed, for *Nobilio* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much Wine as he pleaſes, talk Bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink Water-gruel, and go twice a Day to Church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, *Nobilio* is no Rake. To be of that Order, he muſt be vicious againſt his Will, and not to by Study or Application. All pretty Fellows are alſo excluded to a Man, as well as all Enamorato's, or Perſons of the Epicene Gender, who gaze at one another in the Preſence of Ladies. This Claſs, of which I am giving you an Account, is pretended to alſo by Men of ſtrong Abilities in Drinking; tho' they are ſuch whom the Liquor, not the Converſation, keeps together. But Blockheads may roar, fight and ſtab, and be never the nearer; there Labour is alſo loſt; they want Senſe: They are no Rakes.

AS a Rake among Men is the Man who lives in the conſtant Abuſe of his Reaſon, ſo a Coquet among Women is one who lives in continual Miſapplication of her Beauty. The Chief of all whom I have the Honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Miſs *Tell*: She is ever in practice of ſomething which diſfigures her, and takes from her Charms; though all ſhe does, tends to a contrary Effect. She has naturally a very agreeable Voice and Utterance, which ſhe has changed for the prettieſt Liſp imaginable. She ſees what ſhe has a mind to ſee at half a Mile diſtance; but poring with her Eyes half ſhut at every one ſhe paſſes by, ſhe believes much more becoming. The *Cupid* on her Fan and ſhe have their Eyes full on each other, all the Time in which they are not both in Motion. Whenever her Eye is turned from that dear Object, you may have a Glance, and your Bow, if ſhe is in Humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that muſt not be in the Preſence of a Man of greater

Quality.

Quality: For Miſs *Toſt* is ſo thoroughly well-bred, that the chief Perſon preſent has all her Regards. And ſhe who giggles at Divine Service, and laughs at her very Mother, can compoſe herſelf at the Approach of a Man of a good Eſtate.

Will's Coffee houſe, June 9.

A fine Lady ſhewed a Gentleman of this Company, for an eternal Anſwer to all his Addreſſes, a Paper of Verſes, with which ſhe is ſo captivated, that ſhe profeſs'd the Author ſhould be the happy Man in ſpite of all other Pretenders. It is ordinary for Love to make Men Poetical, and it had that Effect on this enamoured Man: But he was reſolved to try his Vein upon ſome of her Confidents or Retinue, before he ventured upon ſo high a Theme as herſelf. To do otherwiſe than ſo, would be like making an Heroick Poem a Man's firſt Attempt. Among the Favourites to the Fair One, he found her Parrot not to be in the laſt Degree: He ſaw *Poll* had her Ear, when his Sighs were neglected. To write againſt him had been a fruitleſs Labour; therefore he reſolved to flatter him into his Intereſt in the following Manner:

To a Lady on her Parrot.

When Nymphs were coy, and Love could not prevail,
The Gods diſguis'd were never known to fail:
Leda was chaſte, but yet a feather'd Jove
Surpriz'd the Fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no Celeſtial but his Heaven would quit,
For any Form which might to thee admit.
See how the wanton Bird, at ev'ry Glance,
Swells his glad Plumes, and feels an am'rous Trance;
The Queen of Beauty has forſook the Dove:
Henceforth the Parrot be the Bird of Love.

IT is indeed a very juſt Propoſition, to give that Honour rather to the Parrot than the other Volatile. The Parrot repreſents us in the State of making Love: The Dove, in the Poſſeſſion of the Object beloved. But inſtead of turning the Dove off, I fancy it would be better

if the Chaiſe of *Venus* had hereafter a Parrot added, (as we ſee ſometimes a third Horſe to a Coach) which might intimate, That to be a Parrot, is the only Way to ſucceed; and to be a Dove, to preſerve your Conqueſts. If the Swain would go on ſucceſsfully, he muſt imitate the Bird he writes upon: For he who would be loved by Women, muſt never be ſilent before the Favour, or open his Lips after it.

From my own Apartment, June 10.

I have ſo many Meſſages from young Gentlemen who expect Preferment and Diſtinction, that I am wholly at a loſs in what Manner to acquit my ſelf. The Writer of the following Letter tells me in a Poſtſcript, he cannot go out of Town till I have taken ſome Notice of him, and is very urgent to be Some body in it, before he returns to his Commons at the Univerſity. But take it from himſelf.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq; Monitor-General of *Great Britain*.

SIR, Sheer-Lane, *June* 8.

I Have been above ſix Months from the Univerſity, of Age theſe three Months, and ſo long in Town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy *near the* Temple, *who has ſupplied me with all the Furniture he ſays a Gentleman ought to have. I deſired a Certificate thereof from him, which he ſaid would require ſome Time to conſider of; and when I went Yeſterday Morning for it, he tells me, upon due Conſideration, I ſtill want ſome few odd Things more, to the Value of threeſcore or fourſcore Pounds, to make me complete. I have beſpoke them; and the Favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipp'd, in what Part or Claſs of Men in this Town you will place me. Pray ſend me word what I am, and you ſhall find me.*

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Jeffry Nicknack.

I am very willing to encourage young Beginners; but am extremely in the dark how to diſpoſe of this Gentleman. I cannot ſee either his Perſon or Habit in this Letter; but I'll call at *Charles's*, and know the Shape of his Snuff Box, by which I can ſettle his Character. Though indeed, to know his full Capacity, I ought to be informed whether he takes *Spaniſh* or *Muſty*.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 10.

LETTERS from the *Low-Countries* of the 17th Inſtant ſay, That the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Prince of *Savoy* intended to leave *Ghent* on that Day, and join the Army which lies between *Pont d'Eſpiere* and *Courtray*, their Head-Quarters being at *Helchin*. The ſame Day the *Palatine* Foot were expected at *Bruſſels*. Lieutenant General *Dompre*, with a Body of eight thouſand Men, is poſted at *Aloſt*, in order to cover *Ghent* and *Bruſſels*. The Marſhal *de Villars* was ſtill on the Plain of *Lens*; and it is ſaid the Duke of *Vendoſme* is appointed to command in conjunction with that General. Advices from *Paris* ſay, Monſieur *Voiſin* is made Secretary of State, upon Monſieur *Chamillard's* Reſignation of that Employment. The Want of Money in that Kingdom is ſo great, that the Court has thought fit to command all the Plate of private Families to be brought into the Mint. They write from the *Hague* on the 18th, That the States of *Holland* continue their Seſſions; and that they have approved the Reſolution of the States General, to publiſh a ſecond Edict to prohibit the Sale of Corn to the Enemy. Many eminent Perſons in that Aſſembly have declared that they are of opinion, that all Commerce whatſoever with *France* ſhould be wholly forbidden: Which Point is under preſent Deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful Oppoſition.

N° 28. *Tueſday*, June 14. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 13.

I Had ſuſpended the Buſineſs of Duelling to a
Time, but that I am called upon to declare m
on a Point propoſed in the following Letter.

SIR, June 9. at I

*I Deſire the Favour of you to decide this Queſtion,
ther calling a Gentleman a* Smart Fellow, *is a
front or not? A Youth entering a certain Coffee
with his Cane tied at his Button, wearing red-heel'd
I thought of your Deſcription, and could not forbear
a Friend of mine next to me, There enters a Smart F
The Gentleman hearing it, had immediately a mind
a Quarrel with me, and deſired Satisfaction: At
I was more puzzled than at the other, remembring
Mention your Familiar maker of thoſe that had loſt
Lives on ſuch Occaſions. The Thing is referred t
Judgment, and I expect you to be my Second, ſin
have been the Cauſe of our Quarrel.* I am,

SIR,

Your Friend and humble Ser

I abſolutely pronounce, That there is no Occa
Offence given in this Expreſſion; for a *Smart Fel*
always an Appellation of Praiſe, and is a Man o
ble Capacity. The true Caſt or Mould in whi
may be ſure to know him, is, when his Liveliho
Education is in the Civil Liſt, and you ſee him e
a Vivacity or Mettle above the Way he is in by
tle Jerk in his Motion, ſhort Trip in his Steps,
fancied Lining of his Coat, or any other Indi
which may be given in a vigorous Dreſs. Now,
poſſible Inſinuation can there be, that 'tis a Ca
Quarrel for a Man to ſay, he allows a Gentleman
to be, what he, his Taylor, his Hoſier, and his M

have conspired to make him? I confess, if this Person who appeals to me had said, He was *not a Smart Fellow*, there had been Cause for Lamentation; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of Ground for Misunderstanding. Indeed it is a most lamentable Thing, that there should be a Dispute raised upon a Man's saying another is, what he plainly takes Pains to be thought.

BUT this Point cannot be so well adjusted, as by inquiring what are the Sentiments of wise Nations and Communities, of the Use of the Sword, and from thence conclude, Whether it is honourable to draw it so frequently or not? An illustrious Commonwealth of *Italy* has preserved it self for many Ages, without letting one of their Subjects handle this destructive Instrument; always leaving that Work to such of Mankind as make Hand the Life of a whole Skin so little, as to make a Profession of exposing it to Cuts and Scars.

BUT what need we run to such foreign Influence? Our own ancient and well governed Cities are conspicuous Examples to all Mankind in their Regulation of military Atchievements. The chief Citizens, like the noble *Italians*, hire Mercenaries to carry Arms in their Stead; and you shall have a Fellow of a deliberate Fortune, for the Gain of one Half Crown, go through all the Dangers of *Turtle Fields*, or the *Artillery Ground*, clap his right Jaw within two Inches of the Touch hole of a Musquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little Concern as he tears a Pullet. Thus you see to what Decrees of Danger these Mercenaries arrive, out of a mere Love of bodily Pain. But methinks it should take off the strong Prepossession Men have in favour of bold Actions, when they see upon what low Motives Men aspire to them. Do but observe the common Practice in the Government of these heroick Nations, our Militia and Lieutenancies, the most ancient Corps of Soldiers perhaps in the Universe. I question, Whether there is one Instance of an Animosity between any two of these illustrious Bons of *Mars* since their Institution, which was decided by Combat? I remember indeed to have read the Chronicle of an Accident which had like to have occasioned Bloodshed in the very Field before

before all the General Officers, though moſt of them were Juſtices of the Peace. Captain *Crabtree* of *Birchin-Lane*, Haberdaſher, had drawn a Bill upon Major-General *Maggot*, Cheeſemonger in *Thames-Street*. *Crabtree* draws this upon Mr. *William Maggot* and *Company*. A Country Lad received this Bill, and not underſtanding the Word *Company*, uſed in drawing Bills on Men in Partnerſhip, carried it to Mr. *Jeffery Stitch* of *Crooked-Lane* (Lieutenant of the Major General's Company) whom he had the Day before ſeen march by the Door in all the Pomp of his Commiſſion. The Lieutenant accepts it, for the Honour of the Company, ſince it had come to him. But Repayment being aſked from the Major General, he abſolutely refuſes. Upon this the Lieutenant thinks of nothing leſs than to bring this to a Rupture, and takes for his Second *Tobias Armſtrong* of the *Counter*, and ſends him with a Challenge in a Scrip of Parchment, wherein was written, *Stitch contra Maggot*, and all the Fury vaniſhed in a Moment. The Major General gives Satisfaction to the Second, and all was well.

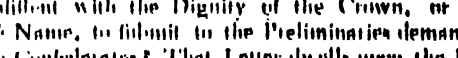
HENCE it is, that the bold Spirits of our City are kept in ſuch Subjection to the Civil Power. Otherwiſe, Where would our Liberties ſoon be, if Wealth and Valour were ſuffered to exert themſelves with their utmoſt Force? If ſuch Officers as are employed in the terrible Bands above mentioned, were to draw Bills as well as Swords; theſe dangerous Captains, who could victual an Army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the State. But the Point of Honour juſtly gives way to that of Gain; and by long and wiſe Regulation, the richeſt is the braveſt Man. I have known a Captain riſe to a Colonel in two Days by the Fall of Stocks; and a Major, my good Friend, neat the *Mansion*, aſcended to that Honour by the Fall of the Price of Spirits, and the riſing of right *Nants*. By this true Senſe of Honour, that Body of Warriours are ever in good Order and Diſcipline, with their Colours and Coats all whole. As in other Battalions (where their Principles of Action are leſs ſolid) you ſee the Men of Service look like Spectres, with long Sides and lank Cheeks. In the Army you may meaſure a Man's Services by his

Waiſt,

was to rendezvous the same Day. Advices from *Paris* inform us, That the Marshal *de Berwick* is appointed to command in *Dauphiné*, and that the Duke of *Berwick* is set out for *Spain*, with a Design to follow the Fortunes of the Duke of *Anjou*, in case the *French* King should comply with the late Demands of the Allies.

THE Court of *France* has sent a Circular Letter to all the Governors of the Provinces, to recommend to their Consideration his Majesty's late Conduct in the Affair of Peace. It is thought fit in that Epistle, to condescend to a certain Appeal to the People, Whether it is confident with the Dignity of the Crown, or the *French* Name, to submit to the Preliminaries demanded by the Confederates? That Letter dwells upon the Unreasonableness of the Allies, in requiring his Majesty's Assistance in dethroning his Grandson; and treats this Particular in Language more suitable to it, as it is a Topick of Oratory, than a real Circumstance on which the Interests of Nations, and Reasons of State, which affect all *Europe*, are concerned.

THE Close of this Memorial seems to prepare the People to expect all Events, attributing the Confidence of the Enemy to the Goodness of their Troops; but acknowledging, that his sole Dependance is upon the Intervention of Providence.



N° 29. *Thursday*, June 16. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, June 14.

HAVING a very solid Respect for Human Nature, however it is distorted from its natural Make, by Affectation, Humour, Custom, Misfortune or Vice, I do apply myself to my Friends to help me in raising Arguments for preserving it in all its Individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my Letters on this Subject, I have received the following Answer:

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were Juſtices of the Peace. C
ing-Lane, Haberdaſher, had dra
General *Maggot*, Cheeſemonger i
tree draws this upon Mr. *Willia*
A Country Lad received this Bi
ing the Word *Company*, uſed in d
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ful for the State But the Point
way to that of Gain; and by l
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a Captain riſe to a Colonel in tw
Stocks; and a Major, my good F
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Thurſday, June 16. 1709.

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SIR,

IN anſwer to your Queſtion, Why Men of Senſe, Virtue and Experience, are ſeen ſtill to comply with that ridiculous Cuſtom of Duelling? I muſt deſire you to reflect, that Cuſtom has diſh'd up in Ruffs the wiſeſt Heads of our Anceſtors, and put the Beſt of the preſent Age into huge Falbala Periwigs. Men of Senſe would not impute ſuch Incumbrances on themſelves, but be glad they might ſhew their Faces decently in Publick upon eaſier Terms. If then ſuch Men appear reaſonable Slaves to the Faſhion, in what regards the Figure of their Perſons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at leaſt ſo in what ſeems to touch their Reputation. Beſides, you can't be ignorant, that Duels and Chivalry have been always encouraged by the Ladies, as the two principal Branches of Gallantry. It is to avoid being ſneer'd at for his Singularity, and from a Deſire to appear more agreeable to his Miſtreſs, that a wiſe, experienced and polite Man, complies with the Deſis commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his Reaſon and Principles, in hazarding his Life and Eſtate by a Tilt, as well as ſuffering his Pleaſures to be confounded and ſower'd by the conſtant Apprehenſion of a Quarrel. This is the more ſurpriſing, becauſe Men of the moſt delicate Senſe and Principles have naturally in other Caſes a particular Repugnance in accommodating themſelves to the Maxims of the World: But one may eaſily diſtinguiſh the Man that is affected with Beauty, and the Reputation of a Tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are impoſed upon him by Cuſtom; for in the Former you'd remark an Air of Vanity and Triumph; whereas when the Latter appears in a long Duvillier full of Powder, or has decided a Quarrel by the Sword, you may perceive in his Face, that he appeals to Cuſtom for an Excuſe. I think it may not be improper to inquire into the Genealogy of this Chimerical Monſter, called a Duel, *which I take to be an illegitimate Species of the ancient Knight Errantry. By the Laws of this Whim, the Heroick Perſon, or Man of Gallantry, was indiſpenſably obliged to ſtarve in Armour a certain Number of Years in the Chaſe of Monſters, encounter them at the Peril of his Life, and ſuffer greater Hardſhips, in order to*

gain

gain the Affection of the fair Lady, and qualify himself for assuming the Bel Air; that is, of a pretty Fellow, or Man of Honour according to the Evidence. But since the publishing of Don Quixot, *and Extinction of the Race of Dragons, which* Suetonius *says happened in that of* Wantley, *the gallant and heroick Spirits of these later Times have been under the Necessity of creating new chimerical Monsters to entertain themselves with, by way of single Combat, as the only Proofs they are able to give their own Sex, and the Ladies, that they are in all Points Men of nice Honour. But to do Justice to the ancient and real Monsters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not of a Humour to hunt for them in Woods and Desarts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern Monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the Courts and Cities of* Europe, *(except* France*) that one can scarce be in the most humanized Society without risking one's Life; the People of the best Sort, and the fine Gentlemen of the Age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any publick Place without one. I have some further Considerations upon this Subject, which as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you, by Sir, a Cousin but one Remove from the best Family of the Staffs, namely,*

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

Kinsman and Friend,

Tim. Switch.

IT is certain Mr. *Switch* has hit upon the true Source of this Evil; and that it proceeds only from the Force of Custom that we contradict ourselves in half the Particulars and Occurrences of Life. But such a Tyranny in Love, which the Fair impose upon us, is a little too severe, that we must demonstrate our Affection for them by no certain Proof but Hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an Estate) by Survivorship. This way of Application to gain a Lady's Heart, is taking her as we do Towns and Castles, by distressing the Place, and letting none come near them without our Pass. Were such a Lover once to write the Truth of his Heart, and let her know his

whole Thoughts, he would appear indeed to h
Paſſion for her; but it would hardly be called
The *Billet-Doux* would run to this Purpoſe:

MADAM,

I HAVE ſo tender a Regard for you, and you
tereſts, that I'll knock any Man on the Head w
obſerve to be of my Mind, and like you. Mr. Tru
the other Day, looked at you in ſo languiſhing a Ma
that I am reſolved to run him through to Morrow Mo
This, I think, he deſerves for his Guilt in admiring
Than which I cannot have a greater Reaſon for mur
him, except it be that you alſo approve him. If
ſays he dies for you, I will make his Words good,
will kill him. I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,
Moſt Humble Serv

From my own Apartment, June 14.

I am juſt come hither at ten at Night, and hav
ſince ſix been in the moſt celebrated, though moſ
ſeous Company in Town: The two Leaders of th
ciety were a Critick and a Wit. Theſe two G
men are great Opponents on all Occaſions, not diſce
that they are the neareſt each other in Temper an
lents, of any two Claſſes of Men in the World
to profeſs Judgment and to profeſs Wit, both ariſe
the ſame Failure, which is want of Judgment.
Poverty of the Critick this way, proceeds fro
Abuſe of his Faculty; that of the Wit, from the
glect of it. It is a particular Obſervation I have
made, That of all Mortals a Critick is the ſi
ſor by inuring himſelf to examine all Things,
ther they are of Conſequence or not, he never
upon any Thing but with a Deſign of paſſing Se
upon it; by which Means he is never a Comp
but always a Cenſor. This makes him earneſt
Trifles, and diſpute on the moſt indifferent Oc
with vehemence. If he offers to ſpeak or write
Talent which ſhould approve the Work of the

Fac

Faculties, prevents their Operation. He comes upon Action in Armour, but without Weapons; he ſtands in Safety, but can gain no Glory. The Wit, on the other Hand, has been hurried ſo long away by Imagination only, that Judgment ſeems not to have ever been one of his natural Faculties. This Gentleman takes himſelf to be as much obliged to be Merry, as the other to be Grave. A thorough Critick is a Sort of Puritan in the polite World. As an Enthuſiaſt in Religion ſtumbles at the ordinary Occurrences of Life, if he cannot quote Scripture Examples on the Occaſion; ſo the Critick is never ſafe in his Speech or Writings, without he has among the celebrated Writers an Authority for the Truth of his Sentence. You will believe we had a very good Time with theſe Brethren, who were ſo far out of the Dreſs of their native Country, and ſo loſt in its Dialect, that they were as much Strangers to themſelves, as to their Relation to each other. They took up the whole Diſcourſe; ſometimes the Critick grew paſſionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any Trip or Heſitation in his Voice, he would anſwer, Mr. *Dryden* makes ſuch a Character on ſuch an Occaſion break off in the ſame Manner; ſo that the Stop was according to Nature; and as a Man in a Paſſion ſhould do. The Wit, who is as far gone in Letters as himſelf, ſeems to be at a Loſs to anſwer ſuch an Apology; and concludes only, that though his Anger is juſtly vented, it wants Fire in the Utterance. If Wit is to be meaſured by the Circumſtances of Time and Place, there is no Man has generally ſo little of that Talent, as he who is a Wit by Profeſſion. What he ſays, inſtead of ariſing from the Occaſion, has an Occaſion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other Reaſon, but that he talks like no body elſe; but has taken up a Method of his own, without Commerce of Dialogue with other People. The lively *Jaſper Dactyle* is one of this Character. He ſeems to have made a Vow to be witty to his Life's end. When you meet him, What do you think, ſays he, I have been entertaining my ſelf with? Then out comes a premeditated Turn; to which it is to no Purpoſe to anſwer, for he goes on in the ſame Strain of Thought he deſigned

ſigned without your ſpeaking. Therefore I have a general Anſwer to all he can ſay; as, *Sure there never was any Creature had ſo much Fire! Spondee*, who is a Critick, is ſeldom out of this fine Man's Company. They have no manner of Affection for each other, but keep together, like *Novel* and *Oldfox* in the *Plain Dealer*, becauſe they ſhew each other. I know ſeveral Men of Senſe who can be diverted with this Couple; but I ſee no Curioſity in the Thing, except it be, that *Spondee* is dull, and ſeems dull; but *Dactyle* is heavy with a brisk Face. It muſt be own'd alſo, that *Dactyle* has almoſt Vigour enough to be a Coxcomb; but *Spondee*, by the Lowneſs of his Conſtitution, is only a Blockhead.

St. James's Coffee houſe, June 15.

WE have no Particulars of Moment ſince our laſt, except it be, that the Copy of the following original Letter came by the Way of *Oſtend*. It is ſaid to have been found in the Cloſet of Monſieur *Chamillard*, the late Secretary of State of *France* ſince his Diſgrace. It was ſigned by two Brothers of the famous *Cavalier*, who led the *Cevennois*, and had a perſonal Interview with the King, as well as a Capitulation to lay down his Arms, and leave the Dominions of *France*. There are many other Names to it; among whom is the chief of the Family of the Marquis *Guiſcard*. It is not yet known, whether Monſieur *Chamillard* had any real Deſign to favour the Proteſtant Intereſt, or only thought to place himſelf at the Head of that People, to make himſelf conſiderable enough to oppoſe his Enemies at Court, and to inflate himſelf in Power there.

SIR,

"WE have read your Majeſty's * Letter to the Governors of your Provinces, with Inſtructions "what Sentiments to inſinuate into the Minds of your

* *Soon after the Breaking off of the late Treaty of Peace, the* French *King diſperſed a Letter through his Dominions, wherein he ſhews the Reaſons why he could not ratify the Preliminaries.* Vide *the publick News Papers of this Date.*

" People

' People: But as you have always acted upon the
' Maxim, That we were made for you, and not you
' for us; we muſt take leave to aſſure your Majeſty,
' that we are exactly of the contrary Opinion, and muſt
' deſire you to tend for your Grandſon home, and ac-
' quaint him, that you now know by Experience, abſolute
' Power is only a Vertigo in the Brain of Princes, which
' for a time may quicken their Motion, and double
' in their diſeaſed Sight the Inſtances of Power above
' them; but muſt end in their Fall and Deſtruction.
' Your Memorial ſpeaks a good Father of your Fa-
' mily, but a very ill one of your People. Your Ma-
' jeſty is reduced to hear Truth when you are obliged
' to ſpeak it. 'Tis in no governing any but Savages
' by other Methods than their own Conſent, which
' you ſeem to acknowledge, in appealing to us for our
' Opinion of your Conduct in treating of Peace. Had
' your People been always of your Counſel, the King
' of *France* had never been reduced to low, as to ac-
' knowledge his Arms were fallen into Contempt. But
' ſince it is thus, we muſt ask, How is any Man of
' *France*, but they of the Houſe of *Bourbon*, the laſt-
' er that *Philip* is King of *Spain*? We have out-
' grown that folly of placing our Happineſs in your
' Majeſty's being called, *The Great*. Therefore as you
' and we are all alike * Bankrupts, and undone, let us
' not deceive ourſelves, but compound with our Adver-
' ſaries, and not talk like their Equals. Your Majeſty
' muſt forgive us, that we cannot with you ſucceed, or
' lend you help; for if you take one Battle more, we
' may have an hand in the Peace you make, and
' doubt not but your Majeſty's Faith in Treaties will re-
' quire the Ratification of the States of your Kingdoms.
' So we bid you heartily farewel, till we have the ho-
' nour to meet you aſſembled in Parliament. 'This
' happy Expectation makes us willing to wait the Event
' of another Campaign, from whence we hope to ha-

* N. B. *Monſieur* Bernard, *and the chief Bankers of* France, *became Bankrupts about this time.*

' raiſed from the Miſery of Slaves to the Privileg
' Subjects. We are,

Your Majeſty's
Truly faithful and
Loyal Subjects, &

N° 30. *Saturday*, June 18. 1709.

From my own Apartment, June 16.

THE Vigilance, the Anxiety, the Tende which I have for the good People of *Eng* I am perſuaded, will in time be much commer but I doubt whether they will ever be rewarded. I ever, I muſt go on cheerfully in my Work of I mation: That being my great Deſign, I am ſtudi prevent my Labour's increaſing upon me; thereſo particularly obſervant of the Temper and Inclinati Childhood and Youth, that we may not give Vic Folly ſupplies from the growing Generation. hardly to be imagined, how uſeful this Study is what great Evils or Benefits ariſe from putting us i tender Years to what we are fit or unfit: The on *Tueſday* laſt (with a Deſign to ſound their In tions) I took three Lads, who are under my Gua ſhip, a rambling, in a Hackney Coach, to ſhew the Town, as the Lions, the Tombs, *Bedlam*, an other Places which are Entertainments to raw M becauſe they ſtrike forcibly on the Fancy. The

Brother, says my Boy *Jack*, You do not shew your Manners much in contradicting my Uncle *Isaac*? You queer Cur, says Mr *William*, Do you think my Uncle takes any notice of such a dull Rogue as you are? Mr. *William* goes on; He is the most stupid of all my Mother's Children. He knows nothing of his Book; When he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his Taws and Marbles, or laying up Farthings. His Way of Thinking is, four and twenty Farthings makes Sixpence, and two Sixpences a Shilling, two Shillings and Sixpence, Half a Crown, and two Half Crowns five Shillings. So within these two Months, the close Hunks has scrap'd up twenty Shillings, and we'll make him spend it all before he comes home. *Jack* immediately claps his Hands into both Pockets, and turns as pale as Ashes. There is nothing touches a Parent (and such I am to *Jack*) so nearly as a provident Conduct. This Lad has in him the true Temper for a good Husband, a kind Father, and an honest Executor. All the great People you see make considerable Figures on the Change, in Court, and sometimes in Senates, are such as in reality have no greater Faculty than what may be called human Instinct, which is a natural Tendency to their own Preservation, and that of their Friends, without being capable of striking out of the Road for Adventures. There's Sir *William Scrip* was of this sort of Capacity from his Childhood; He has bought the Country round him, and makes a Bargain better than Sir *Harry Wildfire*, with all his Wit and Humour. Sir *Harry* never wants Money but he comes to *Scrip*, laughs at him half an Hour, and then gives Bond for t'other Thousand. The close Men are incapable of placing Merit any where but in their Pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger Capacities, are diverted from the Pursuit by Enjoyments, which can be supported only by that Cash which they despise, and therefore are in the End Slaves to their Inferiors both in Fortune and Understanding. I once heard a Man of excellent Sense observe, That more Affairs in the World failed by being in the Hands of Men of too large Capacities for their Business, than by being in the Conduct of such as wanted Abilities to execute them. *Jack*

therefore

therefore being of a plodding Make, ſhall be a Citizen; and I deſign him to be the Refuge of the Family in their Diſtreſs, as well as their Jeſt in Proſperity. His Brother *Will.* ſhall go to *Oxford* with all ſpeed, where, if he does not arrive at being a Man of Senſe, he will ſoon be informed wherein he is a Coxcomb. There is in that Place ſuch a true Spirit of Raillery and Humour, that if they can't make you a wiſe Man, they will certainly let you know you are a Fool; which is all my Couſin wants, to ceaſe to be ſo. Thus having taken theſe two out of the Way, I have Leiſure to look at my third Lad. I obſerve in the young Rogue a natural Subtilty of Mind, which diſcovers itſelf rather in forbearing to declare his Thoughts on any Occaſion, than in any viſible Way of exerting himſelf in Diſcourſe. For which Reaſon I will place him where, if he commits no Faults, he may go farther than thoſe in other Stations, though they excel in Virtues. The Boy is well faſhioned, and will eaſily fall into a graceful Manner; wherefore I have a Deſign to make him a Page to a great Lady of my Acquaintance; by which Means he will be well ſkilled in the common Modes of Life, and make a greater Progreſs in the World by that Knowledge than with the greateſt Qualities without it. A good Mien in a Court will carry a Man greater Lengths than a good Underſtanding in any other Place. We ſee a World of Pains taken, and the beſt Years of Life ſpent in collecting a Set of Thoughts in a College for the Conduct of Life; and after all, the Man ſo qualified ſhall heſitate in his Speech to a good Suit of Clothes, and want common Senſe before an agreeable Woman. Hence it is, that Wiſdom, Valour, Juſtice and Learning, can't keep a Man in countenance that is poſſeſſed with theſe Excellencies, if he wants that inferior Art of Life and Behaviour, called Good breeding. A Man endowed with great Perfections without this, is like one who has his Pockets full of Gold, but always wants Change for his ordinary Occaſions.

Will Courtly is a living Inſtance of this Truth, and has had the ſame Education which I am giving my Nephew. He never ſpoke a Thing but what was ſaid before, and yet can converſe with the witticſt Men without

out being ridiculous. Among the Learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wife, indiscreet Living in Converſation from his Infancy, makes him no where at a loſs; and a long Familiarity with the Perſons of Men, is in a manner of the ſame Service to him, as if he knew their Arts. As Ceremony is the Invention of wiſe Men, to keep Fools at a diſtance, ſo Good breeding is an Expedient to make Fools and wiſe Men Equals.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 17.

THE Suſpenſion of the Playhouſe has made me have nothing to ſend you from hence; but calling here this Evening, I found the Party I uſually ſit with, upon the Buſineſs of Writing, and examining what was the handſomeſt Style in which to addreſs Women and write Letters of Gallantry. Many were the Opinions which were immediately declared on this Subject. Some were for a certain Softneſs; ſome for I know not what Delicacy; others for ſomething inexpreſſibly tender. When it came to me, I ſaid there was no Rule in the World to be made for writing Letters, but that of being as near what you ſpeak Face to Face as you can; which is ſo great a Truth, that I am of Opinion, Writing has loſt more Miſtreſſes than any one Miſtake in the whole Legend of Love. For when you write to a Lady for whom you have a ſolid and honourable Paſſion, the great Idea you have of her, joined to a quick Senſe of her Abſence, fills your Mind with a ſort of Tenderneſs, that gives your Language too much the Air of Complaint, which is ſeldom ſucceſsful. For a Man may flatter himſelf as he pleaſes, but he will find that the Women have more Underſtanding in their own Affairs than we have, and Women of Spirit are not to be won by Mourners. He that can keep handſomely within Rules, and ſupport the Carriage of a Companion to his Miſtreſs, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her ſee the whole Reſolution of his Life depends upon her. If poſſible therefore divert your Miſtreſs rather than ſigh for her. The pleaſant Man ſhe will deſire for her own ſake; but the languiſhing Lover has nothing to hope from, but her Pity. To ſhew the Difference, I

produced

produced two Letters a Lady gave me, which had been writ by two Gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed the next Day after the Date, at the Battle of *Almanza*. One of them was a mercurial gay-humour'd Man; the other a Man of a ſerious, but a great and gallant Spirit. Poor *Jack Careleſs!* This is his Letter: You ſee how it is folded: The Air of it is ſo negligent, one might have read half of it, by peeping into it without breaking it open. He had no Exactneſs.

MADAM,

'IT is a very pleaſant Circumſtance I am in, that 'while I ſhould be thinking of the good Company 'we are to meet within a Day or two, where we ſhall 'go to Loggerheads, my Thoughts are running upon a 'fair Enemy in *England*. I was in hopes I had left you 'there, but you follow the Camp, though I have en-'deavoured to make ſome of our Leaguer Ladies drive 'you out of the Field. All my Comfort is, you are 'more troubleſome to my Colonel than my ſelf: I per-'mit you to viſit me only now and then; but he down-'right keeps you. I laugh at his Honour, as far as his 'Gravity will allow me; but I know him to be a Man 'of too much Merit to ſucceed with a Woman. There-'fore defend your Heart as well as you can. I ſhall come 'home this Winter irreſiſtibly dreſs'd, and with quite a 'new Foreign Air. And ſo I had like to ſay, I reſt, 'but, alas! I remain,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt humble Servant,

John Careleſs.

NOW for Colonel *Conſtant*'s Epiſtle; you ſee it is folded and directed with the utmoſt Care.

MADAM,

'I DO my ſelf the Honour to write to you this 'Evening, becauſe I believe To-morrow will be a 'Day of Battle, and ſomething forebodes in my Breaſt 'that I ſhall fall in it. If it proves ſo, I hope you 'will hear, I have done nothing below a Man who

'had

" had the Love of his Country, quickened by a Passion
" for a Woman of Honour. If there be any Thing no-
" ble in going to a certain Death; if there be any Me-
" rit, that I meet it with pleasure, by promising my self
" a Place in your Esteem; if your Applause, when I
" am no more, is preferable to the most glorious Life
" without you. I say, Madam, if any of these Conside-
" rations can have weight with you, you will give me
" a kind Place in your Memory, which I prefer to the
" Glory of *Cæsar*. I hope this will be read as it is
" writ, with Tears.

THE beloved Lady is a Woman of a sensible Mind; but she has confess'd to me, that after all her true and solid Value for *Constant*, she had much more Concern for the Loss of *Carelets*. Those noble and serious Spirits have something equal to the Adversities they meet with, and consequently lessen the Objects of Pity. Great Accidents seem not cut out so much for Men of familiar Characters, which makes them more easily pitied, and soon after beloved. Add to this, that the sort of Love which generally succeeds, is a Stranger to Awe and Distance. I asked *Romana*, Whether of the two she should have chosen, had they survived? She said, She knew she ought to have taken *Constant*; but believed she should have chosen *Carelets*.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 1[illegible].

LETTERS from *Lisbon* of the 9th Instant, N. S. say, that the Enemy's Army having block'd up *Olivenza*, was posted on the *Guadiana*. The *Portuguese* are very apprehensive that the Garrison of that Place, though it consists of five of the best Regiments of their Army, will be obliged to surrender, if not timely relieved, they not being supplied with Provisions for more than six Weeks. Hereupon their Generals held a Council of War on the 4th Instant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards *Badajos*. With this Design the Army decamped on the 5th from *Jerumena*, and marched to *Cancaon*. It is hoped, that if the Enemy follow their Motions, they may have Opportunity to put a sufficient Quantity of Provision and Ammunition into Olivenza.

Mr. Bu.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *gives Notice to all Perſons that dreſs themſelves as they pleaſe, without regard to Decorum, (as with blue and red Stockings in Mourning, tuck'd Cravats, and Night-cap Wigs, before People of the firſt Quality) That he has yet received no Fine for indulging them in that Liberty, and that he expects their Compliance with this Demand, or that they go home immediately and ſhift themſelves. This is further to acquaint the Town, That the Report of the Hoſiers, Toymen and Milliners, having compounded with Mr.* Bickerſtaff *for tolerating ſuch Enormities, is utterly falſe and ſcandalous.*

Nº 31. *Tueſday*, June 21. 1709.

Grecian Coffee houſe, June 18.

IN my Diſſertation againſt the Cuſtom of ſingle Combat, it has been objected, That there is not Learning, or much Reading, ſhewn therein, which is the very Life and Soul of all Treatiſes: for which Reaſon, being always eaſy to receive Admonitions, and reform my Errors, I thought fit to conſult this learned Board, on the Subject. Upon propoſing ſome Doubts, and deſiring their Aſſiſtance, a very hopeful young Gentleman, my Relation, who is to be called to the Bar within a Year and an half at the fartheſt, told me, That he had ever ſince I firſt mentioned Duelling, turned his Head that way; and that he was principally moved thereto, becauſe he deſigned to follow the Circuits in the North of *England* and South of *Scotland*, and to reſide moſtly at his own Eſtate at *Landbadarnawz* in *Cardiganſhire*. The Northern *Britains* and the Southern *Scots* are a warm People, and the *Welſh* a *Nation of Gentlemen*: ſo that it behoved him to underſtand well the Science of Quarrelling. The young Gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the Board an Account that he had read *Fitzherbert*'s *Grand Abridgment*, and had found that Duelling is a very ancient Part of the Law: for when

when a Man is ſued, be it for his Life or his Land, the Perſon that joins the Iſſue, whether Plaintiff or Defendant, may put the Trial upon the Duel. Further he argued, under Favour of the Court, that when the Iſſue is joined by the Duel in Treaſon, or other Capital Crimes, the Parties accuſed and Accuſer muſt fight in their own proper Perſons: But if the Diſpute be for Lands, you may hire a Champion at *Hockley in the Hole*, or any where elſe. This Part of the Law we had from the *Saxons*; and they had it, as alſo the Trial by *Ordeal*, from the *Laplanders*. It is indeed agreed, ſaid he, the Southern and Eaſtern Nations never knew any thing of it; for though the ancient *Romans* would ſcold and call Names filthily, yet there is not an Example of a Challenge that ever paſſed among them.

HIS quoting the Eaſtern Nations, put another Gentleman in mind of an Account he had from a Boatſwain of an *Eaſt-India* Man; which was, That a *Chineſe* had trick'd and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand Satisfaction the next Morning, and like a true Tar of Honour called him a Son of a Whore, Lyar, Dog, and other rough Appellatives uſed by Perſons converſant with Winds and Waves; the *Chineſe*, with great Tranquillity, deſired him not to come abroad faſting, nor put himſelf into a Heat, for it would prejudice his Health. Thus the Eaſt knows nothing of this Gallantry.

THERE ſat at the Left of the Table a Perſon of a venerable Aſpect, who aſſerted, That half the Impoſitions which are put upon theſe Ages, have been tranſmitted by Writers who have given too great Pomp and Magnificence to the Exploits of the ancient *Bear-Garden*, and made their Gladiators, by fabulous Tradition, greater than *Gorman* and others of *Great Britain*. He informed the Company, that he had ſearched Authorities for what he ſaid, and that a learned Antiquary, *Humphrey Scarecrow*, Eſq; of *Hockley in the Hole*, Recorder to the *Bear-Garden*, was then writing a Diſcourſe on the Subject. It appears by the beſt Accounts, ſays this Gentleman, that the high Names which are uſed among us with ſo great Veneration, were no other than

than Stage fighters, and Worthies of the ancient *Bear Garden*. The renowned *Hercules* always carried a Quarterstaff, and was from thence called *Claviger*. A learned Chronologist is about proving what Wood the Staff was made of, whether Oak, Ash or Crab tree. The last Trial of Skill he ever performed, was with one *Cacus* a Deer Stealer; the next was with *Typhaeus*, a Giant of forty Foot four Inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at last with a Sailor's Wife, she made his Staff of Prowess serve her own Use, and dwindle away to a Distaff. She clapp'd him on an old Tar Jacket of her Husband's; to that this great Hero drooped like a trabbed Sheep. Him his Contemporary *Useful* succeeded in the *Bear Garden*, which Honour he held for many Years. This grand Duellist went to Hell, and was the only one of that Sort that ever came back again. As for *Achilles* and *Hector*, (as the Ballads of those Times mention) they were pretty Smart Fellows; they fought at Sword and Buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his Mother, who was an Oyster Woman, having got a Blacksmith of *Lemnos* to make her Son's Weapons. There is a Pair of crafty *Trojans* in a Song of *Virgil's*, that were famous for handling their Gauntlets, *Dares* and *Entellus*; and indeed it does appear, they fought no Sham prize. What Arms the great *Alexander* used, is uncertain; however, the Historian mentions, when he attack'd *Darius*, it was only at single Rapier: But the Weapon soon failed; for it was always observed, that the *Amazons* had a sort of Enchantment about them, which made the Blade of the Weapon, though of never so good Metal, at every home Push lose its Edge and grow feeble.

THE *Roman Bear Garden* was abundantly more magnificent than any Thing *Greece* could boast of; it flourish'd most under those Delights of Mankind, *Nero* and *Domitian*. At one Time it is recorded, 400 Senators enter'd the Lists, and thought it an Honour to be cudgel'd and quarterstaff'd. I observe the *Lanista* were the People chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our *Bear Garden* copied much after this, the Butchers being the greatest Men in it.

VALOR

THUS far the Glory and Honour of the *Bear Garden* stood secure, till Late, that irresistible Ruler of sublunary Things, in that universal Ruin of Arts and politer Learning, by those savage People the *Goths* and *Vandals*, destroyed and levelled it to the Ground. Then fell the Grandeur and Bravery of the *Roman* state, till at last the warlike Genius (but accompanied with more Courtesy) revived in the Christian World under those puissant Champions, St *George*, St *Dennis*, and other dignified Heroes. One killed his Dragon, another his Lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red Letters before them to illustrate their martial Temper. The *Spanish* Nation, it must be own'd, were devoted to Gallantry and Chivalry above the rest of the World. What a great Figure does that great Name, Don *Sarrot*, make in History? How shines that glorious Star in the *Western* World? O renowned Hero! O Mirror of Knighthood!

The brandish'd Winyard all the World defies,
And kills as sure as del Toboso's *Eyes.*

I am forced to break off abruptly, being sent for in haste with my Rule, to measure the Degree of an Affront, before the two Gentlemen (who are now in their Breeches and Pumps ready to engage behind *Montague* House) have made a Pass.

From my own Apartment, June 18.

IT is an unreasonable Objection I find against my Labours, that my Stock is not all my own, and therefore the kind Reception I have met with is not so deserved as it ought to be. But, I hope, tho' it be never so true, that I am obliged to my Friends for laying their Cash in my Hands, since I give it them again when they please, and leave them at their Liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle Readers. Ask all the Merchants who act upon Consignments, Where is the Necessity (if they answer readily what their Correspondents draw) of their being wealthy themselves? Ask the greatest Bankers, If all the Men they deal with

were

were to draw at once, what would be the Conſequence? But indeed a Country Friend has writ me a Letter which gives me great Mortification: wherein I find I am ſo far from expecting a Supply from thence, that ſome have not heard of me, and the reſt do not underſtand me. His Epiſtle is as follows.

Dear Cenſor,

'I THOUGHT when I left the Town to have rais'd your Fame here, and helped you to ſupport it by Intelligence from hence; but alas! they had never heard of the *Tatler* till I brought down a Set. I lent them from Houſe to Houſe; but they aſked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were ſuppoſed to be intended by the Characters drawn. I ſaid, for Inſtance, *Chloe* and *Clariſſa* are two eminent Toaſts. A Gentleman (who keeps his Greyhound and Gun, and one would think might know better) told me, he ſuppoſed they were Pariſhes, for their Names were not *Engliſh*. Then ſaid he, Why do you call live People Toaſts? I anſwered, That was a new Name found out by the Wits, to make a Lady have the ſame Effect as Burridge in the Glaſs when a Man is drinking. But, ſays I, Sir, I perceive this is to you all bamboozling; why, you look as if you were *Don Diego'd* to the tune of a thouſand Pounds. All this good Language was loſt upon him: He only ſtared, though he is as good a Scholar as any Layman in the Town, except the Barber. Thus, Couſin, you muſt be content with *London* for the Center of your Wealth and Fame; we have no Reliſh for you. Wit muſt deſcribe its proper Circumference, and not go beyond it, leſt (like little Boys, when they ſtraggle out of their own Pariſh) it may wander to Places where it is not known, and be loſt. Since it is ſo, you muſt excuſe me that I am forced at a Viſit to ſit ſilent, and only lay up what excellent Things paſs at ſuch Converſations.

'THIS Evening I was with a Couple of young Ladies; one of them has the Character of the pretticſt Company, yet really I thought her but ſilly; the other,

'who

' who talked a great deal leſs, I obſerved to have Underſtanding. The Lady who is reckoned ſuch a Companion among her Acquaintance, has only with a very ' briſk Air, a Knack of ſaying the commoneſt Things: ' The other, with a ſly ſerious one, ſays home Things ' enough. The firſt (Miſtreſs *Giddy*) is very quick; ' but the ſecond (Mrs. *Slim*) fell into *Giddy*'s own Stile, ' and was as good Company as ſhe. *Giddy* happens to ' drop her Glove; *Slim* reaches it to her. Madam (ſays ' *Giddy*) I hope you'll have a better Office. Upon ' which *Slim* immediately repartees, and ſits in her Lap, ' and cries, Are you not ſorry for my Heavineſs? The ' ſly Wench pleaſed me to ſee how ſhe hit her Height ' of Underſtanding ſo well. We ſat down to Supper. ' Says *Giddy*, mighty prettily, Two Hands in a Diſh, ' and one in a Purſe: Says *Slim*, Ay, Madam, the more ' the merrier; the fewer the better Chear. I quickly ' took the Hint, and was as witty and talkative as they: ' Says I,

' *He that will not when he may,*
' *When he will, he ſhall have Nay;*

' And ſo helped my ſelf. *Giddy* turns about; What, ' have you found your Tongue? Yes, (ſays I) 'tis Manners to ſpeak when I am ſpoken to; but your greateſt ' Talkers are the leaſt Doers, and the full Sow eats up ' all the Broth. Ha! Ha! ſays *Giddy*, One would think ' he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks ' when he pleaſes! I grew immediately roguiſh and pleaſant to a degree in the ſame Strain. *Slim*, who knew ' how good Company we had been, cries, You'll certainly print this bright Converſation:'

IT is ſo; and hereby you may ſee how ſmall an Appearance the prettieſt Things ſaid in Company make, when in Print.

St. James's

St. James's Coffee-house, June 20.

A MAIL from *Lisbon* has brought Advices of *J*
14th, from the King of *Portugal's* Army encamp
Torre Allegada, which inform us, That the Gen
the Army called a Court Martial on the 4th
Camp of *Jerumena*, where it was resolved to
with a Design to attempt the Succour of *Olivenza*
cordingly the Army moved on the 5th, and marc
wards *Badajos*. Upon their Approach the Mar
Bay detached so great a Party from the Block
Olivenza, that the Marquis *das Minas*, at the H
a large Detachment, covered a great Convoy o
visions towards *Olivenza*, which threw in their
and marched back to the main Army, without
lestation from the *Spaniards*. They add, Tha
Army must necessarily march into Quarters within
ty Days.

Whosoever can discover a Surgeon's Apprentice n
upon Mr. Bickerstaff's *Messenger*, or (as the Print
him) Devil, *going to the Press, and tore out of his*
Part of his Essay against Duels, in the Fragm
which were the Words, you lye, *and* Man of H
taken up at the Temple Gate, *and the Words*
haps May be not, By your Leave, Sir, *an*
Terms of Provocation, taken up at the Door of
Man's *Coffee-house*, *shall receive Satisfaction from*
Morphew, *besides a Set of Arguments to be spoken*
Man in a Passion, which if the said enraged Ma
to, will prevent Quarrelling.

Mr. Bickerstaff *does hereby give Notice, That*
taken the two famous Universities of this Land u
immediate Care, and does hereby promise all Tut
Pupils, That he will hear what can be said of ea
between them, and to correct them impartially, by
them in Orders and Classes in the Learned World,
ing to their Merit.

N° 32. Thursday, June 23. 1709.

White's Chocolate house, June 22.

AN Answer to the following Letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all Expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with Horary Questions into my Antichamber, to give the Gentleman my Opinion.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

S I R, *June* 18. 1709.

'IS NOW not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed *Platonne*, the most unaccountable Creature of her Sex. To hear her talk Seraphicks, and run over *Nacots*, and *Moor*, and *Merton*, and the whole Set of Intellectual Triflers, torments me heartily; for to a Lover who understands Metaphors, all this pretty Prattle of Ideas gives very fine Views of Pleasure, which only the dear Declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally. Why should she wish to be a Cherubim, when 'tis Flesh and Blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that's a high Breach of the Idea of Intuition. If I offer at her Hand or Lip, she shrinks from the Touch like a sensitive Plant, and would contract her self into mere Spirit. She calls her Chariot, Vehicle; her furbelow'd Scarf, Pinions; her blue Mant and Petticoat is her Azure Dress; and her Footman goes by the Name of *Oberon*. 'Tis my Misfortune to be six Foot and a half high, two full Spans between the Shoulders, thirteen Inches Diameter in the Calves; and before I was in Love I had a noble Stomach, and usually went to Bed sober with two Bottles. I am not quite six and twenty, and my Nose is marked truly Aquiline. For these Reasons, I am in a very particular

Manner

' Manner her Aversion. What shall I do? Impu
' it self cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably
' reckons me among the Children of Perdition,
' discards me her Region: If I assume the
' and substantial, she plays the real Ghost with me
' vanishes in a Moment. I had Hopes in the l
' end of her Sex: but Perseverance makes it a
' as fixed Aversion. I desire your Opinion, Wl
' I may not lawfully play the Inquisition upon
' make use of a little Force, and put her to the
' and Torture, only to convince her, she has reall
' Limbs, without spoiling or disturbing them
' pect your Directions, e'er I proceed to dwindl
' fall away with Despair: which at present I d
' think advisable, because, if she should recant
' may then hate me perhaps in the other Extrem
' my Tenuity. I am (with Impatience)

Your most Humble Servant,

Charles Stu

MY Patient has put his Case with very much Wa and represented it in so lively a Manner, that I we his Torment and Tormentor with great Perspi This Order of *Platonick* Ladies are to be dealt w a peculiar Manner from all the rest of the Sex. Fl is the general Way, and the Way in this Case i is not to be done gently. Every Man that has and Humour, and Raillery, can make a good Fl for Women in general: but a *Platonick* is not touched with Panegyrick. She will tell you, it is finality in the Soul to be delighted that way. Yo not therefore to commend, but silently consent to a does and says. You are to consider in her, the So you is not Humour, but Opinion.

THERE were some Years since a Set of the dies who were of Quality, and gave out, That nity was to be their State of Life during this Condition, and therefore resolved to join their For and erect a Nunnery. The Place of Residence pitched upon: and a pretty Situation, full of n Falls and Ruings of Waters, with shady Covert

flowry Arbours, was approved by seven of the Found-ers. There were as many of our Sex who took the Liberty to visit the Mansions of intended Severity; among others, a famous *Rake* of that Time, who had the grave Way to an Excellence. He came in full; but upon seeing a Servant coming towards him, with a Design to tell him, this was no Place for him or his Companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the Maid; Young Woman, said he, if any of the Ladies are in the Way on this Side of the House, pray carry us on the other Side towards the Gardens. We are, you must know, Gentlemen that are travelling *England*; after which we shall go into foreign Parts, where some of us have already been. Here he bows in the most humble Manner, and kissed the Girl, who knew not how to behave to such a Sort of Carriage. He goes on. How you must know we have an Ambition to have it to say, That we have a Protestant Nunnery in *England*. But pray Mrs. *Betty* — Sir, she replied, my Name is *Sukey*, at your Service. Then I heartily beg your Par-don —— No Offence in the least, (says she) for I have a Cousin German, whose Name is *Betty*. Indeed, said he, I protest to you, that was more than I knew, I spoke at random: But since it happens that I was near in the Right, give me Leave to present this Gentleman to the Favour of a civil Salute. His Friend advances, and so on, till they had all saluted her. By this Means the poor Girl was in the Middle of the Crowd of their Fellows at a Loss what to do, without Courage to pass through them; and the *Platonicks*, at several Peep-holes, pale, trembling and fretting. *Rake* perceived they were ob-served, and therefore took care to keep *Sukey* in Chat with Questions concerning their Way of Life; when appeared at last *Madonella*, a Lady who had writ a fine Book concerning the future Life, and was the Projectress of the Foundation. She approaches into the Hall, and *Rake* knowing the Dignity of his own Mien and Aspect, goes Deputy from his Company. She begins, Sir, I am obliged to follow the Servant, who was sent out to know, What Affair could make Strangers pry upon a Solitude which we, who are to inhabit this Place, have devoted to Heaven and our own Thoughts? Madam,

replies *Rake*, (with an Air of great Distance, with a certain Indifference, by which he could c ble Dissimulation) your great Intention has made Noise in the World, than you design it should; a Travellers, who have seen many foreign Instituti this Kind, have a Curiosity to see, in its first ments, the Seat of primitive Piety; for such it m called by future Ages, to the eternal Honour Founders. I have read *Madezella*'s excellent an phick Discourse on this Subject. The Lady imm ly answers, If what I have said could have cont to raise any Thoughts in you that may make f Advancement of intellectual and divine Co tion, I should think myself extreamly happy. I mediately fell back with the profoundest Vene then advancing, Are you then that admired La I may approach Lips which have uttered Thing cred — He salutes her. His Friends followed ample. The Devoted within flood in Amaz where this would end, to see *Madezella* receive Address and their Company. But *Rake* goes on would not transgress Rules; but if we may tal Liberty to see the Place you have thought fit to for ever, we would go into such Parts of the G as is consistent with the Severities you have impo yourselves. To be short, *Madezella* permitted to lead her into the Assembly of Nuns, followed Friends, and each took his Fair One by the Har ter due Explanation, to walk round the Gardens Conversation turned upon the Lilies, the Flowe Arbors, and the growing Vegetables; and *Ra* the solemn Impudence, when the whole Compan round him, to say, That he sincerely wished Men rise out of the Earth like Plants; and that our were not of Necessity to be sullied with carnivoro petites for the Generation, as well as Support Species. This was spoke with so easy and fi Assurance, that *Madezella* answered, Sir, un Notion of a pious Thought, you deceive your wishing an Institution foreign to that of Prov These Desires were implanted in us for reverer poses, in preserving the Race of Men, and givi

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portunities for making our Chastity more heroick. The Conference was continued in this Celestial Strain, and carried on so well by the Managers on both Sides, that it created a second and a second Interview; and, without entering into further Particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a Mother or Father that Day Twelvemonth.

ANY unnatural Part is long taking up, and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. *Steady* may assure himself, *Platonica* will fly for ever from a forward Behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this Model, she will fall in with the Necessities of mortal Life, and condescend to look with Pity upon an unhappy Man, imprisoned in so much Body, and urged by such violent Desires.

From my own Apartment, June 24.

THE Evils of this Town increase upon me to so great a Degree, that I am half afraid I shall not leave the World much better than I found it. Several worthy Gentlemen and Criticks have applied to me, to give my Censure of an Enormity which has been revived, (after being long suppressed) and is called *Punning*. I have several Arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a Man of Honour who is guilty of this Abuse of human Society. But the Way to expose it, is, like the Expedient of curing Drunkenness, shewing a Man in that Condition. Therefore I must give my Reader Warning, to expect a Collection of these Offences; without which Preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very Mention of it in good Company; and I hope, I shall be understood to do it, as a Divine mentions Oaths and Curses, only for their Condemnation. I shall dedicate this Discourse to a Gentleman my very good Friend, who is the *Janus* of our Times, and whom, by his Years and Wit, you would take to be of the last Age; but by his Dress and Morals of this.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 22.

LAST Night arrived two Mails from *Holland*, bring Letters from the *Hague* of the 28th Instant, with Advice, That the Enemy lay incamped be strong Retrenchment, with the Marsh of *Romers* o Right and Left, extending itself as far as *Bethun* *Basse* is in their Front, *Lens* in their Rear, an Camp is strengthened by another Line from *L* *Douway*. The Duke of *Marlborough* caused an exa servation to be made of their Ground, and the V by which they were covered, which appeared so t that it was not thought proper to attack them in present Posture. However, the Duke thought make a Feint as if he designed it: His Grace accor marched from the Abbey at *Loose*, as did Prince *E* from *Lampret*, and advanced with all possible Dil towards the Enemy. To favour the Appearance intended Assault, the Ways were made, and Orde stributed in such Manner, that none in either Camp have Thoughts of any Thing but charging the Enem Break of Day next Morning: But soon after the F the Night of the 26th, the whole Army faced to *Tournay*, which Place they invested early in the M ing of the 27th. The Marshal *Villars* was so con that we designed to attack him, that he had drawn Part of the Garrison of the Place, which is now inv into the Field: For which reason, it is presumed it submit within a small Time, which the Enemy c prevent, but by coming out of their present Camp, hazarding a general Engagement. These Advices That the Garrison of *Mons* had marched out under Command of Marshal *d'Arco*; which, with the *B* *rians*, *Walloons*, and the Troops of *Cologne*, have j the grand Army of the Enemy.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, *Half Sister to Mr.* Bickerstaff.

N° 33. *Saturday*, June 25. 1709.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

MY Brother has made an Excursion into the Country, and the Work against *Saturday* lies upon me. I am very glad I have got Pen and Ink in my Hand; for I have for some time long'd for his Absence, to give a right Idea of Things, which I thought he put in a very odd Light, and some of them to the Disadvantage of my own Sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make Discourses, and publish Treatises, to keep the horrid Creatures, the Men, within the Rules of common Decency. Turning over the Papers of Memorials or Hints for the ensuing Discourses, I find a Letter subscribed by Mr. *Truman*.

SIR,

I Am lately come to Town, and have read your Works with much Pleasure: You make Wit subservient to good Principles and good Manners. Yet because I design to buy the Tatlers *for my Daughters to read, I take the Freedom to desire you for the Future, to say nothing about any Combat between* Alexander *and* Thalestris.

THIS Offence gives me Occasion to express myself with the Resentment I ought, on People who take Liberties of Speech before that Sex of whom the honoured Names of Mother, Daughter and Sister are a Part: I had like to have named Wife in the Number; but the senseless World are so mistaken in their Sentiments of Pleasure, that the most amiable Term in human Life is become the Derision of Fools and Scorners. My Brother and I have at least fifty times quarrell'd upon this Topick. I ever argue, That the Frailties of Women

are to be imputed to the false Ornaments which Men of Wit put upon our Folly and Coquetry. He lays all the Vices of Men upon Womens secret Approbation of Libertine Characters in them. I did not care to give up a Point; but now he is out of the Way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he asserted. For if you will believe your Eyes, and own, that the Wickedest and Wittiest of them all marry one Day or other, it is impossible to believe, that if a Man thought he should be for ever incapable of being received by a Woman of Merit and Honour, he would persist in an abandon'd Way, and deny himself the Possibility of enjoying the Happiness of well governed Desires, orderly Satisfactions, and honourable Methods of Life? If our Sex were wise, a Lover should have a Certificate from the last Woman he serv'd, how he was turned away, before he was received into the Service of another. But at present any Vagabond is welcome, provided he promises to enter into our Livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a Footman without Credentials from his last Master; and in the greatest Concern of Life, we make no scruple of falling into a Treaty with the most notorious Offender in his Behaviour against others. But this Breach of Commerce between the Sexes proceeds from an unaccountable Prevalence of Custom, by which a Woman is to the last Degree reproachable for being deceived, and a Man suffers no Loss of Credit for being a Deceiver.

SINCE this Errant Humour has gained place, Why are we represented in the Writings of Men in ill Figures for Artifice in our Carriage, when we have to do with a profess'd Impostor? When Oaths, Imprecations, Vows and Adorations, are made use of as Words of course, what Arts are not necessary to defend us from such as glory in the Breach of them? As for my Part I am resolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore solemnly declare no Vow shall deceive me, but that of Marriage. For I am turned of Twenty, and being of a small Fortune, some Wit, and if I can believe my Lovers and my Glass handsome, I have heard all that can be said towards my Undoing, and shall therefore, for Warning sake, give an Account of the Offers that

that have been made me, my Manner of rejecting them, and my Assistances to keep my Resolution.

IN the sixteenth Year of my Life, I fell into the Acquaintance of a Lady extreamly well known in this Town for the quick Advancement of her Husband, and the Honours and Distinctions which her Industry has procured him, and all who belong to her. This excellent Body sat next to me for some Months at Church, and took the Liberty (which she said her Years and the Zeal she had for my Welfare gave her claim to) to assure me, that she observed some Parts in my Behaviour which would lead me into Errors, and give Encouragement to some to entertain Hopes I did not think of. What made you (said she) look through your Fan at that Lord, when your Eyes should have been turned upwards, or closed in Attention upon better Objects? I blushed, and pretended fifty odd Excuses; but confounded myself the more. She wanted nothing but to see that Confusion, and goes on; Nay, Child, do not be troubled that I take notice of it; my Value for you made me speak it; for though he is my Kinsman, I have a nearer Regard to Virtue than any other Consideration. She had hardly done speaking, when this noble Lord came up to us, and led her to her Coach.

MY Head ran all that Day and Night on the exemplary Carriage of this Woman, who could be so virtuously Impertinent, as to admonish one she was hardly acquainted with. However, it struck upon the Vanity of a Girl that it may possibly be, his Thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him, and as unlikely Things as that have happened, if he should make me his Wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I still in all publick Places stole Looks at this Man, who easily observed my Passion for him. It is so hard a Thing to check the Return of agreeable Thoughts, that he became my Dream, my Vision, my Food, my Wish, my Torment.

THAT Minister of Darkness, the Lady *Sempronia*, perceived too well the Temper I was in, and would one Day after Evening Service needs take me to the Park. When we were there, my Lord passes by; I flushed into a Flame. Mrs. *Distaff*, says she, You may very well

remember the Concern I was in upon the firſt Notice I took of your Regard to that Lord, and forgive me, who had a tender Friendſhip for your Mother (now in the Grave) that I am Vigilant of your Conduct. She went on with much Severity, and after great Solicitation prevailed on me to go with her into the Country, and there ſpend the enſuing Summer out of the Way of a Man ſhe ſaw I lov'd, and one whom ſhe perceived meditated my Ruin, by frequently deſiring her to introduce him to me; which ſhe abſolutely refuſed, except he would give his Honour that he had no other Deſign but to marry me. To her Country Houſe a Week or two after we went. There was at the farther End of her Garden a Kind of Wilderneſs, in the Middle of which ran a ſoft Rivulet by an Arbour of Jeſſamine. In this Place I uſually paſſed my retired Hours, and read ſome Romantick or Poetical Tale till the Cloſe of the Evening. It was near that Time in the Heat of the Summer, when gentle Winds, ſoft Murmurs of Water, and Notes of Nightingales, had given my Mind an Indolence, which added to that Repoſe of Soul, Twilight and the End of a warm Day naturally throws upon the Spirits. It was at ſuch an Hour, and in ſuch a State of Tranquillity I ſat, when to my unexpreſſible Amazement, I ſaw my Lord walking towards me, whom I knew not till that Moment to have been in the Country. I could obſerve in his Approach the Perplexity which attends a Man big with Deſign; and I had, while he was coming forward, Time to reflect that I was betrayed; the Senſe of which gave me a Reſentment ſuitable to ſuch a Baſeneſs: But when he entered into the Bower where I was, my Heart flew towards him, and, I confeſs, a certain Joy came into my Mind, with an Hope that he might then make a Declaration of Honour and Paſſion. This threw my Eye upon him with ſuch Tenderneſs, as gave him Power, with a broken Accent, to begin. Madam, -- You will wonder -- For it is certain, you muſt have obſerved ---- though I fear you will miſinterpret the Motives ——— But by Heaven, and all that's ſacred! If you could -- Here he made a full Stand, and I recovered Power to ſay, The Conſternation I am in you will not, I hope, believe——— An

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helpleſs innocent Maid Beſides that, the Place — He ſaw me in as great Confuſion as himſelf; which attributing to the ſame Cauſes, he had the Audacioufneſs to throw himſelf at my Feet, talk of the Stillneſs of the Evening, and then ran into Deifications of my Perſon, pure Flames, conſtant Love, eternal Raptures, and a thouſand other Phraſes drawn from the Images we have of Heaven, which all Men uſe for the Service of Hell, when run over with uncommon Vehemence. After which he ſeiſed me in his Arms: His Deſign was too evident. In my utmoſt Diſtreſs, I fell upon my Knees ——My Lord, pity me, on my Knees — On my Knees in the Cauſe of Virtue, as you were lately in that of Wickedneſs. Can you think of deſtroying the Labour of a whole Life, the Purpoſe of a long Education, for the baſe Service of a ſudden Appetite; to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the Company and the Road of all that is Virtuous and Praiſe worthy? Have I taken in all the Inſtructions of Piety, Religion and Reaſon, for no other End, but to be the Sacrifice of Luſt, and abandoned to Scorn? Aſſume your ſelf, my Lord, and do not attempt to vitiate a Temple ſacred to Innocence, Honour and Religion. If I have injured you, ſtab this Boſom, and let me die, but not be ruined, by the Hand I love. The Ardency of my Paſſion made me incapable of uttering more; and I ſaw my Lover aſtoniſhed and reformed by my Behaviour: When ruſhed in *Sempronia*. Ha! Faithleſs baſe Man, could you then ſteal out of Town, and lurk like a Robber about my Houſe for ſuch brutiſh Purpoſes!

MY Lord was by this time recovered, and fell into a violent Laughter at the Turn which *Sempronia* deſigned to give her Villany. He bow'd to me with the utmoſt Reſpect: Mrs. *Diſtaff*, ſaid he, be careful hereafter of your Company; and ſo retired. The Fiend *Sempronia* congratulated my Deliverance with a Flood of Tears.

THIS Nobleman has ſince frequently made his Addreſſes to me with Honour; but I have as often refuſed them; as well knowing that Familiarity and Marriage will make him, on ſome ill natured Occaſion, call all I ſaid in the Arbour a theatrical Action. Beſides

that, I glory in contemning a Man, who had Thoughts to my Diſhonour. If this Method were the Imitation of the whole Sex, Innocence would be the only Dreſs of Beauty; and all Affectation by any other Arts to pleaſe the Eyes of Men, would be baniſhed to the Stews for ever. The Conqueſt of Paſſion gives ten times more Happineſs than we can reap from the Gratification of it: and the Man that can get over ſuch a one as mine, will ſtand among fine and Pretty Fellows, with as much Safety as in a Summer's Day among Graſhoppers and Butterflies.

P. S. *I have ten Millions of Things more againſt Men, if I ever get the Pen again.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 24.

OUR laſt Advices from the *Hague*, dated the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That on the 15th, a Squadron of *Dutch* Men of War ſailed out of the *Texel* to join Admiral *Baker* at *Spithead*. The 16th was obſerved as a Day of Faſting and Humiliation, to implore a Bleſſing on the Arms of the Allies this enſuing Campaign. Letters from *Dresden* are very particular in the Account of the Gallantry and Magnificence in which that Court has appeared ſince the Arrival of the King of *Denmark*. No Day has paſſed in which publick Shows have not been exhibited for his Entertainment and Diverſion: The laſt of that kind which is mentioned is a Carousal, wherein many of the Youth of the firſt Quality, dreſſed in the moſt ſplendid Manner, ran for the Prize. His *Danish* Majeſty condeſcended to the Game; but having obſerved that there was a Deſign laid to throw it in his way, paſſed by without attempting to gain it. The Court of *Dresden* was preparing to accompany his *Danish* Majeſty to *Potſdam*, where the Expectation of an Interview of three Kings had drawn together ſuch Multitudes of People, that many Perſons of Diſtinction will be obliged to lie in Tents as long as thoſe Courts continue in that Place.

By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

Nº 14. *Tuesday*, June 28. 1709.

White's Chocolate House, June 25.

HAVING taken upon me to cure all the Distempers which proceed from Affections of the Mind, I have laboured since I first kept this publick Stage, to do all the Good I could, and have perfected many Cures at my own Lodgings; carefully avoiding the common Method of Mountebanks, to do their most eminent Operations in sight of the People; but must be so just to my Patients as to declare, they have testified under their Hands their Sense of my poor Abilities, and the Good I have done them, which I publish for the Benefit of the World, and not out of any Thoughts of private Advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs *Spy* of a great Imperfection in her Eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one Coxcomb to another in publick Places, in so languishing a Manner, that it at once lessened her own Power, and her Beholders Vanity. Twenty Drops of my Ink, placed in certain Letters on which she attentively looked for Half an Hour, have restored her to the true Use of her Sight; which is, to guide, and not mislead us. Ever since she took the Liquor, which I call *Bickerstaff's Circumspection Water*, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for Half a Day without returning one Glance. This Water has a peculiar Virtue in it, which makes it the only true Cosmetick or Beauty Wash in the World: The Nature of it is such, that if you go to a Glass, with a Design to admire your Face, it immediately changes it into downright Deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better Countenance upon your Friends, it immediately gives an Alacrity to the Visage, and new Grace to the whole Person. There is indeed a great deal owing to the

the Conſtitution of the Perſon to whom it is applied: It is in vain to give it when the Patient is in the Rage of the Diſtemper; a Bride in her firſt Month, a Lady ſoon after her Huſband's being knighted, or any Perſon of either Sex who has lately obtained any new Fortune or Preferment, muſt be prepared ſome time before they uſe it. It has an Effect upon others, as well as the Patient, when it is taken in due Form. Lady *Petulant* has by the Uſe of it cured her Huſband of Jealouſy, and Lady *Gad* her whole Neighbourhood of Detraction.

THE Fame of theſe Things, added to my being an old Fellow, makes me extreamly acceptable to the Fair Sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a Man in Town ſo much their Delight as myſelf. They make no more of viſiting me, than going to Madam *d' Epingle*'s. There were two of them, namely, *Damia* and *Clidamira*, (I aſſure you Women of Diſtinction) who came to ſee me this Morning in their way to Prayers; and being in a very diverting Humour, (as Innocence always makes People chearful) they would needs have me according to the Diſtinction of *pretty* and *very pretty* Fellows, inform them if I thought either of them had a Title to the *very pretty* among thoſe of their own Sex; and if I did, which was the more deſerving of the two?

TO put them to the Trial, Look ye, ſaid I, I muſt not raſhly give my Judgment in Matters of this Importance; pray let me ſee you dance: I play upon the Kit. They immediately fell back to the lower End of the Room (you may be ſure they curt'ſy'd low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the World ſo equally match'd, and both Scholars to my Name-ſake *Iſaac*. Never was Man in ſo dangerous a Condition as myſelf, when they began to expand their Charms. Oh! Ladies, Ladies, cried I, not half that Air, you'll fire the Houſe. Both ſmiled; for by the bye, there is no carrying a Metaphor too far, when a Lady's Charms are ſpoke of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine Woman dancing, a brandiſhed Torch of Beauty. Theſe Rivals moved with ſuch an agreeable Freedom, that you would believe their Geſture was the neceſſary Effect of the Muſick, and not the Product of Skill and Practice.

Practice. Now *Clidamira* came on with a Croud of Graces, and demanded my Judgment with ſo ſweet an Air —— And ſhe had no ſooner carried it, but *Damia* made her utterly forgot by a gentle ſinking, and a Rigadoon Step. The Conteſt held a full Half hour; and I proteſt, I ſaw no manner of Difference in their Perfections, till they came up together, and expected Sentence. Look ye, Ladies, ſaid I, I ſee no Difference in the leaſt in your Performance; but you *Clidamira* ſeem to be ſo well ſatisfied that I ſhall determine for you, that I muſt give it to *Damia*, who ſtands with ſo much Diffidence and Fear, after ſhewing an equal Merit to what ſhe pretends to. Therefore *Clidamira* you are a *pretty*; but, *Damia*, you are a *very pretty* Lady. For, ſaid I, Beauty loſes its Force, if not accompanied with Modeſty. She that has an humble Opinion of herſelf, will have every body's Applauſe, becauſe ſhe does not expect it; while the vain Creature loſes Approbation through too great a Senſe of deſerving it.

From my own Apartment, June 27.

BEING of a very ſpare and hectick Conſtitution, I am forced to make frequent Journies of a Mile or two for freſh Air; and indeed by this laſt, which was no farther than the Village of *Chelſea*, I am farther convinced of the Neceſſity of travelling to know the World. For as it is uſual with young Voyagers, as ſoon as they land upon a Shore, to begin their Accounts of the Nature of the People, their Soil, their Government, their Inclinations and their Paſſions; ſo really I fancied I could give you an immediate Deſcription of this Village, from the five Fields where the Robbers lie in wait, to the Coffee houſe where the *Literati* ſit in Council. A great Anceſtor of ours by the Mother's Side, Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*, (whoſe Hiſtory is written by *Ben Johnſon*) met with more Enormities by walking *incog.* than he was capable of correcting; and found great Mortifications in obſerving alſo Perſons of Eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a Place ſo near the Town as this. When I came into the Coffee houſe, I had not

Time

Time to salute the Company, before my Eye was diverted by ten thousand Gimcracks round the Room, and on the Cieling. When my first Astonishment was over, comes to me a Sage of a thin and meagre Countenance: which Aspect made me doubt, whether Reading or Fretting had made it so philosophick: But I very soon perceived him to be of that Sect which the Antients call *Gingivistæ*; in our Language, Tooth Drawers. I immediately had a respect for the Man; for these practical Philosophers go upon a very rational Hypothesis, not to cure, but take away the Part affected. My Love of Mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. *Salter*; for such is the Name of this eminent Barber and Antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly, distinguished rather by their Fortunes than their Talents, otherwise this Personage would make a great Figure in that Class of Men which I distinguish under the Title of *odd Fellows*. But it is the misfortune of Persons of great Genius to have their Faculties dissipated by Attention to too many Things at once. Mr. *Salter* is an Instance of this: If he would wholly give himself up to the String, instead of playing twenty Beginnings to Tunes, he might before he dies play *Roger de Coubly* quite out. I heard him go through his whole Round, and indeed I think he does play the merry *Christ Church* Bells pretty justly; but he confess'd to me, he did that rather to shew he was Orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the Musick itself. Or if he did proceed in his Anatomy, Why might he not hope in time to cut off Legs, as well as draw Teeth? The Particularity of this Man put me into a deep Thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower Order, Barbers should go further in hitting the Ridiculous, than any other Set of Men. Watermen brawl, Coblers sing: But why must a Barber be for ever a Politician, a Musician, an Anatomist, a Poet, and a Physician? The learned *Vossius* says, his Barber used to comb his Head in *Iambicks*. And indeed in all Ages, one of this useful Profession, this Order of Cosmetick Philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent Hands. You see the Barber in *Don Quixot* is one of the principal Characters in the History, which gave me Satisfaction in the Doubt, why Don *Saltero* writ his Name with a *Spanish* Ter-

Termination: For he is defcended in a right Line, not from *John Tradefcan*, as he himfelf aſſerts, but from that memorable Companion of the Knight of *Mancha*. And I hereby certify all the worthy Citizens who travel to ſee his Rarities, that his double barrelled Piſtols, Targets, Coats of Mail, his Scloputa and Sword of *Toledo*, were left to his Anceſtor by the ſaid Don *Quixot*, and by the ſaid Anceſtor to all his Progeny down to Don *Saltero*. Though I go thus far in favour of Don *Saltero*'s great Merit, I cannot allow a Liberty he takes of impoſing ſeveral Names (without my Licence) on the Collections he has made, to the Abuſe of the good People of *England*; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious Perſons, to the great Scandal of the Well-diſpoſed, and may introduce heterodox Opinions. He ſhews you a Straw Hat, which I know to be made by *Madge Preſtad*, within three Miles of *Bedford*; and tells you, *It is* Pontius Pilate's *Wife's Chamber-maid's Siſter's Hat*. To my Knowledge of this very Hat, it may be added, that the Covering with Straw was never uſed among the *Jews*, ſince it was demanded of them to make Bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing, but under the ſpecious Pretence of Learning and Antiquity, to impoſe upon the World. There are other Things which I cannot tolerate among his Rarities: as, the *China* Figure of a Lady in the Claſs Caſe; the *Italian* Engine for the Impriſonment of thoſe who go abroad with it: Both which I hereby order to be taken down, or elſe he may expect to have his Letters Patent for making Punch ſuperſeded, be debarred wearing his Muff next Winter, or ever coming to *London* without his Wife. It may perhaps be thought I have dwelt too long upon the Affairs of this Operator: but I deſire the Reader to remember that it is my way to conſider Men as they ſtand in Merit, and not according to their Fortune or Figure; and if he is in a Coffee houſe at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find there may be more Characters drawn in this Account, than that of Don *Saltero*: for half the Politicians about him, he may obſerve, are by their Place in Nature, of the Claſs of Tooth-Drawers.

N° 35.

N° 35. *Thurſday*, June 30. 1709.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, June 28.

THERE is an Habit or Cuſtom which I have put my Patience to the utmoſt Stretch to have ſuffered ſo long, becauſe ſeveral of my intimate Friends are in the Guilt; and that is, the Humour of taking Snuff, and looking dirty about the Mouth by way of Ornament.

MY Method is to dive to the bottom of a Sore before I pretend to apply a Remedy. For this Reaſon, I ſat by an eminent Story-teller and Politician who takes Half an Ounce in five Seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty Tenement near the Town, meerly to improve and dung his Brains with this prolifick Powder. I obſerved this Gentleman t'other Day in the midſt of a Story diverted from it by looking at ſomething at a diſtance, and I ſoftly hid his Box. But he returns to his Tale, and looking for his Box, he cries, *And ſo Sir*—— Then when he ſhould have taken a Pinch; *As I was ſaying*, ſays he, - —— *Has no body ſeen my Box?* His Friend beſeeches him to finiſh his Narration: Then he proceeds; *And ſo Sir*, - *Where can my Box be?* Then turning to me; *Pray, Sir, Did you ſee my Box?* Yes, Sir, ſaid I, I took it to ſee how long you could live without it. He reſumes his Tale, and I took notice that his Dulneſs was much more regular and fluent than before. A Pinch ſupplied the Place of, *As I was ſaying*, *And ſo Sir*; and he went on currently enough in that Stile, which the Learned call the Inſipid. This Obſervation eaſily led me into a philoſophick Reaſon for taking Snuff, which is done only to ſupply with Senſations the Want of Reflection. This I take to be an *Hypoſtaſis*, a *Noſtrum*; upon which I hope to receive the Thanks of this Board. For as it is natural to lift a Man's Hand to a Sore, when you fear any thing coming at you; ſo when a Perſon feels his Thoughts are run

run out, and has no more to say, it is as natural to supply his weak Brain with Powder at the nearest Place of Access, *viz.* the Nostrils. This is so evident, that Nature suggests the Use according to the Indigence of the Persons who use this Medicine, without being prepossessed with the Force of Fashion or Custom. For Example; the Native *Hibernicus*, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient *Romulus*, take this Spartick for Emptiness in the Head, in greater Abundance than any other Nation under the Sun. The learned *Scrus*, as sparing as he is in his Words, would be still more silent if it were not for this Powder.

HOWEVER low and poor the taking Snuff argues a Man to be in his own Stock of Thoughts, or Means to employ his Brains and his Fingers; yet there is a poorer Creature in the World than he, and this is a Borrower of Snuff; a Fellow that keeps no Box of his own, but is always asking others for a Pinch. Such poor Rogues put me always in mind of a common Phrase among School-Boys when they are compiling their Exercise, who run to an upper Scholar, and cry, *Pray give me a little Snuff.* But of all Things commend me to the Ladies who are got into this pretty Help to Discourse. I have been these three Years persuading *Sagipta* to leave it off: But she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above Contradiction. However, an Accident t'other Day brought that about, which my Eloquence never could accomplish: She had a *very pretty Fellow* in her Closet, who ran thither to avoid some Company that came to visit her. She made an Excuse to go in to him for some Implement they were talking of. Her eager Gallant snatched a Kiss; but being unused to Snuff, some Grains from off her upper Lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarm'd the Visitants, and has made a Discovery, that profound Reading, very much Intelligence, and a general Knowledge of who and who's together, cannot fill her vacant Hours so much, but that she is sometimes obliged to defend to Entertainments less intellectual.

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White's Chocolate house, June 29.

I know no Manner of News for this Place, but that *Cynthio* having been long in Despair for the inexorable *Clarissa*, lately resolved to fall in Love the good old Way of Bargain and Sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young Woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a Strain of Familiarity, without breaking through the Deference that is due to a Woman whom a Man would chuse for his Life. I have hardly ever heard rough Truth spoken with a better Grace than in this his Letter.

MADAM,

I Writ to you on Saturday *by Mrs.* Lucy, *and give you this Trouble to urge the same Request I made then, which was, that I may be admitted to wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it were a Transgression of the most severe Rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little Arts which are frequent in your Sex, of giving unnecessary Torments to their Admirers; therefore hope, you'll do so much Justice to the generous Passion I have for you, as to let me have an Opportunity of acquainting you upon what Motives I pretend to your good Opinion. I shall not trouble you with my Sentiments, till I know how they will be received; and as I know no Reason why Difference of Sex should make our Language to each other differ from the ordinary Rules of Right Reason, I shall affect Plainness and Sincerity in my Discourse to you, as much as other Lovers do Perplexity and Rapture. Instead of saying, I shall die for you, I profess I should be glad to lead my Life with You: You are as beautiful as witty, as prudent, and as good-humour'd, as any Woman breathing; but I must confess to you, I regard all these Excellencies as you will please to direct them, for my Happiness or Misery. With me, Madam, the only lasting Motive to Love is the Hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs.* Lucy *send me Word when I may attend you. I promise you, I'll talk of nothing but indifferent Things; though at the same Time*

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I know not how I shall approach you in the tender Moment of first seeing you, after this Declaration of,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient,

and most Faithful

Humble Servant, &c.

Will's Coffee-house, June 29

HAVING taken a Resolution, when Plays are acted next Winter by an intire good Company, to publish Observations from time to time on the Performance of the Actors, I think it but just to give an Abstract of the Laws of Action, for the Help of the less learned Part of the Audience, that they may rationally enjoy so refined and instructive a Pleasure as a just Representation of human Life. The great Errors in playing are admirably well exposed in *Hamlet*'s Direction to the Actors who are to play in his supposed Tragedy; by which we shall form our future Judgments on their Behaviour, and for that Reason you have the Discourse as follows.

'Speak the Speech as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the Tongue; but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as lief the Town Crier had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Air too much with your Hands, thus, but use all gently. For in the very Torrent, Tempest, and, as I may say, the Whirlwind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the Soul, to see a robustous Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to Tatters, to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise. I could have such a Fellow whipt for o'erdoing *Termagant*. It out herods *Herod*. Be not too tame neither; but let your own Discretion be your Tutor: Suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action; with this special Observance, that you o'ertop not the Modesty of Nature; for any thing so overdone, is from the Purpose of playing, whose End, both at the first and now, was, and is to hold as 'twere

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'the Mirror up to Nature; to ſhew Virtue her own 'Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and 'Body of the Time, its Form and Preſſure. Now this 'overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the Un-'ſkilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve. 'The Cenſures of which one muſt, in your Allowance, 'overſway a whole Theatre of others. Oh! there be 'Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, 'and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that 'neither having the Accent of *Chriſtian*, *Pagan* or '*Norman*, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have 'thought ſome of Nature's Journeymen had made Men, 'and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo 'abominably. This ſhould be reformed altogether; and 'let thoſe that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than 'is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will 'of themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome Quantity of barren 'Spectators to laugh too; tho', in the mean time, ſome 'neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſider'd; 'that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful Ambition in 'the Fool that uſes it.'

From my own Apartment, June 29.

IT would be a very great Obligation, and an Aſſiſtance to my Treatiſe upon *Punning*, if any one would pleaſe to inform me in what Claſs among the Learned who play with Words, to place the Author of the following Letter.

SIR,

'NOT long ſince you were pleaſed to give us a 'Chimerical Account of the famous Family of 'the *Staffs*, from whence I ſuppoſe you would inſinuate, 'that it is the moſt ancient and numerous Houſe in all '*Europe*. But I poſitively deny that it is either, and 'wonder much at your audacious Proceedings in this 'Matter, ſince 'tis well known, that our moſt illuſtri-'ous, moſt renowned, and moſt celebrated *Roman* Fa-'mily of *Ir*, has enjoyed the Precedency to all others 'from the Reign of good old *Saturn*. I could ſay much 'to the Defamation and Diſgrace of your Family; as, 'that your Relations *Diſtaff* and *Broomſtaff* were both 'in-

'inconsiderable mean Persons, one spinning, the other 'sweeping the Streets, for their daily Bread. But I for-'bear to vent my Spleen on Objects so much beneath 'my Indignation. I shall only give the World a Cata-'logue of my Ancestors, and leave them to determine 'which hath hitherto had, and which for the future 'ought to have, the Preference.

'First then comes the most famous and popular Lady '*Meretrix*, Parent of the fertile Family of *Bellatrix*, '*Lotrix*, *Netrix*, *Nutrix*, *Obstetrix*, *Famulatrix*, *Coctrix*, '*Ornatrix*, *Sarcinatrix*, *Foxtrix*, *Balneatrix*, *Portatrix*, '*Saltatrix*, *Divinatrix*, *Conjectrix*, *Comtrix*, *Debitrix*, '*Creditrix*, *Donatrix*, *Ambulatrix*, *Mercatrix*, *Adjectrix*, '*Affectatrix*, *Palpatrix*, *Praeceptrix*, *Pistrix*.

I am Yours,

Eliz. Potatrix.

St. James's Coffee house, June 29.

LETTERS from *Brussels* of the 2d of *July*, *N. S.* say, That the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* having received Advice that the Marshal *Villars* had drawn a considerable Body out of the Garrison of *Tournay*, to reinforce his Army, marched towards that Place, and came before it early in the Morning of the 27th. As soon as they came into that Ground, the Prince of *Nassau* was sent with a strong Detachment to take Post at *St. Amand*; and at the same Time my Lord *Orkney* received Orders to possess himself of *Mortagne*; both which were successfully executed; whereby we are Masters of the *Scheld* and the *Scarp*. Eight Men were drawn out of each Troop of Dragoons and Company of Foot in the Garrison of *Tournay*, to make up the Reinforcement which was ordered to join Marshal *Villars*; but upon Advice that the Allies were marching towards *Tournay*, they endeavoured to return into the Town; but were intercepted by the Earl of *Orkney*, by whom the whole Body was killed or taken. These Letters add, That 1200 Dragoons (each Horseman carrying a Foot Soldier behind him) were detached from *Mons* to throw themselves into *Tournay*; but upon

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Appearance of a great Body of Horſe of the Allies, retired towards *Conde*. We hear that the Garriſon does not conſiſt of more than 3500 Men. Of the 60 Battalions deſigned to be employed in this Siege, ſeven are *Engliſh*, *viz.* two of Guards, and the Regiments of *Argyle*, *Temple*, *Evans* and *Meredith*.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

N° 36. *Saturday*, July 2. 1709.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

MANY Affairs calling my Brother into the Country, the Care of our Intelligence with the Town is left to me for ſome Time: therefore you muſt expect the Advices you meet with in this Paper, to be ſuch as more immediately and naturally fall under the Conſideration of our Sex. Hiſtory therefore written by a Woman, you will eaſily imagine to conſiſt of Love in all its Forms, both in the Abuſe of, and Obedience to that Paſſion. As to the Faculty of Writing it ſelf, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded, that Stile and Ornament ſhall be ſo much conſulted, as Truth and Simplicity: which latter Qualities we may more juſtly pretend to beyond the other Sex. While therefore the Adminiſtration of our Affairs is in my Hands, you ſhall from time to time have an exact Account of all falſe Lovers, and their ſhallow Pretences for breaking off: of all termagant Wives who make Wedlock a Yoke: of Men who affect the Entertainments and Manners ſuitable only to our Sex, and Women who pretend to the Conduct of ſuch Affairs as are only within the Province of Men. It is neceſſary further to advertiſe the Reader, that the uſual Places of Reſort being utterly out of my Province or Obſervation, I ſhall be obliged frequently to change the Dates of Places, as Occurrences come into my Way. The following Letter I lately received from *Epſom*.

Epsom, June 28.

IT is now almost three Weeks since what you writ about happened in this Place. The Quarrel between my Friends did not run so high as I find your Accounts have made it. The Truth of the Fact you shall have very faithfully. You are to understand, that the Persons concerned in this Scene were Lady Autumn, and Lady Springly. Autumn is a Person of good Breeding, Formality, and a singular Way practised in the last Age; and Lady Springly, a modern Impertinent of our Sex, who affects as improper a Familiarity, as the other does Distance. Lady Autumn knows to an Hair's Breadth where her Place is in all Assemblies and Conversations; but Springly neither gives nor takes place of any body, but understands the Place to signify no more, than to have room enough to be at ease where ever she comes. Thus while Autumn takes the whole of this Life to consist in understanding Punctilio and Decorum, Springly takes every thing to be becoming, which contributes to her Ease and Satisfaction. These Heroines have married two Brothers, both Knights. Springly is the Spouse of the Elder, who is a Baronet; and Autumn, being a rich Widow, has taken the younger, and her Purse endowed him with an equal Fortune and Knighthood of the same Order. This Jumble of Titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching Torment to Autumn, who took place of the other on no Pretence, but her Carelessness and Disregard of Distinction. The secret Occasion of Envy broiled long in the Breast of Autumn; but no Opportunity of Contention on that Subject happening, kept all Things quiet till the Accident of which you demand an Account.

IT was given out among all the gay People of this Place, that on the 19th Instant several Damsels, swift of Foot, were to run for a Suit of Head-clothes at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this Occasion invited Springly to go with her in her Coach to see the Race. When they came to the Place, where the Governor of Epsom, and all his Court of Citizens were assembled, as well as a Crowd of People of all Orders, a brisk young Fellow addresses himself to the younger of the Ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his Service to conduct her into

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the Musick Room. Springly *accepts the Compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing Croud, while* Autumn *is left among the Rabble, and has much ado to get back into her Coach; but she did it at last: And as it is usual to see by the Horses my Lady's present Disposition, she orders* John *to whip furiously home to her Husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her Hood, and lament her foolish fond Heart, to marry into a Family where she was so little regarded; she that might* ——— *Here she stops; then rises up and stamps, and sits down again. Her gentle Knight made his Approach with a supple beseeching Gesture. My Dear, said he,* — *Tell me no Dears, replied* Autumn, —— *in the Presence of the Governor and all the Merchants* —— *What will the World say of a Woman that has thrown herself away at this rate? Sir* Thomas *withdrew, and knew it would not be long a Secret to him; as well as that Experience told him, He that marries a Fortune is of course guilty of all Faults against his Wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But* Springly, *an Hour or two after, returns from the* Wells, *and finds the whole Company together. Down she sat, and a profound Silence ensued. You know a premeditated Quarrel usually begins and works up with the Words,* Some People. *The Silence was broken by Lady* Autumn, *who began to say,* There are some People who fancy, that if some People—— Springly *immediately takes her up,* There are some People who fancy, if other People — Autumn *repartees,* People may give themselves Airs; but other People, perhaps, who make less Ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as People who set themselves out more. *All the other People at the Table sat mute, while these two People, who were quarrelling, went on with the Use of the Word* People, *instancing the very Accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant Hints.* Therefore, *says* Autumn, *red'ning,* There are some People will go abroad in other People's Coaches, and leave those with whom they went to shift for themselves: And if, perhaps, those People have married the younger Brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to those People for what he is. Springly *smartly answers,* People may bring so much Ill-humour into a Family, as People may repent their re-

Rabbit himself, and *Hannibal* drank Poison; but our *Modern* lives in the continual Puncture of aching Bones and poison'd Juices. The old Heroes died from Torments by Death, and this Modern lives in Death and Torments, with an Heart wholly bent upon a Supply for remaining in them. An ordinary Spirit would sink under his Oppressions, but he makes an Advantage of his very Sorrow, and raises an Income from his Distress. Long has this Worthy been conversant in Batteries, and knows that when Stocks are lowest, it is the Time to buy. Therefore, with much Prudence and Tranquillity, he thinks that now he has not a Bone found, but a Thousand noxious Parts for which the Anatomists have not Words, and more Diseases than the College ever heard of, it is the only Time to purchase an Annuity for Life. Sir *Thomas* told me, it was an Entertainment more surprising and pleasant than can be imagined, to see an Inhabitant of neither World without Hand to lift, or Leg to move, scarce Tongue to utter his Meaning, to keep upon having the whole World, and making Bubbles at his *Feet*. Sir *Thomas* added, that he would have bought twelve Shillings a Year of him, but that he feared there was some Trick in it, and believed him already dead. What, says the Knight, is Mr *Partridge*, whom I met but now going on both his Legs former than I can, allowed to be quite dead; and shall *Methusalem*, without one Limb that can do its Office, be pronounced alive?

WHAT heightened the Tragi Comedy of this Market for Annuities was, that the Observation of it provoked *Mercurio* (who is the most Eloquent of all Men) to many excellent Reflections, which he spoke with the Vehemence and Language both of a Counsellor and an Orator. 'When I call (said that delightful 'Speaker) my Eye upon thee, thou unaccountable *Species*, I cannot but call my Self as unaccountable as 'thou art; for certainly we were born to shew what 'Contradictions Nature is pleased to form in the same 'Species. Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to sleep, 'and to do all Acts of Nature, except forgetting my 'Debts; and yet by an unintelligible Force of Spleen 'and Envy, I every Moment imagine I am dying. It

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'is utter Madness in thee to provide for Supper; for I'll 'bet you ten to one, you don't live till half an Hour after four; and yet I am so distracted as to be in fear 'every Moment, though I'll lay ten to three, I drink 'three Pints of burnt Claret at your Funeral three 'Nights hence. After all, I envy thee, thou that hast 'no Sense of Death, art happier than one that always 'fears it.' The Knight had gone on, but that a third Man ended the Scene by applauding the Knight's Eloquence and Philosophy, in a Laughter too violent for his own Constitution, as much as he mock'd that of *Africanus* and *Monoculus*.

St. James's Coffee house, July 1.

THIS Day arrived three Mails from *Holland*, with Advices relating to the Posture of Affairs in the *Low-Countries*, which say, That the Confederate Army extends from *Luchin*, on the Causeway between *Tournay* and *Lisle*, to *Epain* near *Mortagne* on the *Scheld*. The Marshal *Villars* remains in his Camp at *Lens*; but it is said, he detached ten thousand Men under the Command of the Chevalier *de Luxemburg*, with Orders to form a Camp at *Crepin* on the *Haine*, between *Condé* and *St. Guillain*, where he is to be joined by the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops, and after their Conjunction, to attempt to march into *Brabant*. But they write from *Brussels*, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having it equally in his Power to make Detachments to the same Parts, they are under no Apprehensions from these Reports for the Safety of their Country. They further add from *Brussels*, that they have good Authority for believing that the *French* Troops under the Conduct of the Marshal *de Bezons* are retiring out of *Spain*.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

Nº 37. *Tueſday*, July 5. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 3.

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be ſuppoſed to go to *White's*, ſhould pretend to talk to you of Matters proper for, or in the Style of, that Place. But though I never viſit theſe publick Haunts, I converſe with thoſe that do; and for all they pretend ſo much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our Sex, and as much at a Loſs to entertain the preſent Company, without ſacrificing the abſent, as we ourſelves. This Reflection has led me into the Conſideration of the Uſe of Speech; and made me look over in my Memory all my Acquaintance of both Sexes, to know to which I may more juſtly impute the Sin of ſuperfluous Diſcourſe in regard to Converſation, without entring into it, as it reſpects Religion.

I FORESEE my Acquaintance will immediately, upon ſtarting this Subject, aſk me, How I ſhall celebrate Mrs. *Alſe Clapwood*, the *Yorkſhire* Huntreſs, who is come to Town lately, and moves as if ſhe were on her Nag, and going to take a Five Bar Gate; and is as loud as if ſhe were following her Dogs? I can eaſily anſwer that; for ſhe is as ſoft as *Damon*, in compariſon of her Brother in Law, *Tom Bellfrey*, who is the moſt accompliſh'd Man in this Kingdom for all Gentleman-like Activities and Accompliſhments. It is allowed, that he is a profeſs'd Enemy to the *Italian* Performers in Muſick. But then for our own native Manner, according to the Cuſtoms and known Uſages of our Iſland, he is to be preferr'd, for the Generality of the Pleaſure he bellows, much before thoſe Fellows, though they ſing to full Theatres. For what is a Theatrical Voice to that of a Fox hunter? I have been at a muſical Entertainment in *an open Field*, where it amazed me to hear to what

Pitches

Pitches the chief Masters would reach. There was a Meeting near our Seat in *Staffordshire*, and the most eminent in all the Counties of *England* were at it. How wonderful was the Harmony between Men and Dogs! *Robin Cartail* of *Hawks* was to answer to *Jowler*; Mr *Tinbreast* of *Cornwal* was appointed to open with *Sweetlips*, and Beau *Slimber* a *Londoner*, undertook to keep up with *Trips*, a Whelp just set in. *Tom Bellfrey* and *Ringwood* were coupled together, to fill the Cry on all Occasions, and be in at the Death of the Fox, Hare or Stag; for which both the Dog and the Man were excellently suited and loved one another, and were as much together as *Banister* and *King*. When *Jowler* first alarmed the Field, *Cartail* repeated every Note; *Sweetlips*'s Treble succeeded, and shook the Wood; *Tinbreast* echo'd a Quarter of a Mile beyond it. We were soon after all at a Loss, till we tid up, and found *Trips* and *Slimber* at a Default in half Notes. But the Day and the Tune was recovered by *Tom Bellfrey* and *Ringwood*, to the great Joy of us all, though they drowned every other Voice. For *Bellfrey* carries a Note four Furlongs, three Roads and six Paces, further than any other in *England*.

I fear the Mention of this will be thought a Digression from my Purpose about Speech: But I answer, No. Since this is used where Speech rather should be imployed, it may come into Consideration in the same Chapter: For Mr. *Bellfrey* being at a Visit where I was, *viz.* his Cousin's (Lady *Dainty*'s) in *Soho*, was asked, What Entertainments they had in the Country? Now *Bellfrey* is very ignorant, and much a Clown; but confident withal. In a Word, he struck up a Fox chase; Lady *Dainty*'s Dog, Mr *Sippet*, as she calls him, started and jump'd out of his Lady's Lap, and fell a Barking. *Bellfrey* went on, and call'd all the neighbouring Parishes into the Square. Never was Woman in such Confusion as that delicate Lady. But there was no stopping her Kinsman. A Room full of Ladies fell into the most violent Laughter. My Lady looked as if she was sticking; Mr. *Sippet* in the Middle of the Room, breaking his Heart with Barking, but all of us unheard. As soon as *Bellfrey* became silent, up gets my Lady, and takes

him by the Arm to lead him off: *Bellmer* was in his Boots. As she was hurrying him away, his Spurs take hold of her Petticoat; his Whip throws down a Cabinet of *China*. He cries, *What! Are your Goods rotten? Are your Petticoats pagged? A Man can't walk in your House for Ornaments.*

EVERY County of *Great Britain* has one hundred or more of this Sort of Fellows, who roar instead of speaking. Therefore if it be true, that we Women are also given to a greater Fluency of Words than is necessary, sure she that disturbs but a Room or a Family is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together whole Parishes and Counties, and sometimes (with an Estate that might make him the Blessing and Ornament of the World around him) has no other View and Ambition, but to be an Animal above Dogs and Horses, without the Relish of any one Enjoyment, which is peculiar to the Faculties of human Nature. I know it will here be said, that talking of meer Country Squires at this Rate, is, as it were, to write against *Lalentine* and *Owen*. To prove any Thing against the Race of Men, you must take them as they are adorned with Education, as they live in Courts, or have received Instructions in Colleges.

BUT I am so full of my late Entertainment by Mr. *Bellmer*, that I must defer purining this Subject to another Day; and wave the proper Observations upon the different Offenders in this Kind, some by profound Eloquence on small Occasions, others by degrading Speech upon great Circumstances. Expect therefore to hear of the Whisperer without Business, the Laugher without Wit, the Complainer without receiving Injuries, and a very large Crowd, which I shall not forestal who are common (though not commonly observed) Impertinents, whose Fourmes are too voluble for their Brains, and are the general Despisers of us Women though we have their Superiors, the Men of Sense, for our Servants.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 4.

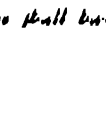
THERE has arrived no Mail since our last; so that we have no manner of Foreign News, except we were to

give

give you, for such, the many Speculations which are on foot concerning what was imported by the last Advices. There are, it seems, sixteen Battalions and seventeen Squadrons appointed to serve in the Siege of *Tournay*; the Garrison of which Place consists of but eleven Battalions and four Squadrons. Letters of the 29th of the last Month from *Berlin* have brought Advice, That the Kings of *Denmark* and *Prussia*, and his Majesty *Augustus* were within few Days to come to an Interview at *Potsdam*. These Letters mention, That two *Polish* Princes of the Family of *Sapieha* and *Lubomirsky*, lately arrived from *Paris*, confirm the Reports of the Misery in *France* for want of Provisions, and give a particular Instance of it; which is, That on the Day Monsieur *Rouille* returned to Court, the common People gathered in Crowds about the *Dauphine's* Coach, crying, *Peace and Bread, Bread and Peace.*

Mrs. Distaff *has taken upon her, while she writes this Paper, to turn her Thoughts wholly to the Service of her own Sex, and to propose Remedies against the greatest Vexations attending Female Life. She has for this End written a small Treatise concerning the* Second Word, *with an Appendix on the Use of a* Reply, *very proper for all such as are married to Persons either ill bred or ill natured. There is in this Tract a Digression for the Use of Virgins, concerning the Words,* I will.

A Gentlewoman who has a very delicate Ear, wants a Maid who can whisper, and help her in the Government of her Family. If the said Servant can clear starch, lisp and tread softly, she shall have suitable Encouragement in her Wages.



By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, *Half Sister to Mr.* Bickerstaff.

Nº 38. *Thursday*, July 7. 1709.

From my own Apartment, July 6.

I FIND among my Brother's Papers the following Letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other End, but to shew the good Effect his Writings have already had upon the ill Customs of the Age.

SIR, *London*, *June* 13.

'THE End of all Publick Papers ought to be the Benefit and Instruction, as well as the Diversion of the Readers: To which I see none so truly conducive as your late Performances; especially those tending to the Rooting out from among us that unchristian-like and bloudy Custom of Duelling; which, that you have already in some measure performed, will appear to the Publick in the following no less true than heroick Story.

'A Noble Gentleman of this City, who has the Honour of serving his Country as Major in the Train-Bands, being at the general Mart of Stock-Jobbers call'd *Jonathan's*, endeavouring to raise himself (as all Men of Honour ought) to the Degree of Colonel at least; it happened that he bought the *Bear* of another Officer, who though not commissioned in the Army, yet no less eminently serves the Publick than the other, in raising the Credit of the Kingdom, by raising that of the Stocks. However, having sold the *Bear*, and Words arising about the Delivery, the said noble Major, no less scorning to be out witted in the Coffee-house, than to run into the Field, according to Method, abused the other with the Titles of *Rogue*, *Villain*, *Bear-Skin-Man*, and the like. Whereupon Satisfaction was demanded, and accepted; So, forth the

'Major

Major marched, commanding his Adversary to follow him. To a most spacious Room in the Sheriff's House, near the Place of Quarrel, they come; where, having due Regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another's Blood in that barbarous Manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put upon Bouts without Satisfaction, they stripp'd, and in the manner fought full fairly with their wrathful Hands. The Combat lasted a Quarter of an Hour; in which time Victory was often doubtful, and many a dry Blow was strenuously laid on each Side, till the Major finding his Adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further Chastisement, with most shrill Voice cry'd out, *I am satisfy'd, enough.* Whereupon the Combat ceased, and both were Friends immediately.

THUS the World may see, how necessary it is to encourage those Men, who make it their Business to instruct the People in every thing necessary for their Preservation. I am informed, a Body of worthy Citizens have agreed on an Address of Thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing Subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly esteemed Officers preserved from Death.

Your humble Servant,

A. B.

I Fear the Word *Bear* is hardly to be understood among the Polite People; but I take the Meaning to be, that one who insures a real Value upon an imaginary Thing, is said to sell a *Bear*, and is the same thing as a Promise among Courtiers, or a Vow between Lovers. I have writ to my Brother to hasten to Town; and hope that printing the Letters directed to him, which I know not how to answer, will bring him speedily: and therefore I add also the following:

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, July 5. 1709.

YOU have hinted a generous Intention of taking under your Consideration the Whisperers without Business, and Laughers without Occasion; as you tender the Welfare of your Country, I intreat you not to forget or delay so publick spirited a Work. Now

* or never is the Time. Many other Calamities may
* ceaſe with the War; but I dreadfully dread the Multi-
* plication of theſe Mortals under the Fate and Luxury
* out-lets of a ſettled Peace. Half the Bleſſing of which
* may be deſtroyed by them. Their Miſtake lies cer-
* tainly here, in a wretched Belief, That their Mimickry
* paſſes for real Buſineſs, or true Wit. Dear Sir, con-
* vince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, ei-
* ther of them; nor ever did, does, or to all Futurity
* ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the
* moſt curſed Diſturbance in Nature, which is poſſible
* to be inflicted on Mankind, under the noble Deſinition
* of a ſociable Creature. In doing this, Sir, you will
* oblige more humble Servants, than can find room to
* ſubſcribe their Names.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 6.

IN Purſuance of my laſt Date from hence, I am to proceed on the Accounts I promiſed of ſeveral Perſonages among the Men, whoſe conſpicuous Fortunes, or Ambition in ſhewing their Follies, have exalted them above their Fellows: The Levity of their Minds is viſible in their every Word and Geſture, and there is not a Day paſſes but puts me in mind of Mr. *Wycherley*'s Character of a Coxcomb: *He is ugly all over with the Affectation of the fine Gentleman.* Now though the Women may put on Softneſs in their Looks, or affected Severity, or impertinent Gaiety, or pert Smartneſs, their Self-Love and Admiration cannot under any of theſe Diſguiſes, appear ſo invincible as that of the Men. You may eaſily take notice, that in all their Actions there is a ſecret Approbation either in the Tone of their Voice, the Turn of their Body, or Caſt of their Eye, which ſhews that they are extreamly in their own favour.

TAKE one of your Men of Buſineſs, he ſhall keep you half an Hour with your Hat off, entertaining you with his Conſideration of that Affair you ſpoke of to him laſt, till he has drawn a Croud that obſerves you in this Grimace. Then when he is publick enough, he immediately runs into Secrets, and falls a whiſpering. You and he make Breaks with Adverbs; as, *But however*, the

thus far; and then you whiſper again, and ſo on, till they who are about you are diſperſed, and your baſy Man's Vanity is no longer gratify'd by the Notice taken of what Importance he is, and how inconſiderable you are; for your Pretender to Buſineſs is never in Secret, but in Publick.

THERE is my dear Lord *Nowhere*, of all Men the moſt gracious and moſt obliging, the Terror of all *Valets de Chambre*, whom he oppreſſes with good Breeding, in enquiring for my good Lord, and for my good Lady's Health. This inimitable Courtier will whiſper a Privy Counſellor's Lacquey with the utmoſt Goodneſs and Condeſcention, to know when they next ſit; and is throughly taken up, and thanks he has a Part in a Secret, if the knows that there is a Secret. *What it is*, he will whiſper you, *That Time will diſcover*: then he ſhrugs, and calls you back again *Sir, I need not ſay to you, That thoſe Things are not to be ſpoken of And hark'ee, No Names, I would not be quoted.* What adds to the Jeſt is, that his Emptineſs has its Moods and Seaſons, and he will not condeſcend to let you into theſe his Diſcoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has ſeen ſome body in Faſhion talk to you. He will keep his *Nothing* to himſelf, and paſs by and overlook as well as the beſt of 'em; not obſerving that he is inſolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Shew me a Woman ſo inconſiderable as this frequent Character.

BUT my Mind (now I am in) turns to many no leſs obſervable: Thou dear *Will Shaſſling!* I profeſs my ſelf in love with thee! How ſhall I ſpeak to thee? How ſhall I addreſs thee? How ſhall I draw thee? Thou dear Outſide! Will you be combing your Wig, playing with your Box, or picking your Teeth? Or chuſeſt thou rather to be ſpeaking; to be ſpeaking for thy only Purpoſe in ſpeaking, to ſhew your Teeth? Rub them no longer, dear *Shaſſling*: Do not premeditate Murder: Do not for ever whiten: Oh! that for my Quiet and his own they were rotten.

BUT I will forget him, and give my Hand to the courteous *Umbra*: He is a fine Man indeed, but the ſoft Creature bows below my Apron-String. We-

ſure

fore he takes it; yet after the firſt Ceremonies, he is as familiar as my Phyſician, and his Inſignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my Doctor. He is ſo courteous, that he carries half the Meſſages of Ladies Ails in Town to their Midwives and Nurſes. He underſtands too the Art of Medicine as far as to the Cure of a Pimple or a Raſh. On Occaſions of the like Importance, he is the moſt aſſiduous of all Men living, in conſulting and ſearching Precedents from Family to Family; then he ſpeaks of his Obſequiouſneſs and Diligence in the Style of real Services. If you ſneer at him, and thank him for his great Friendſhip, he bows, and ſays, *Madam, all the good Offices in my Power, while I have any Knowledge or Credit, ſhall be at your Service.* The Conſideration of ſo ſhallow a Being, and the intent Application with which he purſues Trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that ſort of Men we uſually call an *Impertinent*: And I am, upon mature Deliberation, ſo far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for tho' he will take you aſide, and talk half an Hour upon Matters wholly inſignificant with the moſt ſolemn Air, yet I conſider, that theſe things are of weight in his Imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my Service. If therefore it be a juſt Rule, to judge of a Man by his Intention, according to the Equity of good Breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wiſe, to do you Service, ought in return to have a proportionable Place both in your Affection and Eſteem; ſo that the courteous *Umbra* deſerves the Favour of all his Acquaintance; for though he never ſerved them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

AS impotent Kindneſs is to be returned with all our Abilities to oblige; ſo impotent Malice is to be treated with all our Force to depreſs it. For this Reaſon, *Ely Bland* (who is received in all the Families in Town thro' the Degeneracy and Iniquity of their Manners) is to be treated like a Knave, though he is one of the weakeſt of Fools: He has by Rote, and at Second hand, all that can be ſaid of any Man of Figure, Wit and *Virtue*, in Town. Name a Man of Worth, and this

Creature

Creature tells you the worſt Paſſage of his Life. Speak of a beautiful Woman, and this Puppy will whiſper the next Man to him, though he has nothing to ſay of her. He is a *Fly* that feeds on the lean Part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole Body were in Health. You may know him by the Frequency of pronouncing the Particle *But*; for which Reaſon I never heard him ſpoke of with common Charity, without uſing my *But* againſt him: For a Friend of mine ſaying the other Day, Mrs. *Diſtaff* has Wit, Good-Humour, Virtue and Friendſhip; this Oaf added, *But* ſhe is not handſome. Coxcomb! The Gentleman was ſaying what I was, not what I was not.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 6.

THE Approaches before *Tournay* have been carried on with great Succeſs, and our Advices from the Camp before that Place of the 11th Inſtant ſay, that they had already made a Lodgment on the Counſcarp. Two hundred Boats were come up the *Schelt* with the heavy Artillery and Ammunition, which would be employed in diſmounting the Enemy's Defences, and raiſed on the Batteries the 13th. A great Body of Miners are commanded to the Camp to countermine the Works of the Enemy. We are convinced of the Weakneſs of the Garriſon by a certain Account, That they called a Council of War, to conſult whether it was not adviſable to march into the Citadel, and leave the Town defenceleſs. We are aſſured, That when the Confederate Army was advancing towards the Camp at Marchal *Villars*, that General diſpatched a Courier to his Maſter with a Letter, giving an Account of their Approach, which concluded with the following Words. *The Day begins to break, and your Majeſty's Army is already in Order of Battle. Before Night, I hope to have the Honour of congratulating your Majeſty on the Succeſs of a great Action; and you may be very well aſſured of the Marſhal Villars.*

IF it is to be noted, That in any Part of this Paper appears dull, there is a Deſign in it.

By

By Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq;*

N° 39. *Saturday*, July 9. 1709.

Grecian Coffee houſe, July 7.

AS I am called forth by the immenſe Love I bear to my Fellow Creatures, and the warm Inclination I feel within me, to ſtem, as far as I can, the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Ignorance; ſo I cannot more properly purſue that noble Impulſe, than by ſetting forth the Excellency of Virtue and Knowledge in their native and beautiful Colours. For this reaſon, I made my late Excurſion to *Oxford*, where thoſe Qualities appear in their higheſt Luſtre, and are the only Pretences to Honour and Diſtinction. Superiority is there given in Proportion to Men's Advancement in Wiſdom and Learning; and that juſt Rule of Life is ſo univerſally received among thoſe happy People, that you ſhall ſee an Earl walk bare headed to the Son of the meaneſt Artificer, in reſpect to ſeven Years more Worth and Knowledge than the Nobleman is poſſeſſed of. In other Places they bow to Men's Fortunes, but here to their Underſtandings. It is not to be expreſſed, how pleaſing the Order, the Diſcipline, the Regularity of their Lives, is to a Philoſopher, who has by many Years Experience in the World, learned to contemn every thing but what is revered in this Manſion of ſelect and well taught Spirits. The Magnificence of their Palaces, the Greatneſs of their Revenues, the Sweetneſs of their Groves and Retirements, ſeem equally adapted for the Reſidence of Princes and Philoſophers; and a Familiarity with Objects of Splendour, as well as Places of Recels, prepares the Inhabitants with an Equanimity for their future Fortunes, whether humble or illuſtrious. How was I tranſported when I looked round at *St. Mary's*, and could, in the Face of the ingenious Youth, ſee Miniſters of State, Chancellors, Biſhops, and Judges. Here only is human

THESE are the Reaſons which I have gathered from Philoſophy and Nature; to which I can add other Circumſtances in Vindication of the Account of this learned Body who publiſhed this Almanack.

IT is notorious to Philoſophers, that Joy and Grief can haſten and delay Time. Mr. *Locke* is of Opinion, that a Man in great Misery may ſo far loſe his Meaſure, as to think a Minute an Hour; or in Joy make an Hour a Minute. Let us examine the preſent Caſe by this Rule, and we ſhall find, that the Cauſe of this general Miſtake in the *Britiſh* Nation, has been the great Succeſs of the laſt Campaign, and the following Hopes of Peace. Stocks ran ſo high at the *Change*, that the Citizens had gained three Days of the Courtiers; and we have indeed been ſo happy this Reign, that if the Univerſity did not rectify our Miſtakes, we ſhould think ourſelves but in the ſecond Year of her preſent Majeſty. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Damages that have happened by this Ignorance of the Vulgar. All the Recognizances within the Dioceſe of *Oxford* have been forfeited, for not appearing on the firſt Day of this Michlemas Term. The Univerſity has been nonſuited in their Action againſt the Booksellers for printing *Clarendon* in *Quarto*. Indeed, what gives me the moſt quick Concern, is the Caſe of a poor Gentleman my Friend, who was t'other Day taken in Execution by a Set of ignorant Bailiffs. He ſhould, it ſeems, have pleaded in the firſt Week of Term; but being a Maſter of Arts of *Oxford*, he would not recede from the *Oxonian* Computation. He ſhewed Mr. *Broad* the *Almanack*, and the very Day when the Term began; but the mercileſs ignorant Fellow, againſt all Senſe and Learning, would hurry him away. He went indeed quietly enough, but he has taken exact Notes of the Time of Arreſt, and ſufficient Witneſſes of his being carried into Gaol; and has, by Advice of the Recorder of *Oxford*, brought his Action; and we doubt not but we ſhall pay them off with Damages, and blemiſh the Reputation of Mr. *Broad*. We have one convincing Proof, which all that frequent the Courts of Juſtice are Witneſſes of: The Dog that comes conſtantly to *Weſtminſter* on the firſt Day of the Term, did not

appear

appear till the first Day according to the *Oxford Almanack*; whose Infallibility I take to be a better Guide than Mens erroneous Opinions, which are usually biassed by Interest. I judge in this Case, as King *Charles* II. victualled his Navy with the Bread which one of his Dogs chose of several Pieces thrown before him, rather than trust to the Allegations of the Victuallers. Mr. *Cowper*, and other learned Counsel, have already urged the Authority of this Almanack, in Behalf of their Clients. We shall therefore go on with all Speed in our Causes; and doubt not, but Chancery will give at the End what we lost in the Beginning, by protracting the Term for us till *Wednesday* come Se'nnight. And the University *Oxonie* shall for ever pray, &c.

From my own Apartment, July 7

'TIS the Subject of Duels has, I find, been started with so good Success, that it has been the frequent Subject of Conversation among polite Men; and a Dialogue of that Kind has been transmitted to me *verbatim* as follows. The Persons concerned in it are Men of Honour and Experience in the Manners of Men, and have fallen upon the truest Foundation, as well as searched the Bottom of this Evil.

Mr. *Sage*. IF it were in my Power, every Man that drew his Sword, unless in the Service, or purely to defend his Life, Person or Goods, from Violence, (I mean abstracted from all Punctilio or Whims of Humour) should ride the Wooden Horse in the *Tilt Yard* for such first Offence, for the second Time in the Pillory, and for the third be Prisoner in *Bedlam* for Life.

Col. *Plume*. I remember that a Rencounter or Duel was so far from being in Fashion among the Officers that served in the Parliament Army, that on the contrary it was as disreputable, and as great an Impediment to Advancement in the Service, as being faithful in time of Action.

Sir *Mark*. VERY I have been informed by some old Cavaliers, of famous Reputation for brave and gallant Men, that they were much more in Mode among their Party than they have been during this last War.

Col.

Sir *Mark*. If the Faſhion of Quarrelling and Tilting was ſo often changed in your Time, Colonel *Plume*, a Man might fight, yet loſe his Credit for Want of underſtanding the Faſhion.

Col. *Plume*. WHY, Sir *Mark*, in the Beginning of *July* a Man would have been cenſured for Want of Courage, or been thought indigent of the true Notions of Honour, if he had put up Words, which in the End of *September* following one could not reſent without paſſing for a brutal and quarrelſome Fellow.

Sir *Mark*. BUT, Colonel, were Duels or Rencounters moſt in Faſhion in thoſe Days?

Col. *Plume*. YOUR Men of nice Honour, Sir, were for avoiding all Cenſure of Advantage which they ſuppoſed might be taken in a Rencounter; therefore they uſed Seconds, who were to ſee that all was upon the Square, and make a faithful Report of the whole Combat; but in a little time it became a Faſhion for the Seconds to fight, and I'll tell you how it happened.

Mr. *Sage*. PRAY do, Colonel *Plume*, and the Method of a Duel at that Time, and give us ſome Notion of the Punctilo's upon which your nice Men quarrelled in thoſe Days.

Col. *Plume*. I was going to tell you, Mr. *Sage*, That one Cornet *Modiſh* had defied his Friend, Captain *Smart*'s Opinion in ſome Affair, but did not follow it; upon which Captain *Smart* ſent Major *Adroit*, (a very topping Fellow of thoſe Times) to the Perſon that had [illegible]ted his Advice. The Major never inquired into [illegible] Quarrel, becauſe it was not the Manner then among the very topping Fellows; but got two Swords of an equal Length, and then waited upon Cornet *Modiſh*, deſiring him to chooſe his Sword, and meet his Friend Captain *Smart*. Cornet *Modiſh* came with his Friend to the Place of Combat; there the Principals put on their Pumps, and ſtripped to their Shirts, to ſhew they had nothing but what Men of Honour carry about them, and then engaged.

Sir *Mark*. AND did the Seconds ſtand by, Sir?

Col. *Plume*. IT was a received Cuſtom till that Time; but the Swords of thoſe Days being pretty long, and the Principals acting on both Sides upon the Defenſive,

'that? ſays old *Renault*. Why that? Why muſt
'Fool be a Courtier more than a Madman? This is th
'Iniquity of this dull Age: I remember the Time whe
'it went on the mad Side; all your Top-Wits wer
'Scourers, Rakes, Roarers, and Demoliſhers of Win
'dows. I knew a mad Lord who was drunk five Yea
'together, and was the Envy of that Age, who
'ſaintly imitated by the dull Pretenders to Vice an
'Madneſs in this. Had he lived to this Day, there ha
'not been a Fool in Faſhion in the whole Kingdom
'When *Renault* had done ſpeaking, a very worthy Ma
'aſſumed the Diſcourſe: This is (ſaid he) Mr. *Bicker*
'*ſtaff*, a proper Argument for you to treat of in you
'Article from this Place; and if you would ſend you
'*Pacolet* into all our Brains, you would find, that a lit
'tle Fibre or Valve, ſcarce diſcernable, makes the Di
'ſtinction between a Politician and an Ideot. We ſhoul
'therefore throw a Veil upon thoſe unhappy Inſtance
'of human Nature, who ſeem to breathe without th
'Direction of Reaſon and Underſtanding, as we ſhoul
'avert our Eyes with Abhorrence from ſuch as live i
'perpetual Abuſe and Contradiction to theſe noble Fa
'culties. Shall this unfortunate Man be deveſted of h
'Eſtate, becauſe he is tractable and indolent, runs in n
'Man's Debt, invades no Man's Bed, nor ſpends th
'Eſtate he owes his Children and his Character; whe
'one who ſhews no Senſe above him but in ſuch Practice
'ſhall be eſteemed in his Senſes, and poſſibly may pre
'tend to the Guardianſhip of him who is no ways h
'Inferior, but in being leſs wicked? We ſee old Ag
'brings us indifferently into the ſame Impotence of Sou
'wherein Nature has placed this Lord.'

THERE is ſomething very fantaſtical in the Diſtr
bution of Civil Power and Capacity among Men. Th
Law certainly gives theſe Perſons into the Ward an
Care of the Crown, becauſe that is beſt able to protec
them from Injuries, and the Impoſitions of Craft an
Knavery; that the Life of an Ideot may not ruin th
Intail of a noble Houſe, and his Weakneſs may no
fruſtrate the Induſtry or Capacity of the Founder of h
Family. But when one of bright Parts, as we ſay
with his Eyes open, and all Mens Eyes upon him, de

ſtroys thoſe Purpoſes, there is no Remedy. Folly and Ignorance are puniſhed! Folly and Guilt are tolerated! Mr. *Locke* has ſomewhere made a Diſtinction between a Madman and a Fool: A Fool is he that from right Principles makes a wrong Concluſion; but a Madman is one who draws a juſt Inference from falſe Principles. Thus the Fool who cut off the Fellow's Head that lay aſleep, and hid it, and then waited to ſee what he would ſay when he awak'd, and miſs'd his Head-piece, was in the right in the firſt Thought, that a Man would be ſurprized to find ſuch an Alteration in Things ſince he fell aſleep; but he was a little miſtaken to imagine he could awake at all after his Head was cut off. A Madman fancies himſelf a Prince; but upon his Miſtake, he acts ſuitably to that Character; and though he is out in ſuppoſing he has Principalities, while he drinks Cruel, and lies in Straw, yet you ſhall ſee him keep the Port of a diſtreſſed Monarch in all his Words and Actions. Theſe two Perſons are equally taken into Cuſtody: But what muſt be done to Half this good Company, who every Hour of their Life are knowingly and wittingly both Fools and Madmen, and yet have Capacities both of forming Principles, and drawing Concluſions, with the full Uſe of Reaſon?

From my own Apartment, July 11.

THIS Evening ſome Ladies came to viſit my Siſter *Jenny*; and the Diſcourſe after very many frivolous and publick Matters, turned upon the main Point among the Women, the Paſſion of Love. *Sappho*, who always leads on this Occaſion, began to ſhew her Reading, and told us, That Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* had upon a parallel Occaſion, ſaid the tendereſt Things ſhe had ever read. The Circumſtance, ſaid ſhe, is ſuch as gives us a Notion of that protecting Part which is the Duty of Men in their honourable Deſigns upon, or Poſſeſſion of Women. In *Suckling*'s Tragedy of *Brennoralt* he makes the Lover ſteal into his Miſtreſs's Bed-chamber, and draw the Curtains; then, when his Heart is full of her Charms, as ſhe lies ſleeping, inſtead of being carried away by the Violence of his Deſires into Thoughts of a

warmer Nature, Sleep, which is the Image of Death gives this generous Lover Reflections of a differe Kind, which regard rather her Safety than his own Pa ſion. For, beholding her as ſhe lies ſleeping, he u ters theſe Words:

'So Miſers look upon their Gold,
'Which, while they joy to ſee, they fear to loſe:
'The Pleaſure of the Sight ſcarce equalling
'The Jealouſy of being diſpoſſeſs'd by others.
'Her Face is like the *Milky Way* i'th' Sky,
'A Meeting of gentle Lights without Name!

Heav'n! Shall this freſh Ornament of the World,
Theſe precious Love-Lines, paſs with other commo Things
Amongſt the Waſtes of Time? What Pity 'twere!

WHEN *Milton* makes *Adam* leaning on his Arm beholding *Eve*, and lying in the Contemplation of he Beauty, he deſcribes the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Guar dian Affection in one Word:

Adam with Looks of Cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd.

THIS is that Sort of Paſſion which truly deſerves th Name of Love, and has ſomething more generous tha Friendſhip itſelf; for it has a conſtant Care of the Ob ject belov'd, abſtracted from its own Intereſts in the Poſ ſeſſion of it. *Sappho* was proceeding on the Subject when my Siſter produced a Letter ſent to her in the Time of my Abſence, in Celebration of the Marriage State which is the Condition wherein only this Sort of Paſſion reigns in full Authority. The Epiſtle is as follows:

Dear Madam,

'YOUR Brother being abſent, I dare take th 'Liberty of writing to you my Thoughts of tha 'State, which our whole Sex either is or deſires to be in 'You'll eaſily gueſs I mean Matrimony, which I hea 'ſo much decry'd, that it was with no ſmall Labour I

'main-

'maintained my Ground againſt two Opponents; but, 'as your Brother obſerved of *Socrates*, I drew them in-'to my Concluſion, from their own Conceſſions; thus:

In Marriage are two happy Things allow'd,
A Wife in Wedding-Sheets, and in a Shroud.
How can a Marriage-State then be accurs'd,
Since the laſt Day's as happy as the firſt?

'IF you think they were too eaſily confuted, you 'may conclude them not of the firſt Senſe, by their 'talking againſt Marriage.

Yours,

Mariana.

I obſerved *Sappho* began to redden at this Epiſtle; and turning to a Lady, who was playing with a Dog ſhe was ſo fond of, as to carry him abroad with her; Nay, ſays ſhe, I cannot blame the Men if they have mean Ideas of our Souls and Affections, and wonder ſo many are brought to take us for Companions for Life, when they ſee our Endearments ſo triflingly placed: For to my Knowledge, Mr. *Trueman* would give Half his Eſtate for Half the Affection you have ſhown to that *Shock*: Nor do I believe you would be aſhamed to confeſs, that I ſaw you cry, when he had the Cholick laſt Week with lapping four Milk. What more could you do for your Lover himſelf? What more, replied the Lady: There is not a Man in *England* for whom I could lament half ſo much. Then ſhe ſtifled the Animal with Kiſſes, and called him Beau, Life, Dear, Monſieur, Pretty Fellow, and what not, in the Hurry of her Impertinence. *Sappho* roſe up; as ſhe always does at any thing ſhe obſerves done, which diſcovers in her own Sex a Levity of Mind, which renders them inconſiderable in the Opinion of ours.

——— *Celebrare Domeſtica Facta.*

N° 41. *Thurſday*, July 14. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 12.

THERE is no one Thing more to be lamented in our Nation, than their general Affectation of every Thing that is foreign; nay, we carry it ſo far, that we are more anxious for our own Countrymen when they have croſſed the Seas, than when we ſee them in the ſame dangerous Condition before our Eyes at home: Elſe how is it poſſible, that on the 29th of the laſt Month, there ſhould have been a Battel fought in our very Streets of *London*, and no body at this End of the Town have heard of it. I proteſt, I, who make it my Buſineſs to inquire after Adventures, ſhould never have known this, had not the following Account been ſent me incloſed in a Letter. This, it ſeems, is the Way of giving out Orders in the Artillery-Company; and they prepare for a Day of Action with ſo little Concern, as only to call it, *An Exerciſe of Arms.*

An Exerciſe at Arms of the Artillery-Company, to be performed on Wedneſday, June 29, 1709. *under the Command of Sir* Joſeph Wolfe, *Knight and Alderman, General*; Charles Hopſon, *Eſquire, preſent Sheriff, Lieutenant General*; *Captain* Richard Synge, *Major*; *Major* John Shorey, *Captain of Grenadiers*; *Captain* William Grayhurſt, *Captain* John Butler, *Captain* Robert Carellis, *Captains.*

'THE Body marched from the *Artillery-Ground* 'through *Moregate*, *Coleman-Street*, *Lothbury*, '*Broad-Street*, *Finch-Lane*, *Cornhill*, *Cheapſide*, *St. Martin's*, *St. Anne's-Lane*, Hault the Pikes under the 'Wall in *Noble-Street*, Draw up the Firelocks facing 'the *Goldſmiths* Hall, make ready and face to the Left, 'and

' and fire, and ſo *ditto* three Times; Beat to Arms, and ' march round the Hall, as up *Lad-Lane*, *Gutter-Lane*, ' *Honey-Lane*, and ſo wheel to the Right, and make ' your Salute to my Lord, and ſo down *St. Anne's-Lane*, ' up *Alderſgate Street*, *Barbican*, and draw up in *Red-* ' *Croſs-Street*, the Right at *St. Paul's Alley* in the Rear. ' March off Lieutenant General with half the Body up ' *Beech-Lane*: He ſends a Sub Diviſion up *King's-Head-* ' *Court*, and takes Poſt in it, and marches two Diviſions ' round into *Red-Lion-Market*, to defend that Paſs, and ' ſuccour the Diviſion in *King's Head Court*, but keeps ' in *White-Croſs-Street*, facing *Beech Lane*, the reſt of ' the Body ready drawn up. Then the General marches ' up *Beech-Lane*, is attacked, but forces the Diviſion in ' the Court into the Market, and enters with three Di- ' viſions while he preſſes the Lieutenant General's main ' Body; and at the ſame time the three Diviſions force ' thoſe of the Revolters out of the Market, and ſo all ' the Lieutenant-General's Body retreats into *Chiſwel-* ' *Street*, and lodges two Diviſions in *Grub Street*; and as ' the General marches on, they fall on his Flank, but ' ſoon made to give way; but having a Retreating-Place ' in *Red-Lion-Court*, but could not hold it, being put ' to flight through *Paul's-Alley*, and purſued by the ' General's Grenadiers, while he marches up and at- ' tacks their main Body, but are oppoſed again by a ' Party of Men as lay in *Black-Raven-Court*, ; but they ' are forced alſo to retire ſoon in the utmoſt Confuſion, ' and at the ſame time, thoſe brave Diviſions in *Paul's-* ' *Alley* ply their Rear with Grenadoes, that with Pre- ' cipitation they take to the Rout along *Bunhill-Row*; ' So the General marches into the *Artillery-Ground*, and ' being drawn up, finds the revolting Party to have ' found Entrance, and makes a Show as if for a Battel, ' and both Armies ſoon engage in form, and fire by ' Platoons.'

Much might be ſaid for the Improvement of this Syſtem; which, for its Stile and Invention, may inſtruct Generals and their Hiſtorians, both in fighting a Battel, and deſcribing it when it is over. Theſe elegant Expreſſions, *Ditto* —— *And ſo* —— *But ſoon* —— *But having* —— *But could not* —— *But are* —— *But they* —— Finds the

Party to have found, &c. - - - do certainly give great Life and Spirit to the Relation.

INDEED I am extreamly concerned for the Lieutenant General, who by his Overthrow and Defeat, is made a deplorable Inſtance of the Fortune of War, and Vicciſitudes of human Affairs. He, alas! has loſt in *Beech Lane* and *Chiſwel Street*, all the Glory he lately gained in and about *Holborn* and St. *Giles's*. The Art of Subdividing firſt, and Dividing afterwards, is new and ſurpriſing; and according to this Method, the Troops are diſpoſed in *King's Head Court* and *Red Lion Market*: Nor is the Conduct of theſe Leaders leſs Conſpicuous in their Choice of the Ground or Field of Battel. Happy was it, that the greateſt Part of the Atchievements of this Day was to be performed near *Grub Street*, that there might not be wanting a ſufficient Number of faithful Hiſtorians, who being Eye witneſſes of theſe Wonders, ſhould impartially tranſmit them to Poſterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the Dark as to the Name and Title of that extraordinary Hero who commanded the Diviſions in *Paul's Alley*; eſpecially becauſe thoſe Diviſions are juſtly ſtiled brave, and accordingly were to puſh the Enemy along *Bunhill Row*, and thereby occaſion a general Battel. But *Pallas* appeared in the Form of a Shower of Rain, and prevented the Slaughter and Deſolation, which were threatned by theſe extraordinary Preparations.

Hi Motus Animorum atque hæc Certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui Jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.

Will's Coffee houſe, July 13.

SOME Part of the Company keep up the old Way of Converſation in this Place, which uſually turned upon the Examination of Nature, and an Enquiry into the Manners of Men. There is one in the Room ſo very judicious, that he manages Impertinents with the utmoſt Dexterity. It was diverting this Evening to hear a Diſcourſe between him and one of theſe Gentlemen. He told me before that Perſon joined us, that he was a Queſtioner,

Queſtioner, who, according to his Deſcription, is one who aſks Queſtions not with a Deſign to receive Information, but an Affectation to ſhew his Uneaſineſs for want of it. He went on in aſſerting, that there are Clouds of that modeſt Ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonſtrate that they are in doubt. By this time *Will Whynot* was ſat down by us. *So Gentlemen*, ſays he, *In how many Days think you, ſhall we be Maſters of* Tournay? *Is the Account of the Action of the* Vivarois *to be depended upon? Could you have imagined* England *had ſo much Money in it as you ſee it has produced? Pray, Sirs, what do you think? Will the Duke of* Savoy *make an Irruption into* France? *But* (ſays he) *Time will clear all theſe Myſteries.* His Anſwer to himſelf gave me the Altitude of his Head, and to all his Queſtions I thus anſwered very ſatisfactorily ——— *Sir, have you heard that this* Slaughterford *never owned the Fact for which he died? Have the News-Papers mentioned that Matter? But, pray, can you tell me what Method will be taken to provide for theſe* Palatines? *But this*, as you ſay, *Time will clear. Ay, ay*, ſays he, and whiſpers me, *They will never let us into theſe Things beforehand.* I whiſpered him again, *We ſhall know it as ſoon as there is a Proclamation* ——— He tells me in t'other Ear, *You are in the Right of it.* Then he whiſpered my Friend, to know what my Name was; then made an obliging Bow, and went to examine another Table. This led my Friend and me to weigh this wandering Manner in many other Incidents, and he took out of his Pocket ſeveral little Notes or Tickets to ſollicit for Votes to Employments: As

'Mr. *John Tuplaſh* having ſerved all Offices, and being reduced to great Poverty, deſires your Vote for Singing Clerk of this Pariſh. Another has had ten Children, all whom his Wife has ſuckled herſelf; therefore humbly deſires to be a School-Maſter.'

THERE is nothing ſo frequent as this Way of Application for Offices. It is not that you are fit for the Place, but becauſe the Place would be convenient for you, that you claim a Merit to it. But commend me to the great *Kirleus*, who has lately ſet up for Midwifery, and to help Child birth, for no other Reaſon, but

but that he is himſelf the *Unborn Doctor*. The Way is, to hit upon ſomething that puts the Vulgar upon the Stare, or touches their Compaſſion, which is often the weakeſt Part about us. I know a good Lady, who has taken her Daughters from their old Dancing Maſter, to place them with another, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the new Man has broke his Leg, which is ſo ill ſet, that he can never Dance more.

From my own Apartment, July 13.

AS it is a frequent Mortification to me to receive Letters, wherein People tell me, without a Name, they know I meant them in ſuch and ſuch a Paſſage; ſo that very Accuſation is an Argument, That there are ſuch Beings in human Life, as fall under our Deſcription, and our Diſcourſe is not altogether fantaſtical and groundleſs. But in this Caſe I am treated as I ſaw a Boy was t'other Day, who gave out pocky Bills: Every plain Fellow took it that paſſed by, and went on his Way without farther Notice: And at laſt came one with his Noſe a little abridg'd; who knocks the Lad down, with a *Why you Son of a W—e, do you think I am p—d?* But *Shakeſpear* has made the beſt Apology for his Way of talking againſt the publick Errors: He makes *Jacques*, in the Play, call'd, *As you like it*, expreſs himſelf thus:

Why, Who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party?
What Woman in the City do I name,
When that I ſay, the City Woman bears
The Coſt of Princes on unworthy Shoulders?
Who can come in and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her Neighbour?
Or, What is he of baſeſt Function,
That ſays his Bravery is not on my Coſt?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech.
There then! How then? Then let me ſee wherein
My Tongue has wrong'd him: If it do him Right,
Then he has wrong'd himſelf: If he be free,
Why then my Taxing like a wild Gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any Man.

— *Ce-*

——— *Celebrare Domeſtica Facta.*

N° 42. *Saturday*, July 16. 1709.

From my own Apartment, July 15.

LOOKING over ſome old Papers, I found a little Treatiſe written by my Great Grandfather concerning *Bribery*, and thought his Manner of treating that Subject not unworthy my Remark. He there has a Digreſſion concerning a Poſſibility, that in ſome Circumſtances a Man may receive an Injury, and yet be conſcious to himſelf that he deſerves it. There are Abundance of fine Things ſaid on the Subject; but the whole wrap'd up in ſo much Jingle and Pun (which was the Wit of thoſe Times) that it is ſcarce intelligible; but I thought the Deſign was well enough in the following Sketch of an old Gentleman's Poetry: For in this Caſe, where two are Rivals for the ſame Thing, and propoſe to obtain it by Preſents, he that attempts the Judge's Honeſty, by making him Offers of Reward, ought not to complain when he loſes his Cauſe by a better Bidder. The good old Doggrel runs thus:

A poor Man once a Judge beſought
To judge aright his Cauſe,
And with a Pot of Oil ſalutes
This Judger of the Laws.

My Friend, quoth he, thy Cauſe is good
He glad away did trudge,
Anon his wealthy Foe did come
Before this partial Judge.

An Hog well fed this Client preſents,
And craves a Stream of Law,
The Hog receiv'd, the poor Man's Right
Was judg'd not worth a Straw.

Herewith he cry'd, O! partial Judge,
Thy Doom has me undone;
When Oil I gave, my Cause was good,
But now to Ruin run.

Poor Man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And yet thy Cause of Foil;
A Hog came first into my House,
And broke thy Pot of Oil.

Will's Coffee-house, July 15.

THE Diſcourſe happened this Evening to fall upon Characters drawn in Plays, and a Gentleman remark'd, That there was no Method in the World of knowing the Taſte of an Age, or Period of Time ſo good, as by the Obſervations of the Perſons repreſented in their Comedies. There were ſeveral Inſtances produced, as *Ben Johnſon*'s bringing in a Fellow ſmoaking, as a Piece of Foppery; but ſaid the Gentleman (who entertained us on this Subject) this Matter is no where ſo obſervable as in the Difference of the Characters of Women on the Stage in the laſt Age, and in this. It is not to be ſuppoſed that it was a Poverty of Genius in *Shakſpear*, that his Women made ſo ſmall a figure in his Dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew Women as they then were in Life: For that Sex had not in thoſe Days that Freedom in Converſation; and their Characters were only, that they were Mothers, Siſters, Daughters and Wives. There were not then among the Ladies, ſhining Wits, Politicians, Virtuoſa, Free Thinkers and Diſputants; nay, there was then hardly ſuch a Creature even as a Coquet: But Vanity had quite another Turn, and the moſt conſpicuous Woman at that time of Day was only the beſt Houſewife. Were it poſſible to bring into Life an Aſſembly of Matrons of that Age, and introduce the learned Lady *Wiſely* into their Company, they would not believe the ſame Nation could produce a Creature ſo unlike any thing they ever ſaw in it.

BUT

BUT these Ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same Age so illustrious a Pattern to all who love Things praise worthy, as the divine *Aspasia*. Methinks, I now see her walking in her Garden like our first Parent, with unaffected Charms, before Beauty had Spectators, and bearing celestial conscious Virtue in her Aspect. Her Countenance is the lively Picture of her Mind, which is the Seat of Honour, Truth, Compassion, Knowledge and Innocence.

There dwells the Scorn of Vice and Pity too.

In the midst of the most ample Fortune, and Veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least Affectation, she consults Retirement, the Contemplation of her own Being, and that supreme Power which bestow'd it. Without the Learning of Schools, or Knowledge of a long Course of Arguments, she goes on in a steady Course of uninterrupted Piety and Virtue, and adds to the Severity and Privacy of the last Age all the Freedom and Ease of this. The Language and Mien of a Court she is possessed of in the highest Degree; but the Simplicity and humble Thoughts of a Cottage are her more welcome Entertainments. *Aspasia* is a Female Philosopher, who does not only live up to the Resignation of the most retired Lives of the antient Sages, but also to the Schemes and Plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This Lady is the most exact Oeconomist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the Praise of it; and shuns Applause with as much Industry, as others do Reproach. This Character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out.

BUT, alas! If we have one or two such Ladies, How many Dozens are there like the restless *Poluglossa*, who is acquainted with all the World but herself; who has the Appearance of all, and Possession of no one Virtue: She has indeed in her Practice the Absence of Vice, but her Discourse is the continual History of it; and it is *apparent*, when she speaks of the criminal Gra-

Gratifications of others, that her Innocence is only a Reſtraint, with a certain Mixture of Envy. She is ſo perfectly oppoſite to the Character of *Aſpaſia*, that as Vice is terrible to her only as it is the Object of Reproach, ſo Virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with Applauſe.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 15.

IT is now Twelve o' clock at Noon, and no Mail come in; therefore I am not without Hopes that the Town will allow me the Liberty which my Brother News-Writers take, in giving them what may be for their Information in another kind, and indulge me in doing an Act of Friendſhip by publiſhing the following Account of Goods and Moveables.

THIS is to give Notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great Variety of Gardens, Statues and Water-works, may be bought cheap in *Drury Lane*; where there are likewiſe ſeveral Caſtles to be diſpoſed of, very delightfully ſituated; as alſo Groves, Woods, Foreſts, Fountains and Country Seats, with very pleaſant Proſpects on all ſides of them; being the Moveables of *Ch* ——— *r R* ——— *ch*, Eſq; who is breaking up Houſe keeping, and has many curious Pieces of Furniture to diſpoſe of, which may be ſeen between the Hours of Six and Ten in the Evening.

The *INVENTORY*.

SPIRITS of right *Nants* Brandy, for Lambent Flames and Apparitions.

THREE Bottles and an Half of Lightning.

ONE Shower of Snow in the whiteſt *French* Paper.

TWO Showers of a brownish Sort.

A Sea, conſiſting of a Dozen large Waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A Dozen and a Half of Clouds, trimm'd with black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow, a little faded.

A Set of Clouds after the *French* Mode, streaked with Lightning, and surbelow'd.

A New Moon, something decayed.

A Pint of the finest *Spanish* Wash, being all that is left of two Hogsheads sent over last Winter.

A Coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a Pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A Setting-Sun, a Pennyworth.

AN Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Cæsar*, *Bajazet*, King *Harry* the Eighth, and Signior *Valentini*.

A Basket-hilted Sworn, very convenient to carry Milk in.

ROXANA's Night Gown.

OTHELLO's Handerchief.

THE Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn but once.

A wild Boar, kill'd by Mrs *Jofts* and *Diocleſian*.

A Serpent to sting *Cleopatra*.

A Mustard Bowl to make Thunder with.

ANOTHER of a bigger sort, by Mr. *D—ſ's* Directions, little used.

SIX Elbow Chairs, very expert in Country Dances, with six Flower Pots for their Partners.

THE Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.

THE Complexion of a Murderer in a Band Box; consisting of a large Piece of burnt Cork, and a Coal-black Peruke.

A Suit of Clothes for a Ghost, *viz.* a bloody Shirt, a Doublet curiously pink'd, and a Coat with three great Eyelet Holes upon the Breast.

A Bale of red *Spanish* Wool.

MODERN Plots, commonly known by the Name of Trap Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizard Masques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

THREE Oak-Cudgels, with one of Crab Tree; all bought for the Use of Mr *Pinkethman*.

MATERIALS for Dancing; as Masques, Castanets, and a Ladder of ten Rounds.

AURENGEZEBE's Scymeter, made by *Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A

A Plume of Feathers, never uſed but by *Oedipus* and the Earl of *Eſſex*.

THERE are alſo Swords, Halberts, Sheep-Hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbans, Drums, Gallipots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Altar, an Helmet, a Back Piece, a Breaſt plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed Baby.

THESE are the hard Shifts we Intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuſe us, if a Weſterly Wind blowing for a Fortnight together, generally fills every Paper with an Order of Battle; when we ſhew our Martial Skill in each Line, and according to the Space we have to fill, we range our Men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out Company by Company, and Troop by Troop; ever obſerving that no Muſter is to be made, but when the Wind is in a Croſs-Point, which often happens at the End of a Campaign, when half the Men are deſerted or killed. The *Courant* is ſometimes ten deep, his Ranks cloſe: The *Poſt-Boy* is generally in Files, for greater Exactneſs; and the *Poſt Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkiſh* Way, Sword in Hand, Pell Mell, without Form or Diſcipline; but ſure to bring Men enough into the Field; and wherever they are raiſed, never to loſe a Battle for want of Numbers.

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—— *Rene Nummatum decorat Suadela Venuſque.* Hor.

N° 43. *Tueſday*, July 19. 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, July 18.

I WRITE from hence at preſent to complain, That Wit and Merit are ſo little encouraged by People of Rank and Quality, that the Wits of the Age are obliged to run within *Temple Bar* for Patronage. There is a deplorable Inſtance of this in the Caſe of Mr. *D—y*, who has dedicated his inimitable Comedy, called, *The Modern Prophets*, to a worthy Knight, to whom, it ſeems,

ſeems, he had before communicated his Plan, which was, *To ridicule the Ridiculers of our eſtabliſhed Doctrine.* I have elſewhere celebrated the Contrivance of this excellent *Drama*; but was not, till I read the Dedication, wholly let into the religious Deſign of it. I am afraid it has ſuffered Diſcontinuance at this gay End of the Town, for no other reaſon but the *Piety* of the Purpoſe. There is however in this Epiſtle the true Life of Panegyrical Performance; and I do not doubt but if the Patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good Pretenſions to it, *viz.* of *Uncommon Underſtanding*, who would give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble Perſon, whom theſe Words (which are the Body of the Panegyrick) would fit to a hair.

'YOUR Eaſineſs of Humour, or rather your harmonious Diſpoſition, is ſo admirably mixed with your Compoſure, that the rugged Cares and Diſturbance that publick Affairs bring with it, which does ſo vexatiouſly affect the Heads of other great Men of Buſineſs, *&c.* does ſcarce ever ruffle your unclouded Brow ſo much as with a Frown. And what above all is Praiſe worthy, you are ſo far from thinking yourſelf better than others, that a flouriſhing and opulent Fortune, which by a certain natural Corruption in its Quality ſeldom fails to infect other Poſſeſſors with Pride, ſeems in this Caſe as if only providentially diſpoſed to inlarge your Humility.

'BUT I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large Field, where though I could with great Eaſe raiſe a Number of Plants in Relation to your Merit of this plauditory Nature; yet for fear of an Author's general Vice, and that the plain Juſtice I have done you ſhould by my Proceeding, and others miſtaken Judgment, be imagined Flattery, a Thing the Bluntneſs of my Nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I alſo know you abominate.

IT is wonderful to ſee how many Judges of theſe fine Things ſpring up every Day by the Riſe of Stocks, and other elegant Methods of abridging the Way to Learning and Criticiſm. But I do hereby forbid all Dedica-

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tions to any Perſons within the City of *London*, except Sir *Francis*, Sir *Stephen*, and the Bank will take Epigrams and Epiſtles as Value received for their Notes; and the *Eaſt India* Companies accept of Heroick Poems for their ſealed Bonds. Upon which Bottom our Publiſhers have full Power to treat with the City in Behalf of us Authors, to enable Traders to become Patrons and Fellows of the Royal Society, as well as receive certain Degrees of Skill in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, according to the Quantity of the Commodities which they take off our hands.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, July 28.

THE Learned have ſo long laboured under the Imputation of Dryneſs and Dulneſs in their Accounts of the Phænomena, that an ingenious Gentleman of our Society has reſolv'd to write a Syſtem of Philoſophy in a more lively Method, both as to the Matter and Language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the Plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his Account by way of Fable of the Worlds about us had ſo much Vivacity in it, that I could not forbear tranſcribing his Hypotheſis, to give the Reader a Taſte of my Friend's Treatiſe, which is now in the Preſs

'THE Inferior Deities, having deſign'd on a Day 'to play a Game at Football, kneaded together a number-'leſs Collection of dancing Atoms into the form of ſeven 'rolling Globes: And that Nature might be kept from 'a dull Inactivity, each ſeparate Particle is endued with 'a Principle of Motion, or a Power of Attraction, 'whereby all the ſeveral Parcels of Matter draw each 'other proportionably to their Magnitudes and Diſtances 'into ſuch a remarkable Variety of different Forms, as 'to produce all the wonderful Appearances we now ob-'ſerve in Empire, Philoſophy, and Religion. But to 'proceed.

'AT the Beginning of the Game, each of the 'Globes being ſtruck forward with a vaſt Violence, ran 'out of ſight, and wandered in a ſtraight Line through 'the immenſe Spaces. The nimble Deities purſue, breath-

'leſs

'leſs almoſt, and ſpent in the eager Chace; each of 'them catched hold of one, and ſtamped it with his 'Name; as *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and ſo of the reſt. 'To prevent this Inconvenience for the future, the ſeven 'are condemned to a Precipitation, which in our inferior 'Style we call *Gravity*. Thus the Tangential and Cen-'tripetal Forces, by their Counterſtruggle make the 'Celeſtial Bodies deſcribe an exact Ellipſis.'

THERE will be added to this an Appendix, in Defence of the firſt Day of the Term according to the Oxford Almanack, *by a learned Knight of this Realm, with an Apology for the ſaid Knight's Manner of Dreſs; proving, That his Habit, according to this Hypotheſis, is the true* Modern *and* Faſhionable; *and that Buckles are not to be worn, by this Syſtem, till the* 10th *of* March *in the Year* 1714. *which, according to the Computation of ſome of our greateſt Divines, is to be the firſt Year of the* Millennium; *in which bleſſed Age all Habits will be reduced to a primitive Simplicity; and whoever ſhall be found to have perſevered in a Conſtancy of Dreſs, in ſpite of all the Allurements of prophane and heathen Habits, ſhall be rewarded with a never-fading Doublet of a thouſand Years. All Points in the Syſtem which are doubted, ſhall be atteſted by the Knight's extemporary Oath, for the Satisfaction of his Readers.*

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 18.

WE were upon the Heroick Strain this Evening, and the Queſtion was, What is the true Sublime? Many very good Diſcourſes happened thereupon; after which a Gentleman at the Table, who is, it ſeems, writing on that Subject, aſſumed the Argument; and though he ran through many Inſtances of Sublimity from the ancient Writers, ſaid, He had hardly known an Occaſion wherein the true Greatneſs of Soul, which animates a General in Action, is ſo well repreſented, with regard to the Perſon of whom it was ſpoken, and the Time in which it was writ, as in a few Lines in a Modern Poem: There is (continued he) nothing ſo forc'd and conſtrain'd, as what we frequently meet with in Tragedies,

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to make a Man under the Weight of a great Sorrow, or full of Meditation upon what he is ſoon to execute, caſt about for a Simile to what he himſelf is, or the Thing which he is going to act: But there is nothing more proper and natural for a Poet, whoſe Buſineſs it is to deſcribe, and who is Spectator of one in that Circumſtance when his Mind is working upon a great Image, and that the Ideas hurry upon his Imagination; I ſay, there is nothing ſo natural, as for a Poet to relieve and clear himſelf from the Burthen of Thought at that Time, by uttering his Conception in Simile and Metaphor. The higheſt Act of the Mind of Man is to poſſeſs it ſelf with Tranquillity in imminent Danger, and to have its Thoughts ſo free, as to act at that Time without Perplexity. The ancient Authors have compared this ſedate Courage to a Rock that remains immovable amidſt the Rage of Wind and Waves; but that is too ſtupid and inanimate a Similitude, and could do no Credit to the Hero. At other Times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a *Lybian* Lion, which may give indeed very agreeable Terrors to a Deſcription, but is no Compliment to the Perſon to whom it is applied: Eagles, Tygers and Wolves, are made uſe of on the ſame Occaſion, and very often with much Beauty; but this is ſtill an Honour done to the Brute rather than the Hero. *Mars*, *Pallas*, *Bacchus* and *Hercules*, have each of them furniſhed very good Similes in their Time, and made, doubtleſs, a greater Impreſſion on the Mind of a Heathen, than they have on that of a modern Reader. But the ſublime Image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever enter'd into the Thought of Man, is in the Poem call'd, *The Campaign*; where the Simile of a miniſtring Angel ſets forth the moſt ſedate and the moſt active Courage, engaged in an Uproar of Nature, a Confuſion of Elements, and a Scene of Divine Vengeance. Add to all, That theſe Lines compliment the General and his Queen at the ſame Time, and have all the natural Horrors heighten'd by the Image that was ſtill freſh in the Mind of every Reader.

'Twas then great Marlbro's *mighty Soul was prov'd,*
That, in the Shock of charging Hoſts unmov'd,

Amidſt

Amidſt Confuſion, Horror and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel by Divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia *paſt,*
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.

THE whole Poem is ſo exquiſitely noble and poetick, that I think it an Honour to our Nation and Language. The Gentleman concluded his Critick on this Work, by ſaying that he eſteem'd it wholly new, and a wonderful Attempt to keep up the ordinary Ideas of a March of an Army, juſt as they happen'd, in ſo warm and great a Style, and yet be at once familiar and heroick. Such a Performance is a Chronicle as well as a Poem, and will preſerve the Memory of our Hero, when all the Edifices and Statues erected to his Honour are blended with common Duſt.

——— *Nullis Amor eſt medicabilis Herbis.*

N° 44. *Thurſday*, July 21. 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, July 19.

THIS Day, paſſing through *Covent-Garden*, I was ſtopp'd in the Piazza by *Pacolet*, to obſerve what he called the Triumph of Love and Youth. I turned to the Object he pointed at, and there I ſaw a gay gilt Chariot drawn by freſh prancing Horſes; the Coachman with a new Cockade, and the Lacqueys with Inſolence and Plenty in their Countenances. I asked immediately, What young Heir or Lover own'd that glittering

glittering Equipage? But my Companion interrupted: Do you not ſee there the mourning *Æſculapius*? The mourning? ſaid I. Yes, *Iſaac*, ſaid *Pacolet*, He is in deep Mourning, and is the languiſhing hopeleſs Lover of the Divine *Hebe*, the Emblem of Youth and Beauty. The excellent and learned Sage you behold in that Furniture, is the ſtrongeſt Inſtance imaginable, that Love is the moſt powerful of all Things.

YOU are not ſo ignorant as to be a Stranger to the Character of *Æſculapius*, as the Patron and moſt ſucceſsful of all who profeſs the Art of Medicine. But as moſt of his Operations are owing to a natural Sagacity or Impulſe, he has very little troubled himſelf with the Doctrine of Drugs, but has always given Nature more room to help herſelf, than any of her learned Aſſiſtants; and, conſequently, has done greater Wonders than is in the Power of Art to perform: For which Reaſon he is half deify'd by the People; and has ever been juſtly courted by all the World, as if he were a ſeventh Son.

IT happen'd, that the charming *Hebe* was reduced, by a long and violent Fever, to the moſt extreme Danger of Death; and when all Skill failed, they went for *Æſculapius*. The renowned Artiſt was touch'd with the deepeſt Compaſſion to ſee the faded Charms and faint Bloom of *Hebe*; and had a generous Concern in beholding a Struggle, not between Life, but rather between Youth and Death. All his Skill and his Paſſion tended to the Recovery of *Hebe*, beautiful even in Sickneſs: But, alas! the unhappy Phyſician knew not, that in all his Care he was only ſharpening Darts for his own Deſtruction. In a word, his Fortune was the ſame with that of the Statuary, who fell in love with the Image of his own making; and the unfortunate *Æſculapius* is become the Patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this Diſaſter, *Æſculapius* was far gone in the unneceſſary and ſuperfluous Amuſements of Old Age, in increaſing unwieldy Stores, and providing in the midſt of an Incapacity of Enjoyment of what he had, for a Supply of more Wants than he had Calls for in Youth it ſelf. But theſe low Conſiderations are now no more, and Love has taken place of Avarice, or rather is become an Avarice of another Kind, which ſtill urges

him

him to purſue what he does not want. But behold the Metamorphoſis; the anxious mean Cares of an Uſurer are turned into the Languiſhments and Complaints of a Lover. Behold, ſays the aged *Æſculapius*, I ſubmit; I own, great Love, thy Empire: Pity, *Hebe*, the Fop you have made: What have I to do with Gilding but on Pills? Yet, O Fair! For thee I ſit amidſt a Croud of painted Deities on my Chariot, button'd in Gold, claſp'd in Gold, without having any Value for that beloved Metal, but as it adorns the Perſon, and laces the Hat of thy dying Lover. I aſk not to live, O *Hebe!* Give me but gentle Death: *Euthanaſia*, *Euthanaſia*, that is all I implore. When *Æſculapius* had finiſhed his Complaint, *Pluto* went on in deep Morals on the Incertainty of Riches with this remarkable Exclamation; O Wealth! How impotent art thou! And how little doſt thou ſupply us with real Happineſs, when the Uſurer himſelf can forget thee for the Love of what is as foreign to his Felicity as thou art!

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 10.

THE Company here, who have all a delicate Taſte of Theatrical Repreſentations, had made a Gathering to purchaſe the Moveables of the neighbouring Playhouſe, for the Encouragement of one which is ſetting up in the *Hay-Market*. But the Proceedings at the Auction (by which Method the Goods have been ſold this Evening) have been ſo unfair, that this generous Deſign has been fruſtrated; for the *Imperial Mantle made for Cyrus* was nothing, as alſo the *Chariot and two Dragons*: But upon Examination it was found, that a Gentleman of *Hampſhire* had clandeſtinely bought them both, and is gone down to his Country Seat; and that on *Saturday* laſt he paſs'd through *Staines* attired in that Robe, and drawn by the ſaid *Dragons*, aſſiſted by two only of his own Horſes. This Theatrical Traveller has alſo left Orders with Mr. *Hall* to ſend the faded Rainbow to the Scowrer's, and when it comes home, to diſpatch it after him. At the ſame time C——— R ——— Eſq; is invited to bring down his *Setting Sun* himſelf, and be Box-keeper to a Theatre erected by this Gentleman near *Southampton*.

Thus,

Thus there has been nothing but Artifice in the Management of this Affair; for which Reason I beg Pardon of the Town, that I inserted the Inventory in my Paper, and solemnly protest, I knew nothing of this artful Design of vending these Rarities: But I meant only the Good of the World, in that and all other Things which I divulge.

AND now I am upon this Subject, I must do my self Justice in relation to an Article in a former Paper, wherein I made mention of a Person who keeps a Puppet-Show in the Town of *Bath*; I was tender of naming Names, and only just hinted, that he makes larger Promises, when he invites People to his Dramatick Representations, than he is able to perform: But I am credibly informed, that he makes a prophane loud Jester, whom he calls *Punch*, speak to the Dishonour of *Isaac Bickerstaff* with great Familiarity; and before all my learned Friends in that Place, takes upon him to dispute my Title to the Appellation of *Esquire*. I think I need not say much to convince all the World, that this Mr. *Powel* (for that is his Name) is a pragmatical and vain Person to pretend to argue with me on any Subject. *Meum certasse fuisse*; that is to say, It will be an Honour to him to have it said he contended with me: But I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his Wires, and know very well the whole Trick of his Art, and that it is only by these Wires that the Eye of the Spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a Thread on one of *Punch*'s Chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the Discretion of the said *Powel*, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak sawcily of his betters. He! to pretend to make Prologues against me!——— But a Man never behaves himself with Decency in his own Case; therefore I shall command myself, and never trouble me further with this little Fellow, who is himself but a tall Puppet, and has not Brains enough to make even Wood speak as it ought to do: And I, that have heard the Groaning Board, can despise all that his Puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius*. He has pretended to write to me

alſo from the *Bath*, and ſays, He thought to have deferred giving me an Anſwer till he came *to his Books*; but that my Writings might do well with the Waters: Which are pert Expreſſions that become a School Boy, better than one that is to teach others: And when I have ſaid a civil Thing to him, he cries, *Oh! I thank you for that - I am your humble Servant for that.* Ah! Mr. *Powel*, theſe ſmart Civilities will never run down Men of Learning: I know well enough your Deſign is to have all Men *Automata*, like your Puppets; but the World is grown too wiſe, and can look through theſe thin Devices. I know your Deſign to make a Reply to this; but be ſure you ſtick cloſe to my Words; for if you bring me into Diſcourſes concerning the Government of your Puppets, I muſt tell you, *I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at Leiſure to anſwer you.* It is really a burning Shame this Man ſhould be tolerated in abuſing the World with ſuch Repreſentations of Things: But his Parts decay, and he is not much more alive than *Partridge*.

From my own Apartment, July 14.

I muſt beg Pardon of my Readers, that for this Time I have, I fear, huddled up my Diſcourſe, having been very buſy in helping an old Friend of mine out of Town. He has a very good Eſtate, is a Man of Wit; but he has been three Years abſent from Town, and can't bear a Jeſt; for which Reaſon I have, with ſome Pains, convinc'd him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright Bankrupt. He was ſo fond of dear *London*, that he began to fret only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laugh'd at, I took a Place in the Northern Coach for him and his Family; and hope he is got to night ſafe from all Sneerers in his own Parlour.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 20.

THIS Morning we received by Expreſs the agreeable News of the Surrender of the Town of *Tournay* on the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* The Place was aſſaulted at

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the Attacks of General *Schuylemberg*, and that of General *Lottum*, at the same time. The Action at both those Parts of the Town was very obstinate, and the Allies lost a considerable Number at the Beginning of the Dispute; but the Fight was continued with so great Bravery, that the Enemy observing our Men to be Masters of all the Posts which were necessary for a general Attack, beat the *Chamade*, and Hostages were received from the Town, and others sent from the Besiegers, in order to come to a formal Capitulation for the Surrender of the Place. We have also this Day received Advice, That Sir *John Leak*, who lies off of *Dunkirk*, had intercepted several Ships laden with Corn from the *Baltick*; and that the *Dutch* Privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into *Holland*. The *French* Letters advise, That the young Son to the Duke of *Anjou* lived but eight Days.

Crede Pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam
In Terris . . .

N° 45. *Saturday*, July 24. 1709.

White's Chocolate house, July 22.

THE other Day I took a walk a Mile or two out of Town, and strolling wherever Chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a By Road, along which was a very agreeable Quickset, of an extraordinary Height, which surrounded a very delicious Seat and Garden. From one Angle of the Hedge, I heard a Voice cry, Sir, Sir. This raised my Curiosity, and I heard the same Voice say, but in a gentle Tone, Come forward, come forward. I did so, and one through the Hedge called me by my Name, and bid me go on to the Left, and I should be admitted to visit an old Acquaintance in Distress. The Laws of Knight Errantry made me obey the Summons without hesitation; and I was let in at the Back Gate of a lovely House by a

Maid-

Maid Servant who carried me from Room to Room till I came into a Gallery; at the End of which, I saw a fine Lady dressed in the most sumptuous Habit, as if she were going to a Ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate Sorrow in her Face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into Tears, and cried, Sir, Do not you know the unhappy *Tecumtata*? I soon recollected her whole Person. But (said I) Madam, The Simplicity of Dress, in which I have ever seen you at your good Father's House, and the Chearfulness of Countenance with which you always appeared, are so unlike the Fashion and Temper you are now in, that I did not easily recover the Memory of you. Your Habit was then decent and modest, your Looks serene and beautiful. Whence then this accountable Change? Nothing can speak so deep a Sorrow as your present Aspect; yet your Dress is made for Jollity and Revelling. It is (said she) an unspeakable Pleasure to meet with one I know, and to bewail myself to any that is not an utter Stranger to Humanity.

WHEN your Friend my Father died, he left me to a wide World, with no Defence against the Insults of Fortune; but rather, a thousand Snares to intrap me in the Dangers to which Youth and Innocence are exposed, in an Age wherein Honour and Virtue are become meer Words, and used only as they serve to betray those who understand them in their Native Sense, and obey them as the Guides and Motives of their Being. The Wickedest of all Men living, the abandoned *Decius*, who has no Knowledge of any good Art or Purpose of human Life, but as it tends to the Satisfaction of his Appetites, had Opportunities of frequently seeing and entertaining me at a House where mixed Company boarded, and where he placed himself for the base Intention which he has since brought to pass. *Decius* saw enough in me to raise his brutal Desires, and my Circumstances gave him Hopes of accomplishing them. But all the glittering Expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private Terrors of Poverty itself, could not for some Months prevail upon me; yet however I hated his Intention, I still had a secret Satisfaction in his Courtship, and always exposed myself to his so-

licitations. See here the Bane of our Sex! Let the Flattery be never ſo apparent, the Flatterer never ſo ill thought of, his Praiſes are ſtill agreeable, and we contribute to our own Deceit. I was therefore ever fond of all Opportunities and Pretences of being in his Company. In a Word, I was at laſt ruined by him, and brought to this Place, where I have been ever ſince immur'd; and from the fatal Day after my Fall from Innocence, my Worſhipper became my Maſter and my Tyrant.

THUS you ſee me habited in the moſt gorgeous Manner, not in Honour of me as a Woman he loves, but as this Attire charms his own Eye, and urges him to repeat the Gratification he takes in me, as the Servant of his bruti ſh Luſts and Appetites. I know not where to fly for Redreſs; but am here pining away Life in the Solitude and Severity of a Nun, but the Conſcience and Guilt of an Harlot. I live in this lewd Practice with a religious Awe of my Miniſter of Darkneſs, upbraided with the Support I receive from him, for the ineſtimable Poſſeſſion of Youth, of Innocence, of Honour, and of Conſcience. I ſee, Sir, my Diſcourſe grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint in ſo ſtrong Colours, as to let *Decius* ſee I am diſcovered to be in his Poſſeſſion, that I may be turned out of this deteſtable Scene of regular Iniquity, and either think no more, or ſin no more. If your Writings have the good Effect of gaining my Enlargement, I promiſe you I will attone for this unhappy Step, by preferring an innocent laborious Poverty, to all the guilty Affluence the World can offer me.

Will's Chocolate houſe, July 21.

TO ſhew that I do not bear an irreconcileable Hatred to my mortal Enemy, Mr. *Powel* at *Bath*, I do his Function the Honour to publiſh to the World, that Plays repreſented by Puppets are permitted in our Univerſities, and that Sort of *Drama* is not wholly thought unworthy the Critick of learned Heads; but as I have been converſant rather with the greater Ode, as I think the Criticks call it, I muſt be ſo humble as to make a Requeſt to Mr. *Powel*, and deſire him to apply his

Thoughts

Thoughts to anſwering the Difficulties with which my Kinſman, the Author of the following Letter, ſeems to be embarraſſed.

To my Honoured Kinſman, *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

Dear Couſin,

HAD the Family of the Beadleſtaffs, *whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at* Oxon, *we had in our own Name, and in the Univerſity's (as it is our Office) made you a Compliment: But your ſhort Stay here robbed us of an Opportunity of paying our due Reſpects, and you of receiving an ingenious Entertainment, with which we at preſent divert our ſelves and Strangers. A* Puppet Show *at this Time ſupplies the want of an* ACT. *And ſince the Nymphs of this City are diſappointed of a luſcious Muſick Speech, and the Country Ladies of hearing their Sons or Brothers ſpeak Verſes; yet the vocal Machines, like them, by the Help of a Prompter, ſay Things as much to the Benefit of the Audience, and almoſt as properly their own. The Licence of a* Terræ Filius *is refin'd to the well bred Satire of* Punchenello. *Now, Couſin* Bickerſtaff, *though* Punch *has neither a* French *Night-Cap, nor long Pockets, yet you muſt own him to be a* pretty *Fellow, a* very pretty *Fellow: Nay, ſince he ſeldom leaves the Company, without calling Son of a Whore, demanding Satisfaction, and Duelling, he muſt be own'd a* ſmart *Fellow too. Yet, by ſome Indecencies towards the Ladies, he ſeems to be of a third Character, diſtinct from any you have yet touched upon. A young Gentleman who ſat next me (for I had the Curioſity of ſeeing this Entertainment) in a tufted Gown, red Stockings, and long Wig (which I pronounce to be tantamount to red Heels, and a dangling Cane) was enraged when* Punchenello *diſturbed a ſoft Love Scene with his Ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down ſome Rules for adjuſting the extravagant Behaviour of this* Almanzor *of the Play, and by writing a Treatiſe on this Sort of Dramatick Poetry, ſo much favoured, and ſo little underſtood, by the learned World.*

FROM its being conveyed in a Cart after the The *Italian Manner, all the Parts being recited by one Perſon,*

as the Cuſtom was before Æſchylus, and from the Behaviour of Punch, *as if he had won the Goal, you may poſſibly deduce its Antiquity, and ſettle the Chronology, as well as ſome of our modern Critticks. In its natural Tranſitions from mournful to merry; as from the hanging of a Lover to dancing upon the Rope; from the ſtalking of a Ghoſt to a Lady's preſenting you with a Jig, you may diſcover ſuch a Decorum, as is not to be found elſewhere than in our* Tragi-Comedies. *But I forget myſelf; 'tis not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear Couſin, to give you theſe Hints, to ſhew you, that the* Beadleſtaffs *don't walk before Men of Letters to no purpoſe; and that though we do but hold up the Train of Arts and Sciences, yet like other Pages, we are now and then let into our Ladies Secrets. I am*

From Mother *Gourdon's*, at *Hedington* near *Oxon*, *June* 18.

Your moſt affectionate Kinſman, Benjamin Beadleſtaff.

From my own Apartment, July 22.

I am got hither ſafe, but never ſpent Time with ſo little Satisfaction as this Evening; for you muſt know, I was five Hours with three *merry* and two *honeſt Fellows*. The former ſang Catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the Noiſe they made. Well, (ſays *Tom Bellfrey*) You Scholars, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, are the worſt Company in the World. Ay, (ſays his Oppoſite) You are dull to night; prithee be merry. With that I huzza'd, and took a Jump croſs the Table, then came clever upon my Legs, and fell a Laughing. Let Mr. *Bickerſtaff* alone (ſays one of the *honeſt Fellows*) when he's in a good Humour, he's as good Company as any Man in *England*. He had no ſooner ſpoke, but I ſnatched his Hat off his Head, and clap'd it upon my own, and burſt out a Laughing again; upon which we all fell a Laughing for Half an Hour. One of the *honeſt Fellows* got behind me in the Interim, and hit me a ſound Slap on the Back; upon which he got the Laugh out of my Hands, and it was ſuch a Twang on my Shoulders, that I confeſs he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but reſolved to keep up the good Humour

Humour of the Company; and after hollowing as loud as I could poſſibly, I drank off a Bumper of Claret, that made me ſtare again. Nay, (ſays one of the *honeſt Fellows*) Mr. *Isaac* is in the right, there is no Converſation in this; What ſignifies jumping, or hitting one another on the Back? Let's drink about. We did ſo from Seven of the Clock till Eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the Manner of the wiſe *Pythagoras*, begin to reflect upon the Paſſages of the Day. I remember nothing but that I am bruiſed to Death; and as it is my way to write down all the good Things I have heard in the laſt Converſation to furniſh my Paper, I can from this only tell you my Sufferings and my Pangs.

I named *Pythagoras* juſt now, and I proteſt to you, as he believed Men after Death entered into other Species, I am now and then tempted to think other Animals enter into Men, and could name ſeveral on two Legs, that never diſcover any Sentiments above what is common with the Species of a lower Kind; as we ſee in theſe bodily Wits whom I was with to night, whoſe Parts conſiſt in Strength and Activity; but their boiſterous Mirth gives me great Impatience for the Return of ſuch Happineſs as I enjoyed in a Converſation laſt Week. Among others in that Company we had *Florio*, who never interrupted any Man living when he was ſpeaking; or ever ceaſed to ſpeak, but others lamented that he had done. His Diſcourſe ever ariſes from the Fulneſs of the Matter before him, and not from Oſtentation or Triumph of his Underſtanding; for though he ſeldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he ſpeaks without having that End in view; and his Forbearance of Calumny or Bitterneſs is owing rather to his Good nature than his Diſcretion; for which Reaſon he is eſteemed a Gentleman perfectly qualified for Converſation, in whom a general Good-will to Mankind takes off the Neceſſity of Caution and Circumſpection.

WE had at the ſame Time that Evening the beſt ſort of Companion that can be, a Good natured old Man. This Perſon meets, in the Company of young Men, Veneration for his Benevolence, and is not only

valued for the good Qualities of which he is Maſter, but reaps an Acceptance from the Pardon he gives to other Mens Faults: And the ingenuous Sort of Men with whom he converſes, have ſo juſt a Regard for him, that he rather is an Example, than a Check to their Behaviour. For this Reaſon, as *Senecio* never pretends to be a Man of Pleaſure before Youth, ſo young Men never ſet up for Wiſdom before *Senecio*; ſo that you never meet, where he is, thoſe Monſters of Converſation, who are grave or gay above their Years. He never converſes but with Followers of Nature and good Senſe, where all that is uttered is only the Effect of a communicable Temper, and not of Emulation to excel their Companions; all Deſire of Superiority being a Contradiction to that Spirit which makes a juſt Converſation, the very Eſſence of which is mutual Good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a Rule, that the natural, and not the acquired Man, is the Companion. Learning, Wit, Gallantry and Good Breeding, are all but ſubordinate Qualities in Society, and are of no Value, but as they are ſubſervient to Benevolence, and tend to a certain Manner of being or appearing equal to the reſt of the Company; for Converſation is compoſed of an Aſſembly of Men, as they are Men, and not as they are diſtinguiſhed by Fortune: Therefore he who brings his Quality with him into Converſation, ſhould always pay the Reckoning; for he came to receive Homage, and not to meet his Friends.——But the Din about my Ears from the Clamour of the People I was with this Evening, has carried me beyond my intended Purpoſe, which was to explain upon the Order of *Merry Fellows*: but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good *Senecio*, with a Spice of the Wit of the laſt Age, ſay, viz. That a *merry Fellow* is the *ſaddeſt Fellow* in the World.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una Sede morantur,
Majestas & Amor. ———

N° 46. *Tueſday*, July 26. 1709.

White's Chocolate houſe, July 25.

WE ſee every Day Volumes written againſt that Tyrant of human Life called *Love*, and yet there is no Help found againſt his Cruelties, or Barrier againſt the Inroads he is pleaſed to make into the Mind of Man. After this Preface, you will expect I am going to give particular Inſtances of what I have aſſerted. That Expectation cannot be raiſed too high for the Novelty of the Hiſtory, and Manner of Life, of the Emperor *Aurengzebe*, who has reſided for ſome Years in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, with the Air and Mien indeed of his Imperial Quality, but the Equipage and Appointment only of a private Gentlemen. This Potentate, for a long Series of Time, appeared from the Hour of Twelve till that of Two at a Coffee houſe near the *Change*, and had a Seat (tho' without a Canopy) facred to himſelf, where he gave diurnal Audiences concerning Commerce, Politicks, Tare and Tret, Uſury and Abatement, with all Things neceſſary for helping the Diſtreſſed, who are willing to give one Limb for the better Maintenance of the reſt; or ſuch joyous Youths, whoſe Philoſophy is confined to the preſent Hour, and were deſirous to call in the Revenue of the next Half Year to double the Enjoyment of this. Long did this growing Monarch employ himſelf after this Manner: And as Alliances are neceſſary to all great Kingdoms, he took particularly the Intereſts of *Lewis* the Fourteenth into his Care and Protection. When all Mankind were attacking that unhappy Monarch, and thoſe who had neither Valour or Wit to oppoſe againſt him, would be ſtill ſhewing their impotent Malice, by laying Wagers in Oppoſition to his Intereſts; *Aurenge-*

zebe ever took the Part of his Contemporary, and laid immenſe Treaſures on his Side in Defence of his important Magazine of *Toulon*. *Aurengezebe* alſo had all this while a conſtant Intelligence with *India*; and his Letters were anſwered in Jewels, which he ſoon made brilliant, and cauſed to be affixed to his Imperial Caſtor, which he always wears cock'd in front, to ſhow his Defiance; with an Heap of Imperial Snuff in the Middle of his ample Viſage, to ſhew his Sagacity. The *Zealots*, for this little Spot called *Great Britain*, fell univerſally into this Emperor's Policies, and paid Homage to his ſuperior Genius, in forfeiting their Coffers to his Treaſury.

BUT Wealth and Wiſdom are Poſſeſſions too ſolemn not to give Wearineſs to active Minds, without the Relief (in vacant Hours) of Wit and Love, which are the proper Amuſements of the Powerful and the Wiſe: This Emperor therefore, with great Regularity, every Day at Five in the Afternoon, leaves his Money-Changers, his Publicans, and little Hoarders of Wealth, to their low Purſuits, and aſcends his Chariot to drive to *Will's*; where the Taſte is refined, and a Reliſh given to Mens Poſſeſſions, by a polite Skill in gratifying their Paſſions and Appetites. There it is that the Emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a Miſer, to gaze only on his Ingots or his Treaſures; but with a nobler Satisfaction, to live the Admiration of others, for his Splendor and Happineſs in being Maſter of them. But a Prince is no more to be his own Caterer in his Love, than in his Food; therefore *Aurengezebe* has ever in waiting two Purveyors for his Diſhes, and his Wenches for his retired Hours, by whom the Scene of his Diverſion is prepared in the following Manner:

THERE is near *Covent Garden*, a Street known by the Name of *Drury*, which before the Days of Chriſtianity, was purchaſed by the Queen of *Paphos*, and is the only Part of *Great Britain* where the Tenure of Vaſſalage is ſtill in Being. All that long Courſe of Building is under particular Diſtricts or Ladyſhips, after the Manner of Lordſhips in other Parts, over which Matrons of known Abilities preſide, and have,

for

for the Support of their Age and Infirmities, certain Taxes paid out of the Rewards of the amorous Labours of the Young. This Seraglio of *Great Britain* is diſpoſed into convenient Alleys and Apartments, and every Houſe from the Cellar to the Garret, inhabited by Nymphs of different Orders, that Perſons of every Rank may be accommodated with an immediate Conſort, to allay their Flames, and partake of their Cares. Here it is, that when *Aurengzebe* thinks fit to give a Looſe to Dalliance, the Purveyors prepare the Entertainment; and what makes it more auguſt is, that every Perſon concerned in the Interlude has his ſet Part, and the Prince tends before hand Word what he deſigns to ſay, and directs alſo the very Anſwer which ſhall be made to him.

IT has been before hinted, that this Emperor has a conſtant Commerce with *India*; and it is to be noted, that the largeſt Stone that rich Earth has produced, is in our *Aurengzebe*'s Poſſeſſion.

BUT all things are now diſpoſed for his Reception. At his Entrance into the *Seraglio*, a Servant delivers him his Bever of State and Love, on which is fixed this ineſtimable Jewel as his Diadem. When he is ſeated, the Purveyors, *Pandarus* and *Nuncio*, marching on each ſide of the Matron of the Houſe, introduce her into his Preſence. In the Midſt of the Room, they bow all together to the Diadem.

WHEN the Matron —

WHOEVER thou art, (as thy awful Aſpect ſpeaks thee a Man of Power) be propitious to this Manſion of Love, and let not the Severity of thy Wiſdom diſdain, that by the Repreſentation of naked Innocence, or paſtoral Figures, we revive in thee the Memory at leaſt of that Power of Venus, *to which all the Wiſe and the Brave are ſome Part of their Lives devoted. Aurengzebe* conſents by a Nod, and they go out backward.

AFTER this, an unhappy Nymph, who is to be ſuppoſed juſt eſcaped from the Hands of a Raviſher, with her Treſſes diſhevel'd, runs into the Room with a Dagger in her Hand, and falls before the Emperor.

PITY! Oh, pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy Virgin, whom one of thy Train has robbed of her Inno-

cence; her Innocence, which was all her Portion — Or rather, let me die like the memorable Lucretia——Upon which ſhe ſtabs herſelf. The Body is immediately examined after the Manner of our Coroners. *Lucretia* recovers by a Cup of right *Nantz*; and the Matron, who is her next Relation, ſtops all Proceſs at Law.

THIS unhappy Affair is no ſooner over, but a naked Mad-woman breaks into the Room, calls for her Duke, her Lord, her Emperor. As ſoon as ſhe ſpies *Aurengezebe*, the Object of all her Fury and Love, ſhe calls for Petticoats, is ready to ſink with Shame, and is dreſſed in all haſte in new Attire at his Charge. This unexpected Accident of the Mad-woman, makes *Aurengezebe* curious to know, whether others who are in their Senſes can gueſs at his Quality. For which reaſon, the whole Convent is examined one by one. The Matron marches in with a tawdry Country-Girl —— Pray *Winifred* (ſays ſhe) Who do you think that fine Man with thoſe Jewels and Pearls is? ——I believe (ſays *Winifred*) it is our Landlord ——It muſt be the 'Squire himſelf —— The Emperor laughs at her Simplicity —— Go Fool, ſays the Matron: Then turning to the Emperor —— Your Greatneſs will pardon her Ignorance! After her, ſeveral others of different Characters are inſtructed to miſtake who he is, in the ſame Manner: Then the whole Siſterhood are called together, and the Emperor riſes, and cocking his Hat, declares, He is the *Great Mogul*, and they his Concubines. A general Murmur goes through the whole Aſſembly, and *Aurengezebe* certifying that he keeps them for State rather than Uſe, tells them, they are permitted to receive all Men into their Apartments; then proceeds through the Crowd, among whom he throws Medals ſhaped like Half-Crowns, and returns to his Chariot.

THIS being all that paſſed the laſt Day in which *Aurengezebe* viſited the Women's Apartment, I conſulted *Pacolet* concerning the Foundation of ſuch ſtrange Amuſements in Old Age: To which he anſwered; You may remember, when I gave you an Account of my good Fortune in being drowned on the 30th Day of my human Life, I told you of the Diſaſters I ſhould otherwiſe have met with before I arrived at the

End

End of my *Stamen*, which was sixty Years. I may now add an Observation to you, That all who exceed that Period, except the latter Part of it is spent in the Exercise of Virtue and Contemplation of Futurity, must necessarily fall into an indecent Old Age, because, with regard to all the Enjoyments of the Years of Vigour and Manhood, Childhood returns upon them. And as Infants ride on Sticks, build Houses in Dirt, and make Ships in Gutters, by a faint Idea of Things they are to act hereafter; so old Men play the Lovers, Potentates and Emperors, for the decaying Image of the more perfect Performances of their stronger Years: Therefore be sure to insert *Eucalaptus* and *Aurengezebe* in your next Bill of Mortality of the Metaphorically Defunct.

Will's Coffee house, July 24.

AS soon as I came hither this Evening, no less than ten People produced the following Poem, which they all reported was sent to each of them by the Penny Post from an unknown Hand. All the Battle Writers in the Room were in Debate, who could be the Author of a Piece so martially written, and every body applauded the Address and Skill of the Author, in calling it a *Postscript*. It being the Nature of a Postscript to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the Letter itself. Thus the Verses being occasioned by a March without Beat of Drum, and that Circumstance being no ways taken notice of in any of the Stanza's, the Author calls it a Postscript; not that it is a Postscript, but figuratively, because it wants a Postscript. Common Writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the Book itself, supply it by a Preface, but a Postscript seems to me the more just Way of Apology; because otherwise a Man makes an Excuse before the Offence is committed. All the Heroick Poets were guessed at for its Author; but though we could not find out his Name, yet one repeated a Couplet in *Hudibras*, which spoke his Qualifications.

I' th' midſt of all this warlike Rabble,
Crowdero *march'd, expert and able.*

THE Poem is admirably ſuited to the Occaſion: For to write without diſcovering your Meaning, bears a juſt Reſemblance to Marching without Beat of Drum.

On the March to Tournay *without Beam of Drum.*

The *Bruſſels* POSTSCRIPT.

Could I with plaineſt Words expreſs
That great Man's wonderful Addreſs,
His Penetration, and his tow'ring Thought;
It would the gazing World ſurprize,
To ſee one Man at all Times wiſe,
To view the Wonders he with Eaſe has wrought.

Refining Schemes approach his Mind,
Like Breezes of a Southern Wind,
To temperate a ſultry glorious Day;
Whoſe Fanning, with an uſeful Pride,
Its mighty Heat doth ſoftly guide,
And having clear'd the Air, glide ſilently away.

Thus his Immenſity of Thought,
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,
His Temper always ſoothing Life's Diſeaſe;
That Fortune, when ſhe does intend
To rudely frown, ſhe turns his Friend,
Admires his Judgment, and applauds his Eaſe.

His great Addreſs in this Deſign,
Does now, and will for ever ſhine,
And wants a Waller *but to do him Right,*
The noble Amuſement was ſo ſtrong,
Like Fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay's *took by a peculiar Slight.*

Thus

Thus, Madam, all Mankind beheld
Your vaſt Aſcendant, not by Gold,
But by your Wiſdom and your pious Life;
Your Aim no more, than to deſtroy
That which does Europe's *Reſt annoy,*
And ſuperſede a Reign of Shame and Strife.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 24.

MY Brethren of the Quill, the ingenious Society of News-Writers, having with great Spirit and Elegance already informed the World, that the Town of *Tournay* capitulated on the 28th Inſtant, there is nothing left for me to ſay, but to congratulate the good Company here, that we have Reaſon to hope for an Opportunity of thanking Mr. *Withers* next Winter in this Place, for the Service he has done his Country. No Man deſerves better of his Friends than that Gentleman, whoſe diſtinguiſhing Character it is, that he gives his Orders with the Familiarity, and enjoys his Fortune with the Generoſity of a Fellow-Soldier. His Grace the Duke of *Argyle* had alſo an eminent Part in the Reduction of this important Place. That illuſtrious Youth diſcovers the peculiar Turn of Spirit and Greatneſs of Soul, which only make Men of high Birth and Quality uſeful to their Country; and conſiders Nobility as an imaginary Diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the Practice of thoſe generous Virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But that our Military Glory is arrived at its preſent Height, and that Men of all Ranks ſo paſſionately affect their Share in it, is certainly owing to the Merit and Conduct of our glorious General: For as the great Secret in Chymiſtry, tho' not in Nature, has occaſioned many uſeful Diſcoveries; and the Fantaſtick Notion of being wholly diſintereſted in Friendſhip, has made Men do a thouſand generous Actions above themſelves; ſo, though the preſent Grandeur and Fame of the Duke of *Marlborough* is a Station of Glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their Actions to an higher Pitch, by having that great Example laid before them.

Quicquid

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

N° 47. *Thurſday*, July 28, 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 27.

MY Friend Sir *Thomas* has communicated to me his Letters from *Epſom* of the 25th Inſtant, which give, in general, a very good Account of the preſent Poſture of Affairs in that Place; but that the Tranquillity and Correſpondence of the Company begins to be interrupted by the Arrival of Sir *Taffety Trifle*, a Fortune-hunter, whoſe Follies are too groſs to give Diverſion; and whoſe Vanity is too ſtupid to let him be ſenſible that he is a publick Offence. If People will indulge a ſplenetick Humour, it is impoſſible to be at eaſe, when ſuch Creatures as are the Scandal of our Species, ſet up for Gallantry and Adventures. It will be much more eaſy therefore to laugh Sir *Taffety* into Reaſon, than convert him from his Foppery by any ſerious Contempt. I knew a Gentleman that made it a Maxim to open his Doors, and ever run into the way of Bullies, to avoid their Inſolence. The Rule will hold as well with Coxcombs: They are never mortified, but when they ſee you receive and deſpiſe them; otherwiſe they reſt aſſured, that it is your Ignorance makes them out of your good Graces; or, that it is only want of Admittance prevents their being amiable where they are ſhunn'd and avoided. But Sir *Taffety* is a Fop of ſo ſanguine a Complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the Fair One he at preſent purſues to get rid of the Chace, without being ſo tired, as for her own Eaſe, to fall into the Mouth of the Mongrel ſhe runs from. But the Hiſtory of Sir *Taffety* is as pleaſant as his Character.

It happened, that when he firſt ſet up for a Fortune-hunter he choſe *Tunbridge* for the Scene of Action; where were at that time two Siſters upon the ſame Deſign.

Deſign. The Knight believed of courſe the elder muſt be the better Prize; and conſequently makes all his ſail that way. People that want Senſe, do always in an egregious Manner want Modeſty, which made our Hero triumph in making his Amour as publick as was poſſible. The adored Lady was no leſs vain of his publick Addreſſes. An Attorney with one Cauſe is not half ſo reſtleſs as a Woman with one Lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, choſe each other Partner at Balls, ſaluted at the moſt conſpicuous Parts of the Service at Church, and practiſed, in Honour of each other, all the remarkable Particularities which are uſual for Perſons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the Reſt of the World. Theſe two Lovers ſeemed as much made for each other as *Adam* and *Eve*, and all pronounced it a Match of Nature's own making; but the Night before the Nuptials, (ſo univerſally approved) the younger Siſter, envious of the good Fortune, even of her Siſter, who had been preſent at moſt of their Interviews, and had an equal Taſte for the Charms of a Fop, (as there are a Set of Women made for that Order of Men) the younger, I ſay, unable to ſee ſo rich a Prize paſs by her, diſcovered to Sir *Taffety*, that a Coquet Air, much Tongue, and three Suits was all the Portion of his Miſtreſs. His Love vaniſhed that Moment, Himſelf and Equipage the next Morning. It is uncertain where the Lover has been ever ſince engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his Character as a Follower of Love and Fortune till he arrived at *Epſom*, where there is at preſent a young Lady of Youth, Beauty and Fortune, who has alarmed all the Vain and the Impertinent to infeſt that Quarter. At the head of this Aſſembly, Sir *Taffety* ſhines in the brighteſt Manner, with all the Accompliſhments which uſually enſnare the Heart of a Woman; with this particular Merit, (which often is of great Service) that he is laugh'd at for her ſake. The Friends of the Fair One are in much pain for the Sufferings ſhe goes through from the Perſeverance of this Hero; but they may be much more ſo from the Danger of his ſucceeding, toward which they give a helping Hand, if they diſſuade her with Bitterneſs; for there is a ſantaſtical

Generoſity

Generoſity in the Sex to approve Creatures of the leaſt Merit, imaginable, when they ſee the Imperfections of their Admirers are become Marks of Deriſion for their ſakes; and there is nothing ſo frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a Woman in her own Judgment, has won her by being too violently oppoſed by others.

Grecian Coffee houſe, July 27.

IN the ſeveral Capacities I bear, of Aſtrologer, Civilian and Phyſician, I have with great Application ſtudied the publick Emolument: To this End ſerve all my Lucubrations, Speculations, and whatever other Labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this Motive am I induced to publiſh a never-failing Medicine for the Spleen: My Experience in this Diſtemper came from a very remarkable Cure on my ever worthy Friend *Tom Spindle*, who through exceſſive Gaiety, had exhauſted that natural Stock of Wit and Spirits he had long been bleſſed with: He was ſunk and flatten'd to the loweſt Degree imaginable, ſitting whole Hours over the *Book of Martyrs* and *Pilgrim's Progreſs*; his other Contemplations never riſing higher than the Colour of his Urine, or the Regularity of his Pulſe. In this Condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. *Drachm*, and a good old Nurſe. *Drachm* had preſcribed Magazines of Herbs, and Mines of Steel. I ſoon diſcovered the Malady, and deſcanted on the Nature of it, till I convinced both the Patient and his Nurſe, that the Spleen is not to be cur'd by Medicine, but by *Poetry*. *Apollo*, the Author of Phyſick, ſhone with diffuſive Rays, the beſt of Poets as well as of Phyſicians; and it is in this double Capacity that I have made my way; and have found ſweet, eaſy, flowing Numbers, are oft ſuperior to our nobleſt Medicines. When the Spirits are low, and Nature ſunk, the Muſe with ſprightly and harmonious Notes, gives an unexpected Turn with a Grain of Poetry; which I prepare without the uſe of Mercury. I have done Wonders in this kind; for the Spleen is like the *Tarantula*, the Effects of whoſe malignant Poiſon are to be prevented by no other Remedy but the Charms of Muſick: For you are to underſtand

derſtand, that as ſome noxious Animals carry Antidotes for their own Poiſons; ſo there is ſomething equally unaccountable in Poetry: For though it is ſometimes a Diſeaſe, it is to be cured only by it ſelf. Now I knowing *Tom Spindle*'s Conſtitution, and that he is not only a pretty Gentleman, but alſo a pretty Poet, found the true Cauſe of his Diſtemper was a violent Grief, that moved his Affections too ſtrongly: For during the late Treaty of Peace, he had writ a moſt excellent Poem on that Subject; and when he wanted but two Lines in the laſt Stanza for finiſhing the whole Piece, there comes News that the *French* Tyrant would not ſign. *Spindle* in a few Days took his Bed, and had lain there ſtill, had not I been ſent for. I immediately told him, there was great Probability the *French* would now ſue to us for Peace. I ſaw immediately a new Life in his Eyes; and knew that nothing could help him forward ſo well, as hearing Verſes which he would believe worſe than his own: I read him therefore the *Bruſſils Poſtſcript*. After which I recited ſome Heroick Lines of my own, which operated ſo ſtrongly on the Tympanum of his Ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other Sounds for a Fortnight; and have reaſon to hope, we ſhall ſee him abroad the Day before his Poem.

THIS (you ſee) is a particular Secret I have found out, viz. That you are not to chuſe your Phyſician for his Knowledge in your Diſtemper, but for having it himſelf. Therefore I am at hand for all Maladies ariſing from poetical Vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other Day to one in Love, I took indeed their three Guineas, and gave them my Advice, which was to ſend for *Eſculapius*. *Eſculapius* as ſoon as he ſaw the Patient, cries out, 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Oh! the unequal Pulſe! Theſe are the Symptoms a Lover feels; ſuch Sighs, ſuch Pangs, attend the uneaſy Mind; nor can our Art, or all our boaſted Skill, avail. Yet, O Fair! for thee 'Thus the Sage ran on, and owned the Paſſion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater Pain than ever he cured: After which he concluded, All I can adviſe, is Marriage: Charms and Beauty will give new Life and Vigour, and turn the Courſe of Nature to its better Pur-

ſuit.

spect. This is the new way; and thus *Æsculapius* has left his beloved Powders, and writes a *Recipe* for a Wife at sixty. In short, my Friend followed the Prescription, and married Youth and Beauty in its perfect Bloom.

Supine in Silvia's snowy Arms he lies,
And all the busy Care of Life defies;
Each happy Hour is filled with fresh Delight,
While Peace the Day, and Pleasure crowns the Night.

From my own Apartment, July 27.

TRAGICAL Passion was the Subject of the Discourse where I last visited this Evening: And a Gentleman who knows that I am at present writing a very deep Tragedy, directed his Discourse in a particular Manner to me. It is the common Fault (said he) of you Gentlemen who write in the Buskin Stile, that you give us rather the Sentiments of such who behold Tragical Events, than of such who bear a Part in 'em themselves. I would advise all who pretend this way, to read *Shakespear* with care, and they will soon be deterred from putting forth what is usually call'd Tragedy. The way of common Writers in this kind, is rather the *Description* than the *Expression* of Sorrow. There is no Medium in these Attempts, and you must go to the very bottom of the Heart, or it is all meer Language; and the Writer of such Lines is no more a Poet, than a Man is a Physician for knowing the Names of Distempers, without the Causes of them. Men of Sense are profess'd Enemies to all such empty Labours: For he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a Wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a Tragedian is only maudlin drunk. The Gentleman went on with much Warmth; but all he cou'd say had little Effect upon me; But when I came hither, I so far observed his Counsel, that I looked into *Shakespear*. The Tragedy I dipp'd into, was *Henry the Fourth*. In the Scene where *Mortun* is preparing to tell *Northumberland* of his Son's Death, the old Man does not give him time to speak, but says,

The

The Whiteness of the Cheeks
Is apter than thy Tongue to tell thy Errand;
Even such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in Look, so Woe be gone,
Drew Priam's Curtain at the Dead of Night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the Fire, e'er he his Tongue,
And I my Piercy's Death e'er thou report'st it.

THE Image in this Place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this Man in all this is but rising towards his great Affliction, and is still enough himself, as you see, to make a Simile. But when he is certain of his Son's Death, he is lost to all Patience, and gives up all the Regards of this Life; and since the last of Evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the World.

Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage,
To feed Contention in a lingring Act;
But let one Spirit of the first born Cain
Reign in all Bosoms, that each Heart being set
On bloody Courses, the wide Scene may end,
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.

READING but this one Scene has convinced me, that he who describes the Concern of great Men, must have a Soul as noble, and as susceptible of high Thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall therefore lay by my *Drama* for some time, and turn my Thoughts to Cares and Griefs, somewhat below that of Heroes, but no less moving. A Misfortune proper for me to take notice of, has too lately happen'd: The disconsolate *Maria* has three Days kept her Chamber for the Loss of the beauteous *Fidelia*, her Lap dog. *Lesbia* herself did not shed more Tears for her Sparrow. What makes her the more concerned, is, that we know not whether *Fidelia* was kill'd or stolen; but she was seen in the Parlour-Window when the Train Bands went by, and never since. Whoever gives notice of her, dead or alive, shall be rewarded with a Kiss of her Lady.

——Vis

——— *Virtutem verba putant, ut*
Lucum Ligna ———

N° 48. *Saturday*, July 30. 1709.

From my own Apartment, July 29.

THIS Day I obliged *Pacolet* to entertain me with Matters which regarded Perſons of his own Character and Occupation. We choſe to take our Walk on *Tower-hill*; and as we were coming from thence in order to ſtroll as far as *Garraway's*, I obſerved two Men, who had but juſt landed, coming from the Water ſide. I thought there was ſomething uncommon in their Mien and Aſpect; but though they ſeemed by their Viſage to be related, yet was there a Warmth in their Manner, as if they differed very much in their Sentiments of the Subject on which they were talking. One of them ſeem'd to have a natural Confidence, mixed with an ingenuous Freedom in his Geſture, his Dreſs very plain, but very graceful and becoming: The other in the midſt of an over-bearing Carriage, betray'd (by frequent looking round him) a Suſpicion that he was not enough regarded by thoſe he met, or that he feared they would make ſome Attack up him. This Perſon was much taller than his Companion, and added to that Height the Advantage of a Feather in his Hat, and Heels to his Shoes ſo monſtrouſly high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been ſupported by his Friend. They made a full Stop as they came within a few Yards of the Place where we ſtood. The plain Gentleman bow'd to *Pacolet*; the other look'd upon him with ſome Diſpleaſure: Upon which I asked him, Who they both were? When he thus informed me of their Perſons and Circumſtances.

YOU may remember, *Iſaac*, that I have often told you, there are Beings of a ſuperior Rank to Mankind, who frequently viſit the Habitations of Men, in order to call

call them from ſome wrong Purſuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from Methods which will lead them into Errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the Occurrences of his Life, will find he has been ſometimes extricated out of Difficulties, and received Favours where he could never have expected ſuch Benefits; as well as met with croſs Events from ſome unſeen Hand, which have diſappointed his beſt laid Deſigns. Such Accidents arrive from the Interventions of Aerial Beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the Nature of Man, and attend his Steps in the Tracks of Ambition, of Buſineſs, and of Pleaſure. Before I ever appeared to you in the Manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your Evening-Walks, and have often, by throwing ſome Accident in your way, as the paſſing by of a Funeral, or the Appearance of ſome other ſolemn Object, given your Imagination a new Turn, and changed a Night you have deſtin'd to Mirth and Jollity, into an Exerciſe of Study and Contemplation. I was the old Soldier who met you laſt Summer in *Chelſea* Fields, and pretended that I had broken my Wooden Leg, and could not get home; but I ſnapp'd it ſhort off, on purpoſe that you might fall into the Reflections you did on that Subject, and take me into your Hack. If you remember, you made yourſelf very merry on that Fracture, and asked me, Whether I thought I ſhould next Winter feel Cold in the Toes of that Leg? As is uſually obſerved, that thoſe who loſe Limbs are ſenſible of Pains in the extreme Parts, even after thoſe Limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the Story of the Battle of the *Boyne*, prevented an Aſſignation, which would have led you into more Diſaſters than I then related.

TO be ſhort: Theſe two Perſons you ſee yonder are ſuch as I am; they are not real Men, but are mere Shades and Figures; One is named *Alethes*, the other *Verifimili*. Their Office is to be the Guardians and Repreſentatives of *Conſcience* and *Honour*. They are now going to viſit the ſeveral Parts of the Town, to ſee how their Intereſts in the World decay or flouriſh, and to purge themſelves from the many falſe Imputations

they

they daily meet with in the Commerce and Converſation of Men. You obſerved *Verifimilis* frowned when he firſt ſaw me. What he is provok'd at, is, that *I* told him one Day, though he ſtrutted and dreſſed with ſo much Oſtentation, if he kept himſelf within his own Bounds, he was but a Lacquey, and wore only that Gentleman's Livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the Heart; for you muſt know he has pretended a long time to ſet up for himſelf, and gets among a Croud of the more unthinking Part of Mankind, who take him for a Perſon of the firſt Quality; though his Introduction into the World was wholly owing to his preſent Companion.

THIS Encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was reſolved to dog them, and deſired *Pacolet* to accompany me. I ſoon perceived what he told me in the Geſture of the Perſons: For when they looked at each other in Diſcourſe, the well-dreſſed Man ſuddenly caſt down his Eyes, and diſcovered that the other had a painful Superiority over him. After ſome further Diſcourſe, they took leave. The plain Gentleman went down towards *Thames-Street*, in order to be preſent, at leaſt, at the Oaths taken at the *Cuſtom-houſe*; and the other made directly for the Heart of the City. It is incredible how great a Change there immediately appeared in the Man of Honour when he got rid of his uneaſy Companion: He adjuſted the Cock of his Hat a-new, ſettled his Sword Knot; and had an Appearance that attracted a ſudden Inclination for him and his Intereſts in all who beheld him. For my Part (ſaid I to *Pacolet*) I cannot but think you are miſtaken in calling this Perſon, of the lower Quality; for he looks much more like a Gentleman than the other. Don't you obſerve all Eyes are upon him, as he advances? How each Sex gazes at his Stature, Aſpect, Addreſs and Motion? *Pacolet* only ſmiled, and ſhaked his Head; as leaving me to be convinc'd by my own further Obſervation. We kept on our Way after him till we came to *Exchange-Alley*, where the plain Gentleman again came up to the other; and they ſtood together after the Manner of eminent Merchants, as if ready to receive Application; but I could obſerve no Man talk to either of them. The

one was laughed at as a Fop; and I heard many Whispers againſt the other, as a whimſical Sort of a Fellow, and a great Enemy to Trade. They croſſed *Cornhill* together, and came into the full *Change*, where ſome bowed, and gave themſelves Airs in being known to ſo fine a Man as *Verſimilis*, who, they ſaid, had great Intereſt in all Princes Courts; and the other was taken notice of by ſeveral as one they had ſeen ſomewhere long before. One more particularly ſaid, He had formerly been a Man of Conſideration in the World; but was ſo unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by ſome ſtrange Infatuation or other, had a Way of cutting off their own Bills, and were prodigiouſly ſlow in improving their Stock. But as much as I was curious to obſerve the Reception theſe Gentlemen met with upon *Change*, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every Body made their Compliments. He was of the common Height, and in his Dreſs there ſeemed to be great Care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and neat Manner of Behaviour and Circumſpection. He was wonderfully careful that his Shoes and Clothes ſhould be without the leaſt Speck upon them; and ſeem'd to think, that on ſuch an Accident depended his very Life and Fortune. There was hardly a Man on *Change* who had not a Note upon him; and each ſeemed very well ſatisfied that their Money lay in his Hands, without demanding Payment. I aſked *Pacolet*, What great Merchant that was, who was ſo univerſally addreſſed to, yet made too familiar an Appearance to command that extraordinary Deference? *Pacolet* anſwered, This Perſon is the Damon or Genius of Credit; his Name is *Umbra*. If you obſerve, he follows *Alethes* and *Verſimilis* at a Diſtance; and indeed has no Foundation for the Figure he makes in the World, but that he is thought to keep their Cath; though at the ſame Time, none who truſt him, would truſt the others for a Groat. As the Company roſſed about, the three Spectres were jumbled into one Place: When they were ſo, and all thought there was an Alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the Buſineſs of the whole *Change*. But their Affairs ſoon encreaſed to ſuch an unwieldy Bulk, that *Alethes*

took

took his leave, and said, He would not engage further than he had an immediate Fund to answer. *Verisimilis* pretended, that though he had Revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his Family to condescend to trade in his own Name; therefore he also retired. I was extremely troubled to see the glorious Mart of *London* left with no other Guardian but him of Credit. But *Pacelet* told me, That Traders had nothing to do with the *Honour* or *Conscience* of their Correspondents, provided they supported a General Behaviour in the World, which could not hurt their Credit or their Purses: For (said he) you may in this one Tract of Building of *London* and *Westminster* see the imaginary Motives on which the greatest Affairs move, as well as in Rambling over the Face of the Earth. For though *Alethes* is the real Governor, as well as Legislator of Mankind, he has very little Business but to make up Quarrels, and is only a general Referree, to whom every Man pretends to appeal; but is satisfied with his Determinations no further than they promote his own Interest. Hence it is, that the Soldier and the Courtier model their Actions according to *Verisimilis*'s Manner, and the Merchant according to that of *Umbra*. Among these Men, Honour and Credit are not valuable Possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a Principle of Justice; but merely as they are serviceable to Ambition and to Commerce. But the World will never be in any manner of Order or Tranquillity, till Men are firmly convinced, that Conscience, Honour and Credit, are all in one Interest; and that without the Concurrence of the former, the latter are but Impositions upon ourselves and others. The Force these delusive Words have, is not seen in the Transactions of the busy World only, but also have their Tyranny over the Fair Sex. Were you to ask the unhappy *Lais*, what Pangs of Reflection, preferring the Consideration of her Honour to her Conscience, has given her? She could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a Gallon this Winter of *Jean Dafsapas*'s Potion; That she still pines away for fear of being a Mother; and knows not, but the Moment she is such, she shall be a Murderess: But if Conscience had as strong a Force upon the Mind as Honour,

the firſt Step to her unhappy Condition had never been made; ſhe had ſtill been innocent, as ſhe is beautiful. Were Men ſo enlighten'd and ſtudious of their own Good, as to act by the Dictates of their Reaſon and Reflection, and not the Opinion of others, Conſcience would be the ſteady Ruler of humane Life; and the Words, *Truth*, *Law*, *Reaſon*, *Equity* and *Religion*, would be but ſynonymous Terms for that only Guide which makes us paſs our Days in our own Favour and Approbation.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

N° 49. *Tueſday*, Auguſt 2. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 1.

THE Impoſition of honeſt Names and Words upon improper Subjects, has made ſo regular a Confuſion among us, that we are apt to ſit down with our Errors, well enough ſatisfied with the Methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver our ſelves from the Tyranny under which we are reduced by ſuch Innovations. Of all the laudable Motives of humane Life, none have ſuffered ſo much in this kind, as Love; under which rever'd Name a brutal Deſire call'd Luſt is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a Matron from a Proſtitute, or a Companion from a Buffoon. *Philander* the other day was bewailing this Misfortune with much Indignation, and upbraided me for having ſome time ſince quoted thoſe excellent Lines of the Satiriſt:

To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Paſſion is forgot.

HOW could you (ſaid he) leave ſuch a Hint ſo coldly? How could *Aſpaſia* and *Sempronia* enter into your

Imaginations at the ſame time, and you never declare to us the different Reception you gave them?

THE Figures which the ancient Mythologiſts and Poets put upon Love and Luſt in their Writings, are very inſtructive. Love is a beauteous blind Child, adorn'd with a Quiver and a Bow, which he plays with, and ſhoots around him, without Deſign or Direction; to intimate to us, that the Perſon beloved has no Intention to give us the Anxieties we meet with, but that the Beauties of a worthy Object are like the Charms of a lovely Infant: They cannot but attract your Concern and Fondneſs, though the Child ſo regarded is as inſenſible of the Value you put upon it, as it is that it deſerves your Benevolence. On the other ſide, the Sages figured Luſt in the Form of a Satyr; of Shape, part humane, part beſtial; to ſignify that the Followers of it proſtitute the Reaſon of a Man to purſue the Appetites of a Beaſt. This Satyr is made to haunt the Paths and Coverts of the Wood Nymphs and Shepherdeſſes, to lurk on the Banks of Rivulets, and watch the purling Streams, (as the Reſorts of retired Virgins) to ſhew, that lawleſs Deſire tends chiefly to prey upon Innocence, and has ſomething ſo unnatural in it, that it hates its own Make, and ſhuns the Object it loved, as ſoon as it has made it like it ſelf. Love therefore is a Child that complains and bewails its Inability to help it ſelf, and weeps for Aſſiſtance, without an immediate Reflection or Knowledge of the Food it wants: Luſt, a watchful Thief, which ſeizes its Prey, and lays Snares for its own Relief; and its principal Object being Innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the ſame time.

FROM this Idea of a *Cupid* and a *Satyr*, we may ſettle our Notions of theſe different Deſires, and accordingly rank their Followers. *Aſpaſia* muſt therefore be allow'd to be the firſt of the beauteous Order of Love, whoſe unaffected Freedom, and conſcious Innocence, give her the Attendance of the Graces in all her Actions. That awful Diſtance which we bear toward her in all our Thoughts of her, and that chearful Familiarity with which we approach her, are certain Inſtances of her being the trueſt Object of Love of any of her Sex. In

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this accomplish'd Lady, Love is the conſtant Effect, becauſe it is never the Deſign. Yet, though her Mien carries much more Invitation than Command, to behold her is an immediate Check to looſe Behaviour; and to love her, is a liberal Education: For, it being the Nature of all Love to create an Imitation of the beloved Perſon in the Lover, a regard for *Aſpaſia* naturally produces a Decency of Manners, and good Conduct of Life, in her Admirers. If therefore the giggling *Leucippe* could but ſee her Train of Fops aſſembled, and *Aſpaſia* move by them, ſhe would be mortified at the Veneration with which ſhe is beheld, even by *Leucippe*'s own unthinking Equipage, whoſe Paſſions have long taken leave of their Underſtandings.

AS Charity is eſteemed a Conjunction of the good Qualities neceſſary to a virtuous Man, ſo Love is the happy Compoſition of all the Accompliſhments that make a fine Gentleman. The Motive of a Man's Life is ſeen in all his Actions; and ſuch as have the beauteous Boy for their Inſpirer, have a Simplicity of Behaviour, and a certain Evenneſs of Debre, which burns like the Lamp of Life in their Boſoms; while they who are inſtigated by the Satyr, are ever tortured by Jealouſies of the Object of their Wiſhes: often deſire what they ſcorn, and as often confuſedly and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

FLORIO, the generous Huſband, and *Limberham*, the kind Keeper, are noted Examples of the different Effects which theſe Debres produce in the Mind. *Amanda*, who is the Wife of *Florio*, lives in the continual Enjoyment of new Inſtances of her Huſband's Friendſhip, and ſees it the end of all his Ambition to make her Life one Series of Pleaſure and Satisfaction; and *Amanda*'s Reliſh of the Goods of Life is all that makes them pleaſing to *Florio*: They behave themſelves to each other when preſent, with a certain apparent Benevolence, which tranſports above Rapture; and they think of each other in Abſence with a Confidence unknown to the higheſt Friendſhip. Their Satisfactions are doubled, their Sorrows leſſen'd by Participation.

ON the other hand, *Corinna*, who is the Miſtreſs of *Limberham*, lives in conſtant Torment. Her Equipage

is an old Woman, who was what *Corinna* is now; and an antiquated Footman, who was Pimp to *Limberham's* Father: and a Chambermaid, who is *Limberham's* Wench by Fits, out of a Principle of Politicks to make her jealous and watchful of *Corinna*. Under this Guard, and in this Converſation, *Corinna* lives in State: The Furniture of her Habitation, and her own gorgeous Dreſs, make her the Envy of all the ſtrolling Ladies in the Town; but *Corinna* knows ſhe her ſelf is but part of *Limberham's* Houſhold ſtuff, and is as capable of being diſpoſed of elſewhere, as any other moveable. But while her Keeper is perſwaded by his Spies, that no Enemy has been within his doors ſince his laſt Viſit, no *Perſian* Prince was ever ſo magnificently bountiful: A kind Look or falling Tear is worth a Piece of Brocade, a Sigh is a Jewel, and a Smile is a Cupboard of Plate. All this is ſtak'd between *Corinna* and her Guard in his Abſence. With this great Oeconomy and Induſtry does the unhappy *Limberham* purchaſe the conſtant Tortures of Jealouſy, the Favour of ſpending his Eſtate, and the Opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and deſpiſed. Theſe are the ordinary and common Evils which attend Keepers: and *Corinna* is a Wench but of common Size of Wickedneſs, where you know what paſſes under the Roof where the fair *Meſſalina* reigns with her humble Adorer.

MESSALINA is the profeſſed Miſtreſs of Mankind; ſhe has left the Bed of her Huſband and her beauteous Offspring to give a looſe to want of Shame and Fulneſs of Deſire. Wretched *Narciſſus*, her feeble Keeper! How the poor Creature fribbles in his Gait, and ſhuffles from place to place to diſpatch his neceſſary Affairs in painful Daylight, that he may return to the conſtant Twilight preſerved in that Scene of Wantonneſs, *Meſſalina's* Bedchamber! How does he, while he is abſent from thence, conſider in his Imagination the Breadth of his Porter's Shoulders, the ſpruce Night cap of his Valet, the ready Attendance of his Butler! Any of all whom he knows ſhe admits, and profeſſes to approve of. This, alas! is the Gallantry, this the Freedom of our fine Gentlemen: For this they preſerve *their Liberty*, and keep clear of that Bugbear, Mar-

riage. But he does not understand either Vice or Virtue, who will not allow, that Life without the Rules of Morality is a wayward uneasy Being, with Snatches only of Pleasure; but under the Regulation of Virtue, a reasonable and uniform Habit of Enjoyment. I have seen in a Play of old *Haywood's*, a Speech at the End of an Act, which touch'd this Point with much Spirit. He makes a married Man in the Play, upon some endearing Occasion, look at his Spouse with an Air of Fondness, and fall into the following Reflection on his Condition.

Oh Marriage! Happiest, easiest, safest State:
Let Debauchees and Drunkards scorn thy Rites,
Who, in their nauseous Draughts and Lusts, profane
Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the Savage call it Loss of Freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous Friend?
Blush not, my Fair One, that thy Love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,
That my full Heart o'erflows in Praise of thee.
Thou art by Law, by Interest, Passion, mine:
Passion and Reason join in Love of thee.
Thus, through a world of Calumny and Fraud,
We pass both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's Interest and Happiness,
We without Art all Faculties employ,
And all our Senses without Guilt enjoy.

N° 50. *Thursday*, August 4. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 2.

The History of Orlando the Fair. *Chap.* I.

WHATEVER malicious Men may say of our Lucubrations, we have no Design but to produce unknown Merit, or place in a proper Light the Actions of our Contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by Vice or Virtue. For we shall never give Accounts to the World of any Thing, but what the Lives and Endeavours of the Persons (of whom we treat) make the Basis of their Fame and Reputation. For this Reason it is to be hoped, that our Appearance is reputed a publick Benefit; and though certain Persons may turn what we mean for Panegyrick into Scandal, let it be answered once for all, That if our Praises are really designed as a Raillery, such malevolent Persons owe their Safety from it, only to their being too inconsiderable for History. It is not every Man who deals in Ratsbane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn Story like *Æsculapius*; nor every Stock-jobber of the *India* Company can assume the Port, and personate the Figure of *Aurengezebe*. My noble Ancestor, Mr. *Shakespear*, who was of the Race of the *Staffs*, was not more fond of the memorable Sir *John Falstaff*, than I am of those Worthies; but the *Latins* have an Admirable Admonition express'd in two Words, to wit, *Nequid nimis*, which forbids my indulging my self on those delightful Subjects, and calls me to do justice to others, who make no less Figures in our Generation: Of such, the first and most renowned is, that eminent Hero and Lover *Orlando* the Handsome, whose Disappointments in Love, in Gallantry, and in War, have banished him from publick View, and made him voluntarily enter into a Confinement, to which the ungrateful Age would otherwise have forced him. Ten

Lustra

Ladies and more are wholly pass'd since *Orlando* first appeared in the Metropolis of this Island. His Deport is noble, his Wit humorous, his Person charming. But to none of these recommendatory Advantages was his Title so undoubted, as that of his Beauty. His Complexion was fair, but his Countenance manly; his Stature of the tallest, his Shape the most exact. And tho' in all his Limbs he had a Proportion as delicate as we see in the Works of the most skilful Statuaries, his Body had a Strength and Firmness little inferior to the Marble of which such Images are form'd. This made *Orlando* the universal Flame of all the Fair Sex; innocent Virgins sigh'd for him, as *Ideas*; experienc'd Widows, as *Mercades*. Thus did this Figure walk alone the Pattern and Ornament of our *Species*, but of course the Envy of all who had the same Pretions, without his Expectation. Merit and Pretences to the Favour of that enchanting Creature, *Woman*. However, the generous *Orlando* believed himself formed for the World, and not to be engross'd by any particular Affection. He fight not for *Delia*, for *Celinda*, for *Chloe*, for *Betty*, nor my Lady, nor for the ready Chambermaid, nor di Dam Baronets. *Woman* was his Mistress, and the whole Sex his Seraglio. His Form was always irreprehensible. And if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear the least Favour from a Lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a Smile from a Side Box has made *Jack Sprat* half mad; we can't think it wonderful that *Orlando's* repeated Conquests touch'd his Brain. So it certainly did, and *Orlando* became an Enthusiast in Love; and in all his Addresses, contracted something out of the ordinary Course of Breeding and Civility. However, (powerful as he was) he would still add to the Advantages of his Person, that of a Profession which the Ladies always favour, and immediately commenced Soldier. Thus equipp'd for Love and Honour, our Hero seeks distant Climes and Adventures, and leaves the despairing Nymphs of *Great Britain* to the Courtships of Beaus and Witlings till his Return. His Exploits in foreign Nations and Courts, have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that Veracity which we profess in

our Narrations. But after many Feats of Arms, (which those who were Witnesses to them have suppress'd out of Envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own Mouth in our publick Streets;) *Orlando* returns home full, but not loaded, with Years. Beaus born in his Absence made it their Business to decry his Furniture, his Dress, his Manner; but all such Rivalry he suppressed (as the Philosopher did the Sceptick, who argued there was no such Thing as Motion) by only moving. The beauteous *Villaria*, who only was form'd for his Paramour, became the Object of his Affection. His first Speech to her was as follows.

Madam,

It is not only that Nature has made us two the most accomplished of each Sex, and pointed to us to obey her Dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an Ambition in following the mighty Persons you have favoured. Where Kings and Heroes, as great as Alexander, *or such as could personate* Alexander, *have bowed, permit your General to lay his Laurels.*

According to *Milton*;

The Fair with conscious Majesty approv'd
His pleaded Reason. ——

FORTUNE having now supplied *Orlando* with Necessaries for his high Taste of Gallantry and Pleasure, his Equipage and Oeconomy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate Age; therefore his Figure (though highly graceful) appeared so exotick, that it assembled all the *Britons* under the Age of Sixteen, who saw his Grandeur, to follow his Chariot with Shouts and Acclamations, which he regarded with the Contempt which great Minds affect in the midst of Applauses. I remember I had the Honour to see him one Day stop, and call the Youths about him, to whom he spake as follows.

GOOD Bastards. Go to School, and don't lose your Time in following my Wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own Offspring: Harkee, you Sirrah, with the white Hair, I am sure

you are mine: There's Half a Crown. Tell your Mother, This, with the Half Crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five Shillings. Thou has cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young Dogs, did you never see a Man before? Never such a one as you, Noble General, *replied a Tenant from* Westminster. *Sirrah, I believe thee: There is a Crown for thee. Drive on Coachman.*

THIS Vehicle, though sacred to Love, was not adorn'd with Doves: Such an Hieroglyphick denoted too languishing a Passion. *Orlando* therefore gave the Eagle, as being of a Constitution which inclined him rather to seize his Prey with Talons, than pine for it with Murmurs.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

I have received the following Letter from Mr. *Powell* of the *Bath*, who, I think, runs from the Point between us, which I leave the whole World to judge.

To *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

SIR,

HAVING a great deal of more advantageous Business on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your *Tatler* of the 21st Instant till the Company was gone, and Season over; but having resolved not to regard any Impertinences of your Paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, (as I shall find Time to do it:) First, partly lest you should think your self neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my Fame, and consequently my Audience, when all the Quality shall see with how much Wit and Raillery I shew you — I don't care a Farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being *without Books*, if I don't shew much Learning, it will not be imputed to my having none. I have travelled *Italy*, *France* and *Spain*, and fully comprehend whatever any *German* Artist in the World can do; yet cannot I imagine, why you should en-

' deavour to diſturb the Repoſe and Plenty which (though unworthy) I enjoy at this Place. It cannot be, ' that you take offence at my Prologues and Epilogues, ' which you are pleaſed to miſcall Foolith and Abuſive. ' No, no, until you give a better, I ſhall not forbear ' thinking that the true Reaſon of your picking a quar ' rel with me was, becauſe it is more agreeable to your ' Principles, as well as more to the Honour of your at ' tir'd Victory, to attack a Governor. Mr *Lee*, Mr *Lee*, ' I can ſee into a Mill Stone as far as another, (as the ' Saying is) You are for ſowing the Seeds of Sedition ' and Diſobedience among my Puppets, and your *Zeal* ' for the (Good old) Cauſe would make you perſwade ' *Punch* to pull the String from his Chops, and not ' move his Jaw when I have a mind he ſhould ha ' rangue. Now I appeal to all Men, if this be not ' contrary to that unaccountable and uncontroulable Do ' minion, which by the Laws of Nature I exercute over ' them; for all ſorts of Wood and Wire were made ' for the Uſe and Benefit of Man: I have therefore an ' unqueſtionable Right to frame, faſhion, and put them ' together, as I pleaſe; and having made them what they ' are, my Puppets are my Property, and therefore my ' Slaves. Nor is there in Nature any thing more juſt, ' than the Homage which is paid by a leſs to a more ' excellent Being. So that by the Right therefore of ' a ſuperior Genius, I am their ſupreme Moderator, ' although you would inſinuate (agreeably to your le ' velling Principles) that I am my ſelf but a great Pup ' pet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate Juriſ ' diction with them. I ſuppoſe I have now ſufficiently ' made it appear, that I have a paternal Right to keep ' a Puppet Show, and this Right I will maintain in my ' Prologues on all Occaſions.

' AND therefore, if you write a Defence of yourſelf ' againſt this my ſelf Defence, I admonith you to keep ' within Bounds: An every Day will not be ſo propitious ' to you as the 29th of *May*, and perhaps my Reſentment ' may get the better of my Generoſity, and I may no ' longer ſtoop to fight one who is not my equal, with un ' equal Weapons. There are ſuch Things as *Scandalum* ' *Magnatum*, therefore take heed hereafter how you

' write

• write such Things as I cannot easily answer, for that • will put me in a Passion.

• I order you to handle only these two Propositions, • to which our Disputes may be reduced. The First, • Whether I have not an absolute Power, whenever I • please, to light a Pipe with one of Punch's Legs, or • warm my Fingers with his whole Carcass? The Se- • cond, Whether the Devil would not be in *Punch*, • should he by Word or Deed oppose my Sovereign Will • and Pleasure? And then, perhaps, I may (if I can • find Leisure for it) give you the trouble of a second • Letter.

• BUT if you intend to tell me of the Original of • Puppet Shows, and the several Changes and Revolu- • tions that have happen'd in them since *Thespis*, and • I don't care who, that's *Nolí me tangere*: I have so- • lemnly engaged to say nothing of what I can't ap- • prove. Or, if you talk of certain Contracts with the • Mayor and Burgesses, or Fees to the Constables, for • the Privilege of Acting, I will not write one single • Word about any such Matters; but shall leave you • to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious Au- • thor of a late Book, who knows very well what is • to be said and done in such Cases. He is now shuf- • fling the Cards, and dealing to *Timothy*; but if he • wins the Game, I will send him to play at Back- • Gammon with you; and then he will satisfy you, • that Duce Ace makes five.

• AND so, submitting my self to be tried by my • Country, and allowing any Jury of twelve good Men, • and true, to be that Country; not excepting any (un- • less Mr *Isaac Bickerstaff*) to be of the Panel, for • you are neither good nor true; I bid you heartily • farewel; and am,

SIR,

Bath, *Your loving Friend,*

July 28. Powel.

The End of the First Volume.

A Faithful

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Dull as well as *Ingenious* Paſſages

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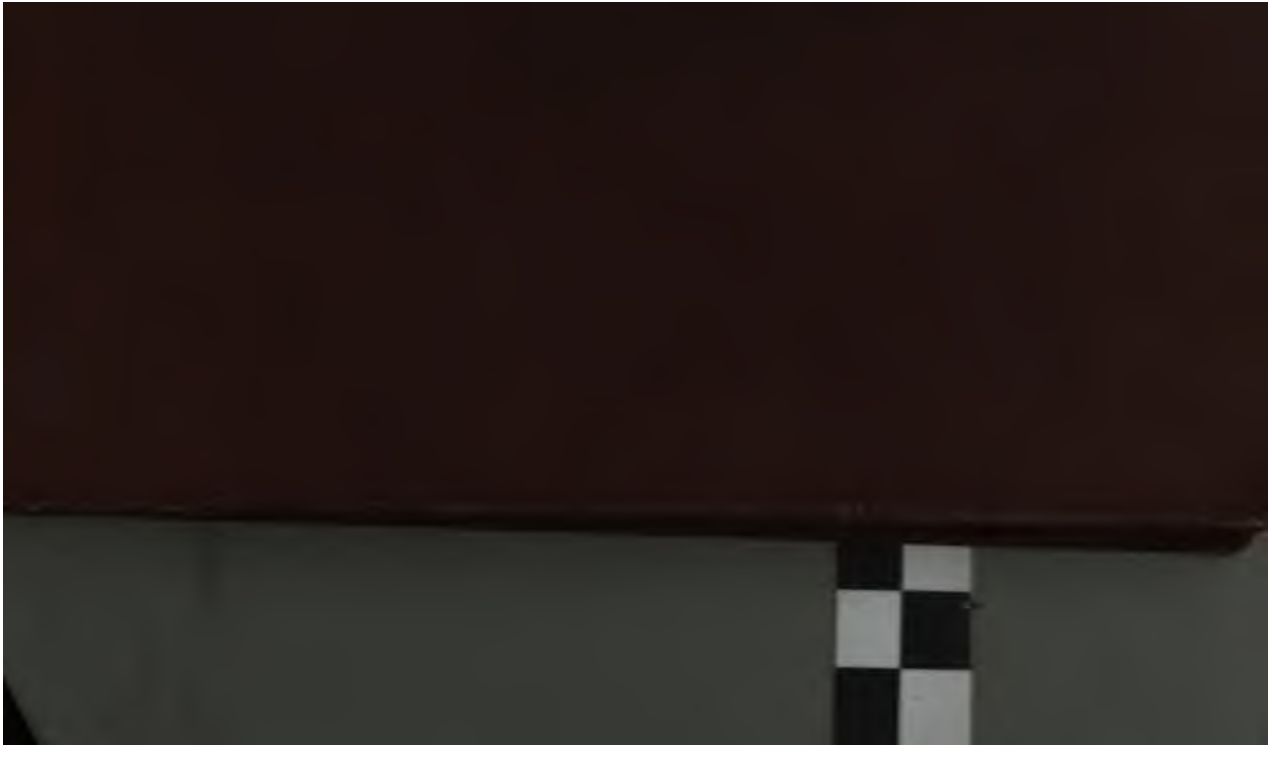
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